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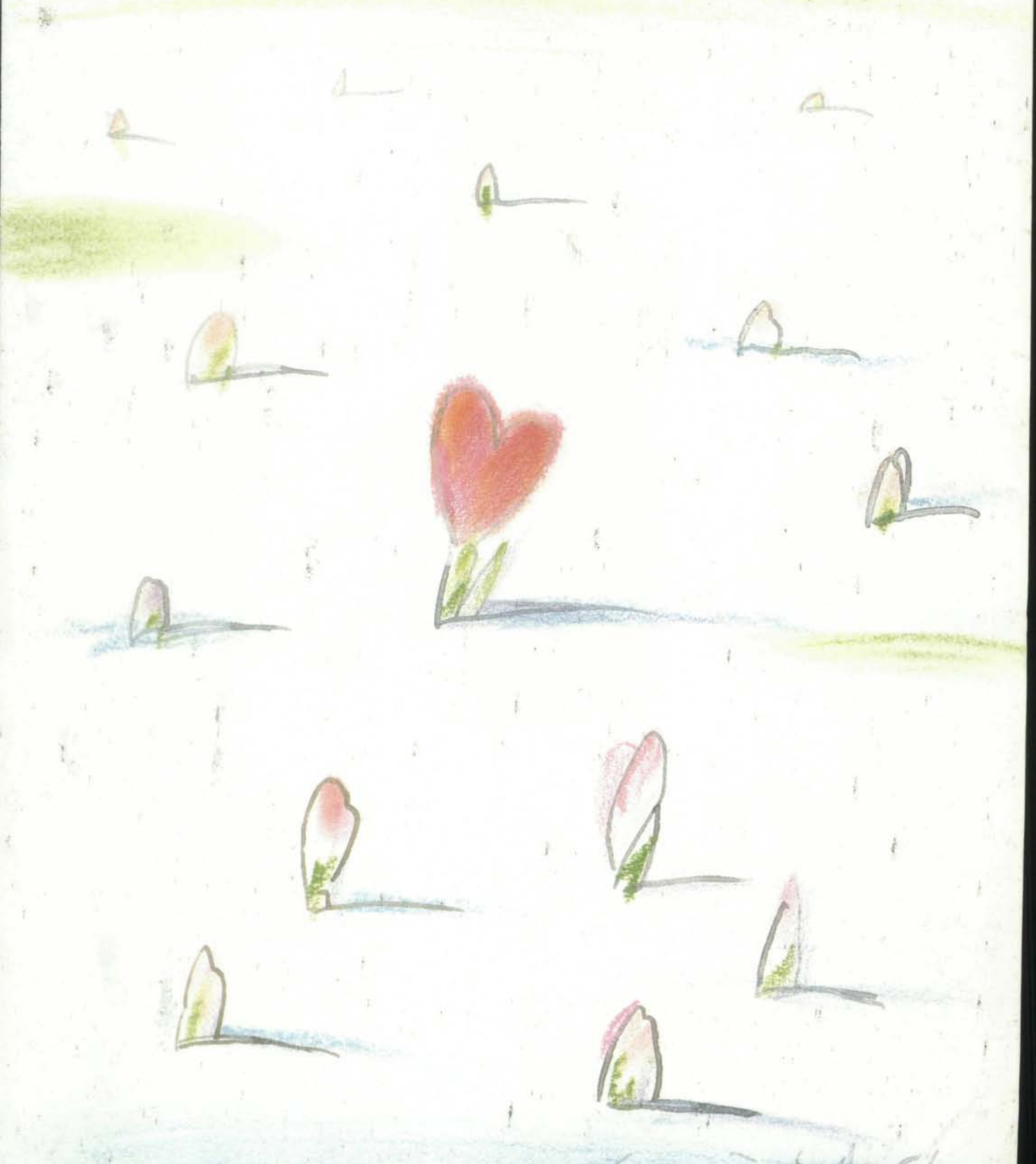
THE NEW YORKER



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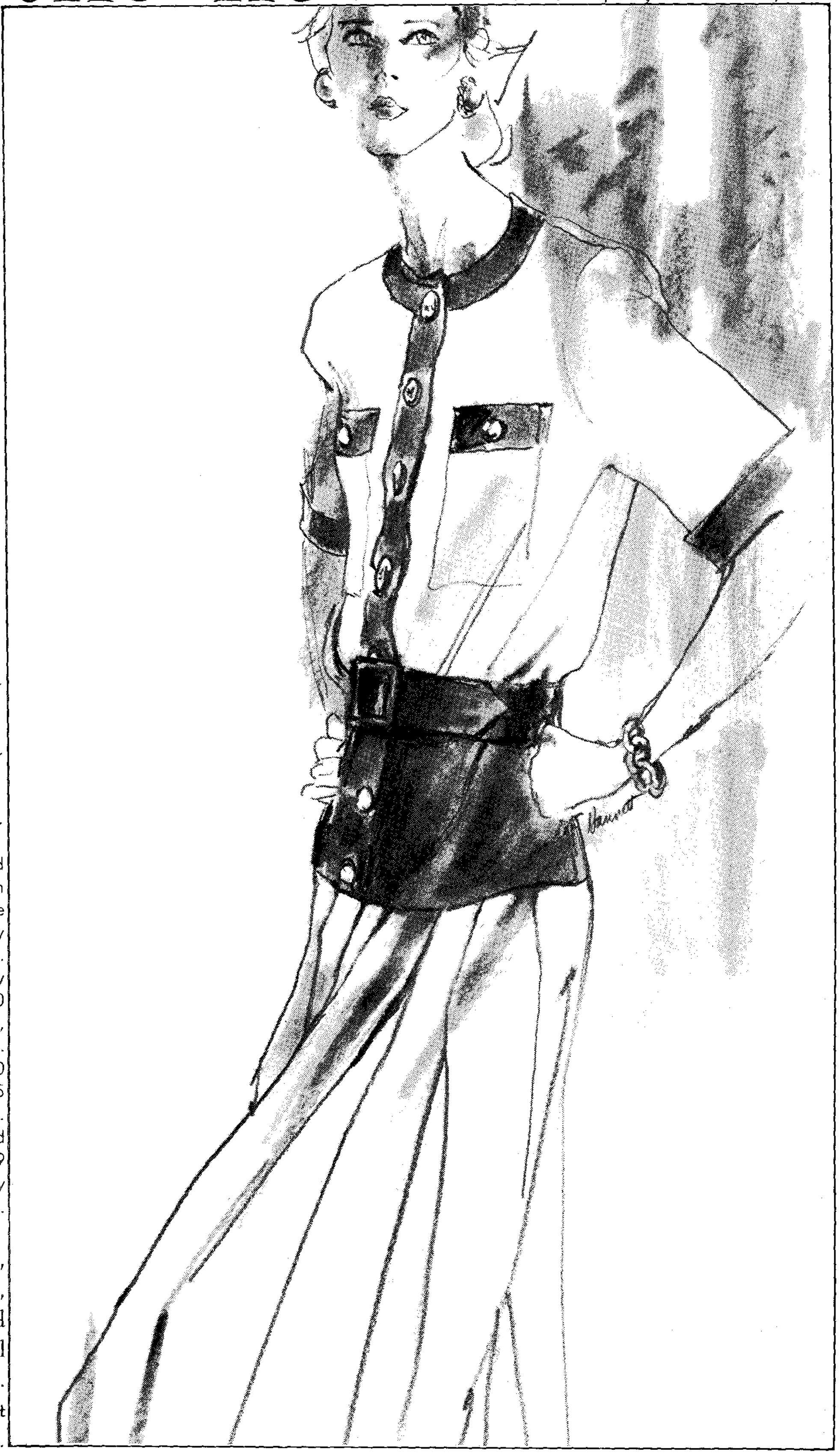

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of the Washington's Birthday holiday, which will be observed on Monday, Feb. 17. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Africanis Instructus—A musical with a score by Stanley Silverman and a book by Richard Foreman, who is also the director. Presented by the Music-Theatre Group of the Lenox Arts Center. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 265-4375. Wednesday through Friday at 8, and Saturday at 7 and 9:30. Matinée Wednesday at 2. Closes Saturday, Feb. 15.)

Benefactors—The moral of this harsh and yet continuously entertaining play by Michael Frayn is that no good deed goes unpunished. The cast consists of Glenn Close, Sam Waterston, Mary Beth Hurt, and Simon Jones, and the direction is by Michael Blakemore. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/6/86.) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Big River—William Hauptman and Roger Miller have drawn an agreeably sentimental musical out of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn" and Mark Twain in Heaven has reason to be satisfied with the results. (5/13/85) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Blood Knot—Zakes Mokae and Athol Fugard in what is sure to be considered the classic presentation of Fugard's classic work. (12/23/85) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Caretaker—A conscientious reading of the Pinter text, which unexpectedly contrives to expunge the author's gift for portraying evil. The three-man cast and the director are all members of the celebrated Steppenwolf Theatre Company of Chicago. (2/10/86) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Circle Repertory Company—The first two of three plays in rotating repertory: THE MOUND BUILDERS, a revival of Lanford Wilson's 1975 drama. . . . ¶ A modern-dress version of Albert Camus's CALIGULA, adapted from an English translation by Stuart Gilbert. (Triplex, 199 Chambers St. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. For information about play scheduling, call 618-1980.)

Corpse!—A so-called comedy thriller that is more comic than thrilling, but Keith Baxter and Milo O'Shea have such a good time piling up corpses that they prove irresistible. (1/20/86) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays, except Feb. 18, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Feb. 17, at 3.)

Curse of the Starving Class—A revival of Sam Shepard's brilliant, humorous, passionate play. (9/2/85) (890 Theatre, Broadway at 19th St. 533-8834. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 23.)

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Drinking in America—Eric Bogosian in a series of intense, funny, and occasionally painful dramatic monologues, written by Bogosian. (2/3/86) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of W. Somerset Maugham's play THE CONSTANT WIFE will be the fifth in this season's series of eight productions. Opens Thursday, Feb. 13, and will run through Sunday, March 2. (103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Fresh Horses—A play by Larry Ketron. (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Gertrude Stein and a Companion—A play by Win Wells, about Miss Stein and Alice B. Toklas, with Jan Miner and Marian Seldes. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 16.)

The Golden Land—An extremely sentimental musical about Jewish immigrants to the United States. The company of three men and three women includes a fine singer named Marc Krause. (12/2/85) (Second Avenue Theatre, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 674-1460. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 1 and 5.)

El Grande de Coca-Cola—A revival of the 1973 musical revue, with the original cast—Ron House, Diz White, and Alan Shearman—who are also the authors, along with John Neville-Andrews. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Halala!—A musical written and directed by Welcome Msomi, performed by a company of eight people who also play traditional South African instruments. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Hay Fever—Noël Coward's comedy, written at the beginning of his career, seems light enough for the mildest summer breeze to blow it away, but in the hands of a good cast it proves to be as strong as steel. The cast of the present production, headed by Rosemary Harris, isn't merely good—it is perfect. (12/23/85) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

I'm Not Rappaport—Herb Gardner's synthetic,

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COVER: *Eugène Mihaesco*

DRAWINGS: *James Stevenson, Charles Barsotti, Edward Frascino, Henry Martin, Ed Fisher, Lee Lorenz, George Booth, Everett Opie, William Hamilton, Charles Saxon, Robert Weber, Burt Silverman, Stan Hunt, Richard Cline, Roz Chast, Donald Reilly, Jack Ziegler, Robert Mankoff, Michael Maslin, Dana Fradon*

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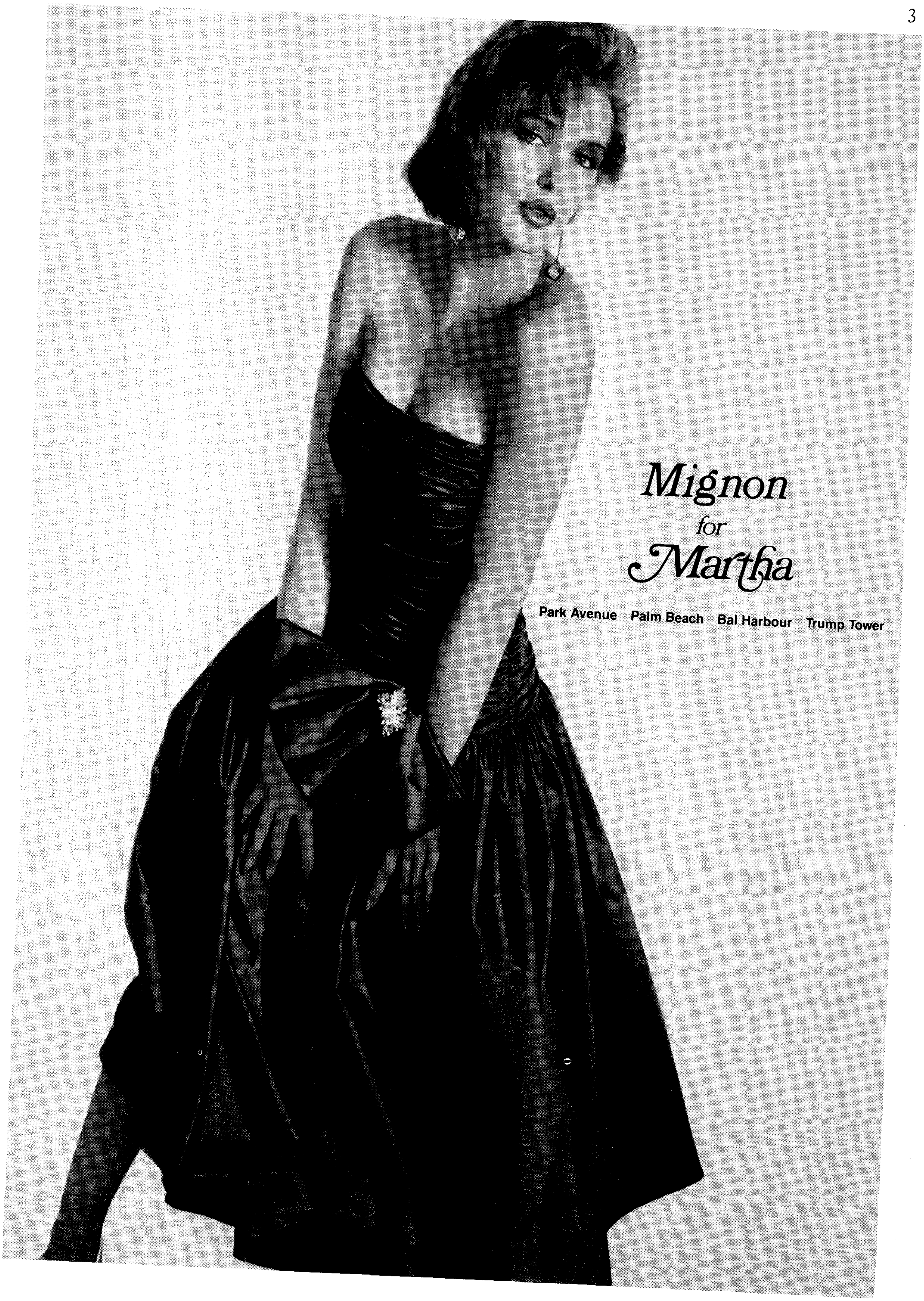

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park is given an expert performance by Cleavon Little and Judd Hirsch. (6/17/85) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Feb. 20, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Feb. 17, at 3.)

Jerry's Girls—A Broadway novelty (and novelty is all it is), consisting of women who sing innumerable Jerry Herman songs and other women who do dance numbers. The "girls" include Dorothy Loudon, Leslie Uggams, and Chita Rivera. (1/6/86) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Lie of the Mind—Sam Shepard has devised a masterful comedy in this frightening tale of two Western families bound together by a dreadful marriage. The performances, under Mr. Shepard's direction, are extremely good, especially those by Salome Jens, Amanda Plummer, Harvey Keitel, and Ann Wedgeworth. (12/16/85) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

Lillian—A monologue starring Zoe Caldwell as Lillian Hellman. The text has been drawn by William Luce from Hellman's several volumes of reminiscences. It appears that Miss Caldwell could impersonate George *Washington and make us believe it.* (1/27/86) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 23.)

The Mystery of Edwin Drood—The novel that Dickens left unfinished at the time of his sudden death has been turned into a splendidly nonsensical musical by Rupert Holmes. The big cast is headed by George Rose and the direction is by Wilford Leach. (12/16/85) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Negro Ensemble Company—The second production of the season is **HOUSE OF SHADOWS,** a drama by Steve Carter. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 8:30; and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 3 and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 16.)

Nunsense—A musical by Dan Goggin. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 16.)

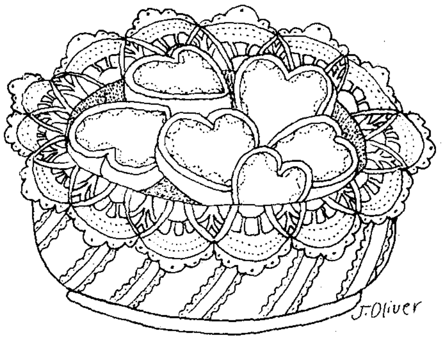
The Odd Couple—Neil Simon has turned his *comedy about a pair of ill-matched men into* a non-comedy about a pair of women the like of which has never been seen on earth, much less on Riverside Drive. (6/24/85) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 23.)

Penn & Teller—A sublime combination of conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. (5/6/85) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Personals—A jaunty and romantic little revue about people looking for companionship of *one sort or another in the classified ads.* Talent abounds. Witty book and lyrics and tuneful score; performances by six gifted young actors. (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Room Service—A revival of a comedy by John Murray and Allen Boretz, starring Mark Hamill and directed by Alan Arkin. Previews Wednesday, Feb. 12. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 13, and will run through Sunday, March 16. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Rum and Coke—Keith Reddin's ironic mock *documentary tells the story of a credulous* Yale graduate who is recruited by the C.I.A., a couple of years before the catastrophe of the Bay of Pigs. Although Mr. Reddin's social commentary often sounds secondhand, his inventiveness is original and acute and funny. *The production,* under the direction of Les Waters, is first-rate. Peter MacNicol is exactly right in the leading role, and he is well supported, notably by Tony Plana, Polly Draper, and Frank Maraden. (2/10/86) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)



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The Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe—A one-person vaudeville show, starring the antic and frantic Lily Tomlin in a series of impersonations—some harsh, some tender—written for her by Jane Wagner. (10/7/85) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 7 and 10; and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Second Man—S. N. Behrman's rather weak comedy about a dilettante writer, done well enough to indicate what it might have been like with Alfred Lunt or Noël Coward, almost sixty years ago. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 2.)

Singin' in the Rain—An unwelcome curiosity, which attempts to translate an immortal *movie musical into a Broadway show;* everyone concerned has labored hard, always in vain. (7/15/85) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays, except Feb. 18, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; *special matinée* Monday, Feb. 17, at 2.)

Song and Dance—Imported from England and tricked up for the American trade, this uneasy linking of song (first act) and dance (second act) is redeemed in part by the attractiveness of the chief performers, Bernadette Peters and Victor Barbee. (9/30/85) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Uptown . . . *It's Hot!*—*Purportedly,* an encyclopedic presentation of Harlem entertainment over the past fifty-odd years. Much energy and some charm go to waste in the course of a long evening. (2/10/86) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 575-9200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BILOXI BLUES:** A chapter in the life story of Eugene Morris Jerome, a literary stand-in for the author, Neil Simon. The time is 1943, Eugene is in the Army, and his adventures in Biloxi are truly not to be believed. The director, Gene Saks, has worked hard to squeeze the last drop of humor out of this peculiar fruit. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** Neil Simon looks back further —and fondly—upon his youth in the gloomy thirties. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A musical about a pair of tenderhearted middle-aged lovers presiding over a drag-queen night club in Saint-Tropez; the production is one of the most beautiful—and extravagant—ever to reach Broadway. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics; the book is by Harvey Fierstein. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays, except Feb. 18, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, Feb. 17, at 2.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,736 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FOREIGNER:** A very funny play by the late Larry Shue, with good performances by every single member of the company. Jerry Zaks was the admirable director. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Taking off from Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A *collection of short sketches that purport* to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Forbidden Broadway 1986—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, Feb. 12, at 8: "La Valse," "Eight Lines," "Eight More," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 13, at 8: "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Eight More," "Valse Triste," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 14, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 15, at 2: "Gershwin Concerto," "Songs of the Auvergne," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 15, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 16, at 1: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 16, at 7: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 18, at 8: "Walpurgisnacht Ballet," "Valse Triste," "Pas de Deux," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 19, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 20, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 21, at 8: "Songs of the Auvergne," "Eight More," "Valse Triste," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 22, at 2: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 22, at 8: "Songs of the Auvergne," "Eight More," "Valse-Fantaisie," and "La Valse." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Feb. 23.)

Tango Argentino—A troupe of thirty dancers, singers, and musicians. (Mark Hellinger Theatre, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

American Dance Machine—Final performances of the engagement. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Wednesday through Friday, Feb. 12-14, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 15, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Feb. 16, at 3.)

Compagnie Maguy Marin—Presenting "May B," a full-length work. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesday, Feb. 18, at 7:30; Wednesday through Friday, Feb. 19-21, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 22, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Feb. 23, at 3.)

Margie Gillis—With Eugene Friesen, cello, and James Kudelka, guest dancer. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 12-15, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 16, at 2 and 7:30.)

Susan Rethorst—"Simple Fiction" and "Sons of Famous Men." (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 13-15, at 8; Sunday, Feb. 16, at 3; and Monday, Feb. 17, at 8.)

Ohio Ballet—A one-week engagement—Tuesday, Feb. 18, at 7; Friday, Feb. 21, at 8; and Sunday, Feb. 23, at 2 and 7:30: "Allegro Brillante," "Light Breeze," and three New York premières—"Tristeza," "Summoned Echoes," and "Patterns of Change." . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 19-20, at 8, and Saturday, Feb. 22, at 2 and 8: "Untitled," "Songs Without Words," and two New York premières—"Feral" and "Cascade." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

Dancemobile Winter Series—The first three in a series of eight performances by twelve companies, which will run through Sunday, March 2—Thursday, Feb. 20: Foot Steppin' Steps. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 21: Nanette Bearden Contemporary Dance Theatre and Calabash Dance Company. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 22: The Urban Bush Women and Philadanco. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Evenings at 7:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Michael Feinstein, a Gershwin scholar, sings and plays piano Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen in the Oak Room. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A nautical bar and restaurant and music haunt. The lineup: Friday and Saturday, Feb. 14-15, pianist **WALTER BISHOP, JR.,** and Kathy Farmer, and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 21-22, the 29th Street Sax Quartet. Mondays are claimed by Cecil Gregory, Tuesdays by Marie McAuliffe, and Thursdays by Charles Blenzig. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** is ensconced in this club, singing in her small, delicate, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays from six-thirty to eight-thirty. Harmonica virtuoso **LARRY ADLER** performs Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—The Latin-jazz lineup: **PAQUITO D'RIVERA'S** quartet and **JORGE DALTO'S** band through Sunday, Feb. 16; Monday, Feb. 17, pianist **MICHEL CAMILO;** and starting Tuesday, Feb. 18, **RAY BARRETTO'S** orchestra and flutist **DAVE VALENTIN'S** quartet. Music from nine. **TED CURSON** conducts after-hours jams every night but Monday, following the last set and lasting until about four. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The oh-so-varied lineup: Thursday, Feb. 13, **BUSTER POINDEXTER & THE BANSHEES OF BLUE;** Friday and Saturday, Feb. 14-15, the **DAVID BROMBERG** band; Sunday through Tuesday, Feb. 16-18, **MARSHALL CRENSHAW;** and Wednesday, Feb. 19, John Hiatt; Thursday, Feb. 20, Hiroshima. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A convivial, dark-panelled real New York bar with real New York live jazz. Pianist **KENNY BARRON** works with bassist **LARRY RIDLEY** through Saturday, Feb. 15; Sunday, Feb. 16, will belong to pianist **KIRK LIGHTSEY;** and on Monday, Feb. 17, pianist **LARRY WILLIS** will come in with bassist **RUFUS REID.** Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, pianist and occasional singer **GEORGE SHEARING** and bassist **DON THOMPSON** can be heard Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. . . . ¶ And over in the Bemelmans Bar you will find singer and pianist **BARBARA CARROLL** performing from ten Tuesdays through Saturdays.

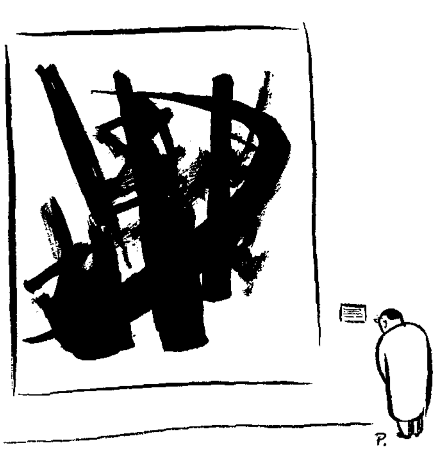
CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Behind a dark, unprepossessing, easy-to-miss front door, down a corridor with industrial-strength corrugated-metal walls (the kind that would tempt any kid with a stick), and down a flight of stairs, there is this snazzy, cozy jazz room. **MORGANA KING** sings here through Sunday, Feb. 16, and starting Tuesday, Feb. 18, the **GARY BURTON** quintet will trade sets with the **JOHN ABERCROMBIE** trio. Mondays are claimed by guitarist and inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, who was once known as Rhubarb Red. Sets begin Mondays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays through Sundays at eight. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Considerably more musical than Tie City or Food City. Wednesday, Feb. 12, Mofungo and They Might Be Giants; Thursday, Feb. 13, Lili Anel; Friday through Sunday, Feb. 14-16, comedy nights; Monday, Feb. 17, Pat DiNizio; Tuesday, Feb. 18, the Blue Jays and the Corn Flakes; Wednesday, Feb. 19, the Lyres, the Ben Vaughn Combo, and the A-Bones; Thursday, Feb. 20, the Stigalators and Fourplay; Friday, Feb. 21, **ELLEN MC ILWAINE;** and Saturday, Feb. 22, Jim Dawson. Shows are usually at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Freddy's, 308 E. 49th St. (888-1633)—Keely Smith sings Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven. Straight-arrow baritone and pianist **RONNY WHYTE** is here with bassist **FRANK TATE** Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten-thirty. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Alicia Sherman sings with Peter Madsen and Phil Bowler Wednesdays through Saturdays; Sundays and Mondays belong to pianist and singer **BOB DOROUGH** and bassist **BILL TAKAS;** and Tuesdays belong to **CHUCK WAYNE** and his trio. All these groups begin about ten.



Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A spiffy bar and back-room restaurant with a piano in it. Butch Thompson is the pianist through Saturday, Feb. 15, and on Tuesday, Feb. 18, traditional-jazz pianist **RALPH SUTTON,** who can really move on out, will move in. On Sundays, Keith MacDonald owns the keyboard. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners listening to pianists and bassists. **ADAM MAKOWICZ** and **CECIL MC BEE** are present through Saturday, Feb. 15, and on Tuesday, Feb. 18, **LEE ANN LEDGERWOOD** and **STEVE LA SPINA** will move in. Music from about nine-thirty.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—No, this isn't the Department of Rockabilly at the New School. It's a degentrified Schrafft's where the authentic Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Houston or Dallas. The folk, country, blues, and rock: Wednesday, Feb. 12, the Grease Band and Tracey Leigh Greene; Thursday, Feb. 13, the **NEW GRASS REVIVAL;** Friday and Saturday, Feb. 14-15, New Riders of the Purple Sage; Sunday and Monday, Feb. 16-17, guitarist **DICKEY BETTS;** Tuesday, Feb. 18, blues players **ROBERT (JUNIOR) LOCKWOOD** and **LUTHER (GUITAR JUNIOR) JOHNSON;** and Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 19-20, a bunch of nostalgic San Francisco rock musicians. Music after nine. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**BARBARA COOK,** who possesses a clear-as-a-bell voice, sings at nine and eleven through Saturday, Feb. 15. On most Mondays, Woody Allen sits in on clarinet with a New Orleans-style outfit. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The music scene here is cooler than a Columbus Avenue gelato and the music hotter than a Columbus Avenue taco. Wednesday, Feb. 12, the Victor Lesser band; Thursday, Feb. 13, Wanda & the Way It Is; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 14-15, **ART BLAKEY & THE JAZZ MESSENGERS.** Music from about ten until two. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock from the fifties to the eighties in a half-century-old ballroom. Friday, Feb. 14, Howard Stern; Saturday, Feb. 15, the **DEL FUEGOS** and Beat Rodeo; Monday, Feb. 17, Heaven, Mass, Kix Rondenelli, and Adam Bomb; Friday, Feb. 21, the **FINE YOUNG CANNIBALS** (a fine young offshoot of the disbanded English Beat); and Saturday, Feb. 22, Social Distortion, the Vandals, the Scream, and Murphy's Law. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven. Dancing.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian, Caribbean, and African music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, reggaeists, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. Wednesday, Feb. 12, Babylon Warriors; Thursday through Sunday, Feb. 13-16, Carnaval weekend, with Moraes Moreira; Tuesday through Thursday, Feb. 18-20, **EGBERTO GISMONTI;** and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 21-22, **PÉ-DE-BOI.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A mini-music festival: Wednesday, Feb. 12, drummer **BARRY ALTSCHUL'S** band; Thursday, Feb. 13, trumpeter **HUGH RAGIN'S** trio; Friday, Feb. 14, tenor saxophonist **DAVID MURRAY** and a trio, with drummer **SUNNY MURRAY;** Saturday, Feb. 15, saxophonist **ROSCOE MITCHELL & THE SOUND ENSEMBLE;** Sunday, Feb. 16, saxophonist **JIMMY GIUFFRE;** and starting Tuesday, Feb. 18, the **ART FARMER–BENNY GOLSON JAZZTET.** Mondays belong to pianist, composer, and sage **GIL EVANS** and his enthusiastic big band. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A big-sounding small room with a melodically out-

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2. Citibank
3. Chase Manhattan Bank
4. Manufacturers Hanover Trust Co.
5. Morgan Guaranty Trust Co.
6. Chemical Bank
7. Continental Illinois
8. Bankers Trust Co.
9. First National Bank of Chicago
10. Security Pacific National Bank
11. Wells Fargo Bank
12. Crocker National Bank

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For example, before we give advice we'll look at the way cash moves within your company, the way you buy services

1986

1. Bank of America
2. Citibank
3. Chase Manhattan Bank
4. Manufacturers Hanover Trust Co.
5. Morgan Guaranty Trust Co.
6. Chemical Bank
7. Security Pacific National Bank
8. Bankers Trust Co.
9. First National Bank of Chicago
10. Wells Fargo Bank
11. Continental Illinois
12. Crocker National Bank

Banks ranked by deposits. Source: *American Banker,* March 31, 1981; August 23, 1985.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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			12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

of-tune house piano. The lineup: Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 12-13, from New Orleans, **LIL QUEENIE & THE PERCOLATORS;** Friday and Saturday, Feb. 14-15, also from New Orleans, the promising-sounding **BAYOU RHYTHMS,** with **C.J. CHENIER** (Clifton's son); Sunday, Feb. 16, the Feetwarmers; Monday, Feb. 17, the Baxters and the Works; Wednesday, Feb. 19, Cakewalk; Thursday, Feb. 20, **ELLIOTT MURPHY;** and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 21-22, **BUSTER *POINDEXTER & THE BANSHEES OF BLUE.*** Music after nine-thirty.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On the Terrace, **RAY BRYANT** and **JIMMY ROWSER** perform piano-bass duets nightly, except Mondays, when **ROGER KELLAWAY, MICHAEL MOORE,** and **TED DUNBAR** perform piano-bass-guitar trios. In addition, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** plays Tuesdays with her combo. Music from about nine-thirty.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world are attracted to this famous, unpretentious *basement establishment, the standard* for jazz clubs everywhere. Saxophonist **JOE HENDERSON** is in town until Sunday, Feb. 16, and starting Monday, Feb. 17, the **MEL LEWIS ORCHESTRA** will be on the stand all week. Music after nine-thirty.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food (Columbia University is just across Broadway), beyond the pinball machines is a room full of live jazz. The bands: the **BILL BERRY** quintet through Sunday, Feb. 16, and the Red Holloway quartet beginning Wednesday, Feb. 19. *Tuesdays, the music* is made by Don Leight & Masters of Swing. Music nightly, except Mondays, from about nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious, airy passageway with tables and chairs and pianists or guitarists and bassists in it. **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** are the resident musicians every night but Sunday, which is given over to guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE.** Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Jazz at Six—Kenny Davern, Dick Wellstood, and Chuck Riggs. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, Feb. 14, at 6. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

New York Strings—With Eddie Daniels. (Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7800. Friday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

Peabo Bryson, the O'Jays, and **the Manhattans**—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 787-1477. Friday, Feb. 14, at 8 and midnight.

La Troupe Makandal and **Puntilla y Su Nueva Generación**—Washington Square Church, 133 W. 4th St. 362-0290. Friday, Feb. 14, at 8.

Junior Cook–Bill Hardman Quintet—With Suzanne Klewan and Timmy Shepherd. (Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 502-4300. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 14-15, at 10, 11:30, and 1.)

Johnny Thunders—Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728. Friday, Feb. 14, at 10, with Angels in Vain; and Saturday, Feb. 15, at 10, with Stiv Bator.

Mink DeVille—Beacon Theatre. Saturday, Feb. 15, at 8.

Legends of Irish Music—With Kevin Burke, Andy Irvine, Gerry O'Beirne, and Jackie Daly. (Triplex, 199 Chambers St. 618-1980. Saturday, Feb. 15, at 8.)

Patti LaBelle—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, March 9. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesday through Thursday, Feb. 18-20, at 8; Friday, Feb. 21, at 7 and 10:30; and Saturday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

Fostina Dixon—Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday, Feb. 19, at 7:30.

Highlights in Jazz—A program celebrating the thirteenth anniversary of this series will feature Don Sebesky and his orchestra, Jay Leonhart, Mike Renzi, and Mark Morganelli and the Jazz Forum All-Stars. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, Feb. 20, at 8.)

Eddie Locke Quartet—Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Thursday, Feb. 20, at 7. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

Johnny Winter and **Jorma Kaukonen**—Beacon Theatre. Friday, Feb. 21, at 8.

Loisaida Empire—Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. 249-8950. Friday, Feb. 21, at 8.

Jazz Center of New York—Saturday, Feb. 15, at 9 and 10:30: Bill Barron quartet. . . . ¶ Sunday, Feb. 16, at 8: Long Island University Big Band. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 21, at 9 and 10:30: Walter Bishop, Jr., trio. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 22, at 9:30 and 11: Billy Harper quintet. (380 Lafayette St. 505-5660.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Horst Antes—A retrospective of paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 22. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Michael David—Abstractions in mixed mediums on large shaped canvases. Through Feb. 27. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Gillian Jagger—A large cast-cement sculpture, with a polished, wrinkled surface, which rises about a foot and a half off the floor. Through Feb. 25. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Max Klinger (1857-1920)—Prints. Through Feb. 28. (Carus, 872 Madison Ave., at 71st St.)

David Levine—Pen-and-ink caricatures that exaggerate the virtues as well as the flaws; the Reagans, Shultz, and Iacocca are especially well done. Through Feb. 26. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

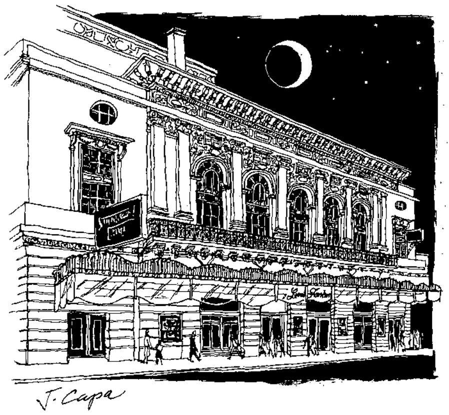
Henry Moore—Maquettes and drawings. Through March 8. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Daniel Morper—Oil paintings of the Grand Canyon. Through March 1. (Einstein, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Martin Silverman—Bronze sculptures of sumo wrestlers and other figures. Through March 8. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Horacio Torres (1924-76)—Nude figures painted in the last years of the artist's life. Through March 1. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St.)

Helen Miranda Wilson—Small, neatly painted views of Manhattan, from unusual perspectives, and landscapes of the American West in which whole mountain ranges are compressed onto seven-by-eleven-inch Masonite boards. Through March 1. (Hoffeld, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)



Group Shows—At the **ACA,** 21 E. 67th St.: An exhibit marking the fiftieth anniversary of the American Artists' Congress which reunites, through paintings, sculptures, and photographs, seventy of the organizing artists, including Berenice Abbott, Philip Evergood, Abraham Walkowitz, and Alexander Calder. Through March 1. . . . **LA BOETIE,** 9 E. 82nd St.: Eight drawings by Paul Klee, in ink, watercolor, and oil; two paintings and two costume designs by Sonia Delaunay; and works by other early-twentieth-century Europeans. Through March 29. . . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER,** 21 E. 70th St.: About a hundred drawings owned by members of the Drawing Society: works by Caravaggio, Degas, Homer, Matisse, Willem de Kooning, and others. Through March 8. . . . **PERLS,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Among new acquisitions here are a Matisse (still-life), a Modigliani (head of a young woman), a Picasso (his studio), and a small Archipenko bronze of a nude figure. Through March 15.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Josef Albers (1888-1976)—A large show that includes paintings from the "Homage to the Square" series and studies on blotting paper. Through March 8. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St.)

Jerry Atkins—Bronze figures reduced to a few telling gestures. Through March 1. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Milton Avery (1893-1965)—*Portraits. Through* Feb. 27. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Allen Blagden—Watercolors and drawings depicting quiet landscapes, plus a few still-lifes, figures, and animals. Through Feb. 27. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Stanley Boxer / William Conlon—Crusty abstractions in oil. Through March 1. / Abstractions on paper showing isolated geometric shapes. Starts Thursday, Feb. 13. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Larry Brown—Abstractions applied to layered wood panels. Through March 1. (Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St.)

Deborah Butterfield—Tabletop-size horses cast in bronze. Through Feb. 28. (Heesy, 50 W. 57th St.)

Bernard Chaet—Paintings representing his work from 1942 on. Through March 8. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

Matthew Daub—Highly detailed cityscapes. Through March 1. (French, 41 W. 57th St.)

Joseph DiGiorgio—Large paintings of the Grand Canyon. Through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

Jim Dine—New paintings and sculptures; the largest piece is a wood-and-steel gate strung with bronze castings of the tools (axes, pitchforks, saws, and so on) the artist draws with such distinction. Through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Lois Dodd / Anne Arnold—The Louisiana countryside and other landscapes. / Pastel drawings of animals by a sculptor. Through Feb. 26. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

Les Frères Duchamp—Approximately forty paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints by the brothers Marcel, Raymond, and Jacques. Through March 8. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St.)

Chuck Forsman—Realist Western landscape paintings, seventy per cent mountains and sky, thirty per cent human or man-made forms. Through March 1. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

Eugenie Gershoy—Painted-papier-mâché sculptures, mostly of dancers and circus performers. Through Feb. 26. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.)

Mike Green—Brooding watercolors of interior details of mansions in Melbourne, Australia, where high Victorian style reached its apogee. The artist is Australian. Through March 1. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

DeWitt Hardy—Figures and landscapes in clear watercolor laid down on immaculate pencil drawings. Through Feb. 26. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

Rebecca Horn—A conceptual installation called

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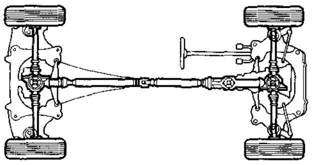

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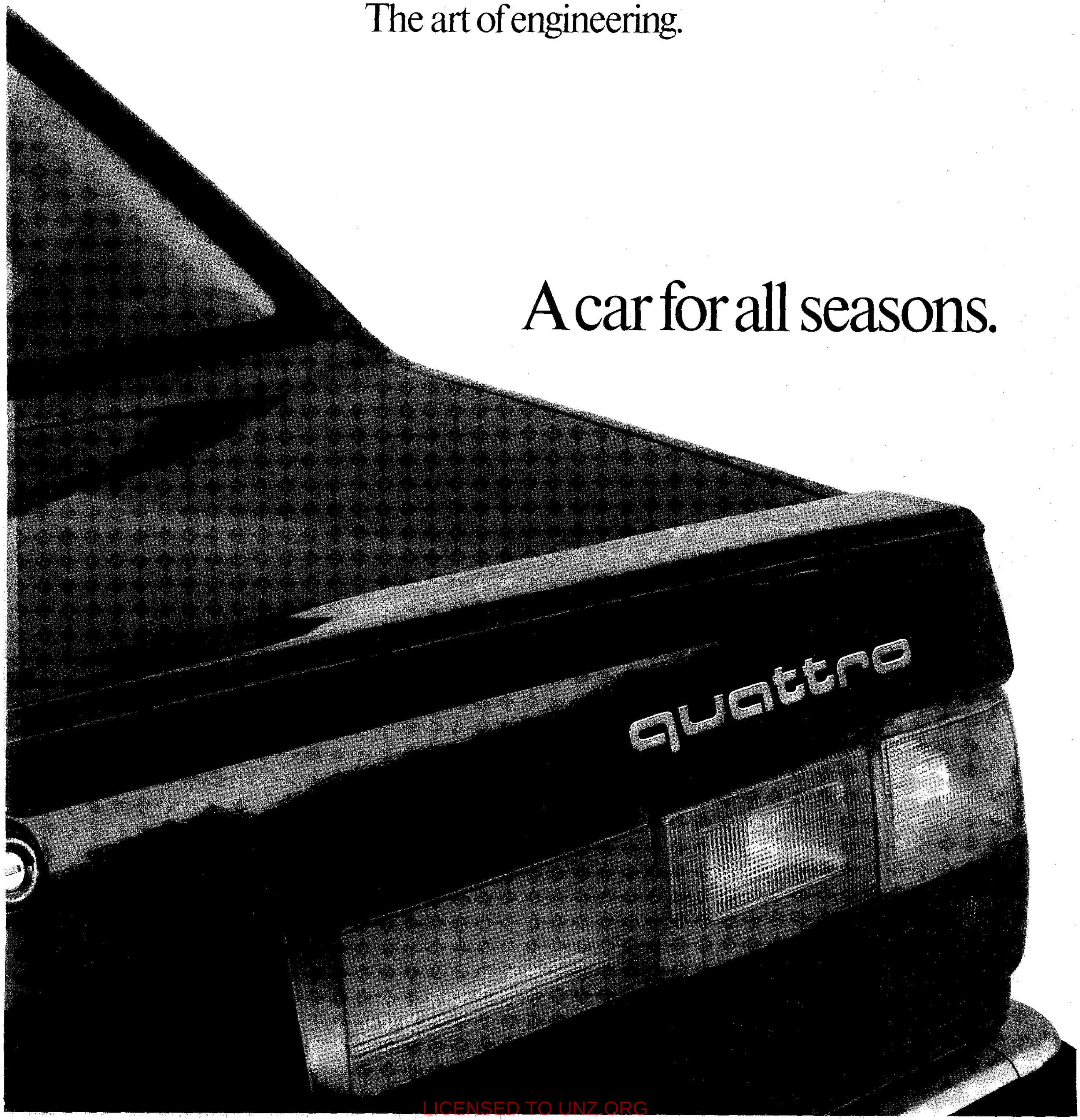

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Fresh salmon is feathered with dill. Norwegian apple koupe is rosetted with whipped cream, laced with fine chocolate. Morning through Midnight master chefs dazzle you with delicacies as nonstop as the summer sun. Raise your glass of Aquavit and join in a hearty "Skål!" There's nothing like our famous Norwegian Buffet to whet your appetite for our Voyage Home. To lands we know best. With a crew who lavishes you with the very best.

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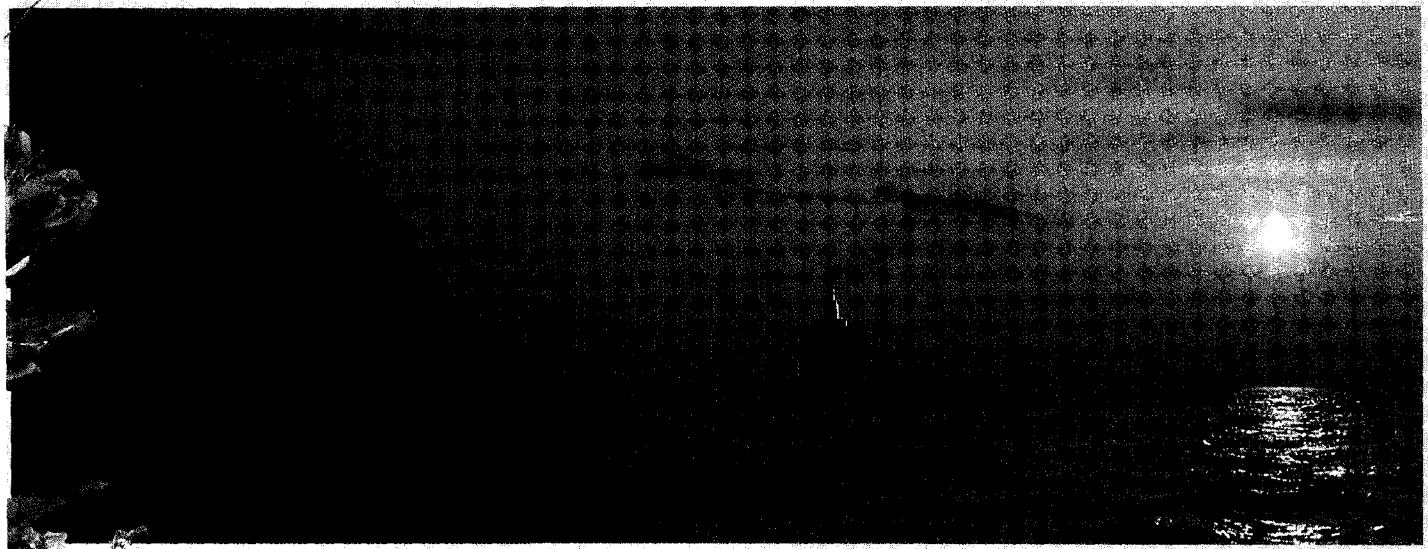
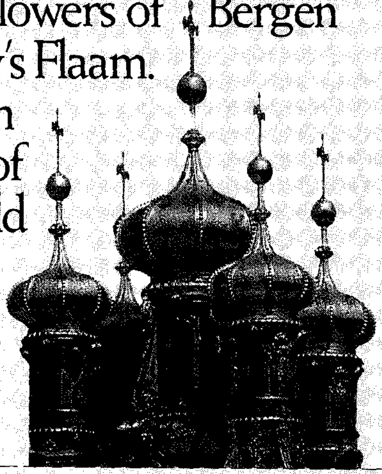


Fjords frame the Midnight Sun on North Cape Cruises. Sail round trip from Copenhagen where Tivoli Gardens put you in the Scandinavian spirit, as do the wildflowers of Bergen and the stave-steepled village of Norway's Flaam. Russia/Europe Cruises round trip from Copenhagen offer Leningrad's Treasures of the Hermitage. Roam the riches of old-world capitals such as Stockholm, Amsterdam and Helsinki, Finland. And look into combining cruises for even more of Europe. Cruise fares from $2,460 to $10,036. Voyage Home with us!



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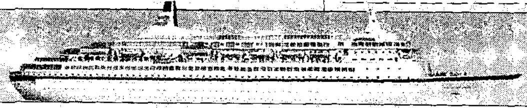

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"The Gold Rush," which contains a number of electronic devices and a solid-gold bar. Through March 1. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St.)

Roberto Juarez—Large abstract paintings based recognizably on plant life and food, for the most part—unexpected characterizations of the lima bean, for instance. Through Saturday, Feb. 22. (Robert Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Käthe Kollwitz (1867-1945) **and Paula Modersohn-Becker** (1876-1907)—Drawings, paintings, and prints. Through March 15. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Kim MacConnel / Nabil Nahas—Paintings on stretched canvas, a new method for her. / Paintings. Through March 1. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

James McGarrell—Allegorical paintings; one is a triptych with seven predella panels. Also, monotypes. Through March 1. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

Richard Merkin—Canvases occupied by numerous figures wearing fashionable attire of the twenties. Through Feb. 27. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Ludwig Mies van der Rohe (1886-1969) **/ Paul Rudolph**—More than forty drawings. A larger Mies show is at the Museum of Modern Art. / Drawings for public buildings under construction in Southeast Asia are the most recent works in a survey of more than fifty. Through March 1. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Robert Moskowitz—Paintings and drawings. Through March 1. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Kenzo Okada (1902-82)—Abstractions. Through March 15. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Irving Petlin—New paintings. Through March 1. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Robert Ryman—New paintings, including two large works on sheets of fibre glass and a triptych of the same material. Through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Galerie Maeght Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

Lucia Salemme—Abstract paintings. Through Feb. 28. (Dorsky, 58 W. 58th St.)

Marlene Tseng Yu—Semi-abstract paintings on paper. Through March 5. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Da Applebroog—New paintings expressing the artist's concerns about terrorism, sexism, racism, romance, and art. Through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Domenico Bianchi—Large, sombre paintings by an Italian artist who dwells on the mystery of Creation and whose works look as if he mixed his paint with primordial ooze and laid it on with a trowel. Through Feb. 26. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Ross Bleckner—Large paintings in which, for instance, funerary urns or great chandeliers are seen in the dark behind what appear to be rain-blurred windows. Through Saturday, Feb. 22. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Gregory Botts—New paintings. Through March 8. (Plumb, 81 Greene St.)

Vivian Bower—Pastel abstractions based on views of the sea. Through March 1. (Munroe, 415 West Broadway.)

Toby Buonagurio—Ceramic works (classical heads, robots, mythical beasts) caked with beads, bangles, and glitter, not to mention Day-Glo coloration. Through Feb. 25. (Knowlton, 153 Mercer St.)

Gretna Campbell—Expressionist landscape paintings. Through March 1. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

Ane Dickson / Dick Miller—New paintings by a young artist who interprets the hypnotic aspects of artificial lighting in Times Square and elsewhere. / Abstract sculptures. Through March 5. (Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

Constance Dodge—A sculpture-and-painting installation. Through Feb. 27. (Eno, 164 Mercer St. Opens at noon.)

Edgar Franceschi—When the painter's subject is painting and the painter portrays himself as a paint can with crude eyes and mouth, then you know he's either very funny or needs to open the window. Through March 2. (Museum of Contemporary Hispanic Art, 584 Broadway. Open Sundays.)

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Jeff Gompertz—Paintings. Through Feb. 26. (Blum Helman Warehouse, 80 Greene St.)

Laura Grisi—Freestanding sculptures and wall-mounted panels whose basic material is wood coated with colored wax that has marble or bronze fragments embedded in it. Through March 1. (Castelli, 142 Greene St.)

Harmony Hammond—Paintings (with shapes reminiscent of the artist's wrapped sculptures) on canvas and paper. Through March 4. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

Reuben Kadish—A retrospective of sculptures and works on paper. Through Saturday, Feb. 22. (Artists' Choice, 394 West Broadway. Open Sundays.)

Dennis Kardon—Oil paintings that consider skin: as seen on a person's back, as tissue, as obscured in an X-ray. Through March 1. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Barbara Kruger—Photographic works. Through March 1. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Steve Linn—Sculptural tableaux combining etched glass, metal, and wood. Through March 1. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

John Miller—New paintings, some abstract and some narrative, by an artist whose works have a political edge. Through Saturday, Feb. 22. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Manuel Neri—Sculptures of female nudes who seem to be struggling to get out of the marble blocks the artist found them in. Also, bronzes and drawings. Through March 1. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

Peter Pinchbeck / Lou Storey—Abstract geometric paintings characterized by interlocking shapes. / Narrative paintings centered on objects, plus urethane-foam sculptures of animals. Through Saturday, Feb. 15. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Edith Posel—Abstract paintings. Through March 8. (Phoenix, 568 Broadway.)

Jean-Pierre Raynaud—An antiseptic-looking installation of white ceramic tiles with black grout, by a French artist who uses them democratically to provide bases for both Etruscan urns and used oil drums. Also, a severely plain design for a window in the Cistercian abbey being restored at Noirlac, in France. Through Saturday, Feb. 22. (Carpenter + Hochman, 420 West Broadway.)

Judith Rudnick—Abstract paintings in the tradition of Diebenkorn. Through Sunday, Feb. 16. (Inroads, 150 Mercer St. Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Edward Ruscha / Nassos Daphnis—New oils. / Photographs of some of his famous tree peonies. Through March 1. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Eve Olitsky

Richard Saba—Large abstract paintings sparsely crisscrossed with thin shafts of color. Through March 12. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

Leon Polk Smith—Outsize, rousing geometrical abstractions on shaped canvases by an artist who was fired up by his first sight of a Mondrian, fifty years ago, and has never lost steam. He is now in his eighties. Through March 1. (DiLaurenti, 383 West Broadway.)

Jim Sullivan—Paintings of figures in dreamlike settings. Through March 5. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Trevor Winkfield—Recent paintings by a British artist who combines heraldic devices and antique-comic-strip artistry into narrative works. Through March 1. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.) . . . ¶ Other works on view include one of Deborah Butterfield's bronze horses; a painting of a homing pigeon with a camera on its breast by Anton von Dalen; and a striking black, navy, and white study based on military camouflage by Robert Ackerman.

Jackie Winsor—New cubes, these with mirrors and glass added. Through March 1. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Terry Winters—Abstract oils. Through March 1. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At the **PAM ADLER**, 578 Broadway: Abstractions by three painters—Sharon Gold, Judith Murray, and Lynn Umlauf. Through Saturday, Feb. 22. . . . **THE DRAWING CENTER**, 137 Greene St.: Works by eleven newcomers, including a graphic black-and-white interpretation of a writer's block by Janet Snell, and a long, narrow shape by Susan Barnes, which suggests a speeding train and stretches across five paper panels. Through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **FIRST STREET GALLERY**, 386 West Broadway: A selection of paintings, sculptures, and drawings (by Red Grooms, Alice Neel, Mark Kostabi, Sue Coe, and others) from a show recently held in South Carolina at the Greenville County Museum of Art. Through Feb. 26. (Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.) . . . **LITTLEJOHN-SMITH**, 133 Greene St.: Assorted works by the gallery's women members, among them Roberta Fels and Cindy Kane. Through March 1. . . . **SOHO 20**, at 469 Broome St.: Small-scale paintings and other works by women artists from Southern California, including Joyce Treiman and Betye Saar. Through Saturday, Feb. 22. (Opens at noon.)

Sculpture—At **GERMANS VAN ECK**, 420 West Broadway: Large sculptural works based, sometimes remotely, on nature—a five-foot-tall presence made of red-cedar strips and entitled "Old Mole," by Martin Puryear, for instance, or what looks like a huge rhino horn, made of bronze and colored concrete by Mia Westerlund Roosen. Through Saturday, Feb. 22. . . . **KIND**, 136 Greene St.: Sculptures by thirteen artists, some better known for their painting (Roger Brown, Leonard Koscianski, Karl Wirsum), some not known here at all, and including such sculptors as Margaret Wharton and Luis Jimenez. Through March 1.

OTHER GALLERIES

Guy Augeri / Mike Bidlo—Large encaustic paintings on linen, usually appointed with something found—a chair, for example, or a heavy rope. / An installation consisting of a framed peephole looking in on a wall-size rendition of Matisse's "Red Studio." Through Feb. 23. (Gracie Mansion Gallery, 167 Avenue A, at 10th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Thom Cooney Crawford and Max Coyer—Paintings. Through March 2. (M-13, at 413 E. 9th St. Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Group Shows—At the **B-SIDE**, 543 E. 6th St.: High kitsch is the hallmark of this gallery, which is showing approximately twenty artists, among them Ronnie Cutrone, Walter Robinson, and Simone Gad. Through Sunday, Feb. 16. (Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.) . . . **P. S. 1**, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City: Mixed-medium abstractions on slate by Merrill Wagner, computer-plotted paintings on fibre glass by Jantje Visscher,

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and hammered-aluminum reliefs of rocks and trees by Robert Lobe are prominent in a collection concentrating on contemporary American landscapes. Through March 23. (Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.) . . . **SRAGOW,** 436 E. 11th St.: A painting of a cow, who is unexceptional except for a snake in her mouth, by Alphonse Van Woerkom, and sgraffito paintings of constellations fighting one another, by David Schirm, among other works. Through Sunday, Feb. 16. (Opens at 1 Wednesdays through Sundays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

MARIANNE ENGBERG / CARLO GAJANI—Studies of Greenland by an artist who practices pinhole photography. / Photographs of the Po Valley. Through March 1. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

ANDRÉ KERTÉSZ (1894-1985)—Approximately a hundred and sixty prints of Paris and New York are on view at the Metropolitan Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

GRACE KNOWLTON / BEATRICE HELG—Platinum prints of architectural details by a photographer-sculptor. / Surreal still-life sets built by the artist and photographed with a 20 X 24 Polaroid. Through March 1. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

KENNETH SNELSON—Panoramic photographs of Paris. Through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

STEEL STILLMAN—Mixed-media photographs employing painting, collage, and ornate frames for surrealist effects. Through Feb. 26. (Gibson, 568 Broadway.)

WEEGEE (1899-1968)—Vintage prints of, among others, a bagel vender, children enjoying a spraying fire hydrant, singers at a night club. Also, prints from infrared film. Through Saturday, Feb. 22. (Laurence Miller, 38 E. 57th St.)

TRENDS IN SPANISH PHOTOGRAPHY—About a hundred and fifty prints by nearly two dozen artists in a show that comprehends avant-garde experiments, photojournalism, and advertising—the varied complexion of photography in Spain during the period from 1920 to 1945. Through Sunday, Feb. 16. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.) . . . ¶ Forty prints by nine Spanish Pictorialists who worked in the first four decades of this century. Through Feb. 28. (Spanish Institute, 684 Park Ave., at 68th St. Closed Saturdays.)

GROUP SHOW—A small offering of photograms, photomontages, and manipulated prints from the twenties and thirties by Moholy-Nagy, Uelsmann, Florence Henri, and others. Through March 8. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A gilded French rococo carriage, decorated with paintings from the studio of Boucher, and Rubens' monumental painting "The Assumption of the Virgin" set the tone of an elaborate show of art works acquired or commissioned by the Princes of Liechtenstein between the sixteenth century and the nineteenth. Ornate firearms in the collection occupy one gallery. . . . ¶ "Costumes of Royal India," an extravaganza evoking palaces of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, when the garments on view were worn by rajas, maharajas, ranis, maharanis, nizams, and nawabs. Also, accessories, furnishings, and portraits. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Prints by André Kertész. Through Feb. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibition commemorating Ludwig Mies van der Rohe's hundredth anniversary. Drawings, photographs, and models of his buildings are on display in the lower-level galleries. Furniture, including a Barcelona chair, is installed on the fourth floor. Through April 15. A complementary show is at the Max Protetch Gallery, 37 W. 57th St. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** "Variants," a selection of black-and-white photographs by Americans and Europeans. Through March 11. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

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GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A show of about a hundred and twenty sculptures representing the different styles used by American and European artists since the forties, and singling out the contributions of Giacometti, David Smith, and Cornell. Through Sunday, Feb. 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—An exhibit that examines American decorative and industrial design in this century, with examples extending from a Frank Lloyd Wright dining-room set to an Apple IIc personal computer. Through Sunday, Feb. 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—The Festival of India has brought a comprehensive survey of terra-cotta objects, one of whose characteristics is that they bear a striking family resemblance to one another, whether they were produced in 2500 B.C. or in the twentieth century. The more than a hundred and thirty pieces include cult figurines, animals, and toys. Through April 14. . . . ¶ A survey of American prints done in the past two years. Artists represented include Richard Diebenkorn, Alex Katz, Janet Fish, and Elizabeth Murray. Through April 28. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays, except Lincoln's Birthday and Monday, Feb. 17, through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6; Lincoln's Birthday and Monday, Feb. 17, from 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Seventy-six paintings by American artists who have recorded the American West, to celebrate either its history or its natural beauty. George Catlin, Charles Russell, Georgia O'Keeffe, Chuck Forsman, and others. Through Sunday, Feb. 16. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The Festival of India has transformed the museum into a bazaarlike exhibition space filled with goods made by Indian artisans to the specifications of American and European designers—Mario Bellini's marble base for upholstery and Mary McFadden's adaptations of traditional Indian costumes and jewelry, for example. Through Feb. 23. . . . ¶ An exhibit of drawings for furniture, lamps, etc., by members of the Milan-based design group Memphis, along with such finished products as a Michele De Lucchi sofa that rests on metal poles attached to suction cups. Through April 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

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FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—A show concerning the Ingres portrait of Comtesse d'Haussonville painted between 1842 and 1845. With the work as its focal point, the exhibit examines and documents everything from the porcelains seen in the portrait to memorabilia of the Comtesse to the artist's preparatory studies. Through Sunday, Feb. 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of approximately eighty Italian drawings from the baroque and Mannerist periods, on loan from the collection of Duke Roberto Ferretti . . . ¶ A display of eighteenth-century pop culture in the form of the English and Dutch single-sheet prints of illustrations and prose called "catchpenny prints," because they were sold on the streets for a penny. Both shows start Friday, Feb. 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. a 104th St.—"Stuart Davis's New York," an exhibit of paintings (including a mural) drawings, and prints centered on Manhattan's landscape, which inspired so many o the artist's works. Through March 16. (Open daily. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays *10 to 5; Sundays and Monday, Feb. 17, from* 1 to 5.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., a 89th St.—A show of thirty-seven Old Maste paintings on loan from London's Dulwich Picture Gallery. Rembrandt's "Girl Leaning on a Stone Pedestal" and Poussin's "Triumph of David" are among them. Through Sunday Feb. 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays noon to 5.)

THE NEW MUSEUM, 583 Broadway—"Choices Making an Art of Everyday Life," an exhibi of videos and installations, mostly. One wor is a room filled with notebooks, diaries charts, and graphs kept by Morgan O'Hara documenting every detail of her life fo seventeen years. (Miss O'Hara will give performance at the museum on Saturday Feb. 15, from 1 to 5, in which she will reveal her personal research methods to the public. Also on view is a statement explaining tha Tehching Hsieh's latest work is that of no doing any art. Further, Linda Montano wi be seated in one of the museum's windows o Sunday, Feb. 16, from noon to 5:30, speakin to passersby about art, a continuation of seven-year project. And Kim Jones, covere in mud, will appear periodically during th exhibition to wander the museum space. . . ¶ A display of videos by eleven artists, including Jill Kroesen, Michael Marton, an Maxi Cohen. Both shows through March 30 (Open Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursday through Sundays, noon to 6.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Par W., at 77th St.—A display of eighteenth and nineteenth-century depictions of Niagar Falls when it was a mecca for artists as we as tourists. Among the painters galvanize by the spectacle were Church, Hicks, Bierstadt, Cole, and Twachtman. Painting drawings, photographs, and memorabili Through April 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 t 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42n St.—An exhibition of illustrated Japanes manuscripts of prose and poetry, culled fro the library's collection; it includes notab ukiyo-e woodblock prints and an early Japanese how-to hand-scroll from the Edo perio explaining two flower arrangements. Throug March 25. (Open daily, except Sundays, Lincoln's Birthday, and Monday, Feb. 17, fro 10 to 6.) . . . ¶ The Schomburg Center, 51 Lenox Ave., at 135th St., has a show of earl newspapers by black publishers (such a Marcus Garvey's *Negro World*) and oth documentary material of historical interest. Through April 7. (The center is open Mondays, except Feb. 17, through Wednesdays, except Lincoln's Birthday, noon to 8; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

THE KITCHEN, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793—8 BC Nights—Wednesday, Feb. 12, at 9: "The Spear of Destiny," Jo Andres, and the Wayfarers; Thursday, Feb. 13, at 9: "Spear," James Seina & Chazz Dean, and They Might Be Giants; Friday, Feb. 14, at 9: "Spear," Karen Finley, and His Master's Voice; Saturday, Feb. 15, at 9: "Spear," Ellen Fisher, and Live Skull.

ERFORMING GARAGE, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651—Yoshiko Chuma and the School of Hard Knocks presenting an evening-length work entitled "The Housing Project," Wednesday through Sunday, Feb. 12-16, at 8:30.

.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Ann Carlson (performance), Friday through Sunday, Feb. 14-16, at 9; David Linton (performance), Friday through Sunday, Feb. 21-23, at 9.

OTE—Peter Reed will present his theatre-dance piece at the Bette Stoler Gallery, 13 White St., Wednesday through Sunday, Feb. 19-23, at 8:30. For tickets, call 255-3326.

MUSIC

The box-office number for the Metropolitan pera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 62-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for arnegie Hall 247-7800; for Kaufmann Conert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 2nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert all, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th t., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are inluded in the listings.)

OPERA

ETROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday, Feb. 12, at 8: "Idomeneo," with Benita Valente, Hildegard Behrens, Frederica von Stade, David Rendall, and John Alexander; conducted by Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 13, at 8: "Francesca da Rimini," with Renata Scotto, Ermanno Mauro, and Cornell MacNeil; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 14, at 8: "Roméo et Juliette," with Gail Robinson, Hilda Harris, Dénes Gulyás, and Brian Schexnayder; Sylvain Cambreling. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 15, at 2: "Idomeneo," with Benita Valente, Hildegard Behrens, Frederica von Stade, David Rendall, and John Alexander; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 15, at 8: "Samson," with Leona Mitchell, Carol Vaness, Sandra Walker, Jon Vickers, and John Macurdy; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Monday, Feb. 17, at 8: "Roméo et Juliette," with Gail Robinson, Hilda Harris, Dénes Gulyás, and Brian Schexnayder; Sylvain Cambreling. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Feb. 18, at 8: "Francesca da Rimini," with Renata Scotto, Ermanno Mauro, and Cornell MacNeil; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 19, at 8: "Samson," with Leona Mitchell, Kiri Te Kanawa, Sandra Walker, Timothy Jenkins, and John Macurdy; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 20, at 8: "Idomeneo," with Benita Valente, Hildegard Behrens, Frederica von Stade, William Lewis, and John Alexander; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 21, at 8: "Simon Boccanegra," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Vasile Moldoveanu, Sherrill Milnes, and Paul Plishka; Myung-Whun Chung. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 22, at 2: "Francesca da Rimini," with Renata Scotto, Ermanno Mauro, and Cornell MacNeil; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 22, at 8: "Roméo et Juliette," with Catherine Malfitano, Hilda Harris, Neil Shicoff, and Brian Schexnayder; Sylvain Cambreling.

PERA ENSEMBLE OF NEW YORK—Michael Recchiuti conducting performances of Donizetti's "An Unconventional Rehearsal," in a new English translation by William Ashbrook and Michael Kaye. Staged by John J. D. Sheehan. (Lillie Blake School Theatre, 45 E. 81st St. Friday, Feb. 21, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 23, at 3. For information about tickets, call 288-1485.)

JUILLIARD AMERICAN OPERA CENTER—Anton Coppola conducting benefit performances of Gounod's "Mireille." Staged by Bernard LeFort. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Friday, Feb. 21, at 8; Sunday, Feb. 23, at 3; and Tuesday, Feb. 25, at 8. For information

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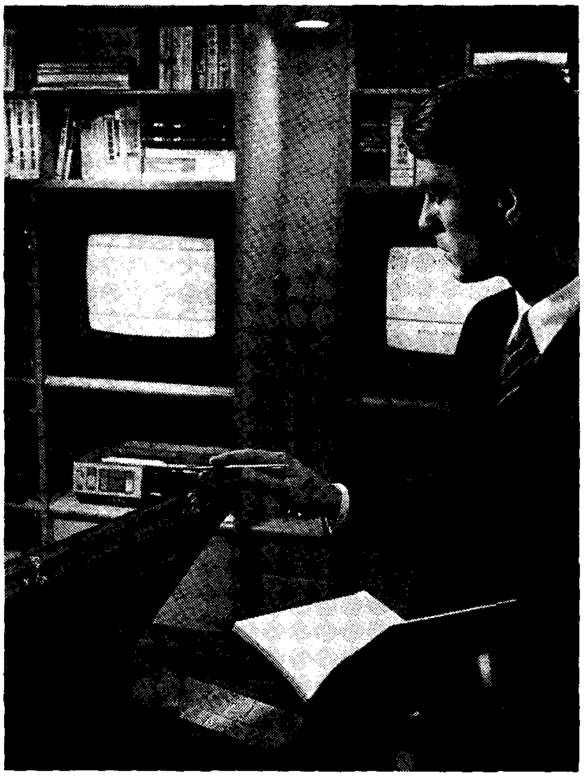

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ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Thursday, Feb. 13, at 8; Friday, Feb. 14, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 15, and Monday, Feb. 17, at 8; and Tuesday, Feb. 18, at 7:30: An Elgar-Bruckner program, with Yo-Yo Ma, cello. . . . ¶ Thursday, Feb. 20, at 8: A Bartók-Beethoven program in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of Rudolf Serkin's New York début, with Mr. Serkin, piano. A benefit for the Philharmonic's Pension Fund. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Feb. 21-22, at 8, and Tuesday, Feb. 25, at 7:30: A Schubert-Pergolesi program, with Montserrat Caballé, soprano, and Lucia Valentini-Terrani, mezzo-soprano.

New York Philharmonic and Juilliard Orchestra—A joint concert, conducted by Zubin Mehta. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 12, at 8.)

Zagreb Philharmonic—Pavle Despalj conducting, with Valter Despalj, cello. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 13, at 8.)

Prague Chamber Orchestra—With Daniel Veis, cello, and Lubomir Brabec, guitar. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Feb. 16, at 3.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Erich Leinsdorf conducting a Mozart-Stravinsky program, with John Browning, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 19, at 8.)

Buffalo Philharmonic—Semyon Bychkov conducting, with André-Michel Schub, piano. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Saturday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

Mannes College Orchestra—Yakov Kreisberg conducting. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Thursday, Feb. 13, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Brandenburg Ensemble—Alexander Schneider conducting, with Emanuel Ax, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Lukas Foss conducting—An all-Sibelius program, with Ruggiero Ricci, violin, and Bianca Sauler, soprano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 14-15, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 16, at 2.) . . . ¶ The second in a "Meet the Moderns" series of four programs, this one with Phyllis Bryn-Julson and Joan La Barbara, sopranos. (Brooklyn Academy of Music. Thursday, Feb. 20, at 8. . . . Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Feb. 21, at 8. For information about tickets, call 254-6374.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Elmar Oliveira, violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Saturday, Feb. 15, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 16, at 3.)

Little Orchestra Society—Dino Anagnost conducting, with Ani Kavafian, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Lalan Parrott, piano; and Lowell Jay Hersey, trumpet. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 19, at 8.)

Bronx Arts Ensemble—Stephen Somary directing, with the Great Neck Choral Society; the Amor Artis Chamber Choir; the Horace Mann Chamber Chorus; and Heather Porter, viola. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Saturday, Feb. 22, at 7:30. No tickets necessary.)

Orpheus—With Ivan Moravec, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

Ensemble for Early Music's Grande Bande—Frederick Renz conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 22, at 8.)

RECITALS

Empire Brass Quintet—Chamber music. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Wednesday, Feb. 12, at 7. No tickets necessary.)

Earl Wild—The first two in a series of three all-Liszt programs. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesdays, Feb. 12 and 19, at 8.)

Judith Blegen—Soprano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 12, at 8.)

Joel Krosnick and Gilbert Kalish—Cello and piano, in the last in a series of concerts, this one with Curtis Macomber, violin. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 12, at 8.)

Jan Opalach—Bass-baritone. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 13, at 8.)

Jeffrey Siegel—A program of piano works by Debussy performed and discussed by Mr. Siegel. The second in a series of three concerts. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Feb. 13, at 8.)

Frans Brueggen and the Boston Museum Trio—A program of chamber music for recorder and piano trio. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Thursday, Feb. 13, at 8.)

Manhattan Contemporary Ensemble—The last in a series of programs of twentieth-century music. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday, Feb. 13, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Daniel Phillips, violin, and members of the Society. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Feb. 14, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 16, at 5.)

Jean-Pierre Rampal—Flute, with Julius Baker and Eugenia Zukerman, flute; John-Steele Ritter, harpsichord; and a twenty-member flute choir. The first of two concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 15, at 8.)

Yale Chamber Music Series—The third in a series of four concerts performed by various faculty members of the Yale University School of Music. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, Feb. 15, at 8.)

Chamber Music at BAM—Sour Cream, a recorder trio. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Saturday, Feb. 15, at 8:30, and Sunday, Feb. 16, at 2.)

Chester String Quartet—The last in a series of concerts. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, Feb. 16, at 3.)

Music Before 1800—*The seventh in a series of programs, this one presenting the American première of "San Giovanni Battista," an oratorio by Alessandro Stradella. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, Feb. 16, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)*

Gerald Ranck—The third in a series of four concerts, this one a Bach-Vivaldi program. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, Feb. 16, at 3:30. No tickets necessary.)

New York Philharmonic Ensembles—The third in a series of six programs. (Church of the Holy Trinity, 316 E. 88th St. Sunday, Feb. 16, at 5. For information about tickets, call 799-9595, Mondays through Fridays.)

Eliza Garth—Piano, with assisting artists. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, Feb. 16, at 8.)

Zaidee Parkinson—Piano, with assisting artists. (Merkin Concert Hall. Monday, Feb. 17, at 8.)

Yuval Trio—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 18, at 2.)

Stephen Kates and Samuel Sanders—Cello and piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 18, at 8.)

Yoko Ito Gates and Norino Iguchi—A program of vocal and instrumental Japanese music, with Ralph Samuelson, shakuhachi. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 18, at 8.)

LaSalle Quartet—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 18, at 8.)

Richard Todd—Horn. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 19, at 8.)

Michala Petri Trio—Music for recorder, cello, and harpsichord. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Thursday, Feb. 20, at 8.)

Music Spectrum—The second in a series of three chamber-music concerts. (Merkin Concert Hall. Thursday, Feb. 20, at 8.)

Music from the People's Republic of China—A program of traditional Chinese music, performed by an ensemble from Peking's Central Conservatory. (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. 517-2742. Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 20-22, at 8. A pre-concert lecture/demonstration will be presented each evening at 7:30.)

Composers Concordance—A program of contemporary music. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Thursday, Feb. 20, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Ivo Pogorelich—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 21, at 8.)

Elmar Oliveira and Lilian Kallir—Violin and piano, in a program of Beethoven sonatas. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 22, at 3.)

Alexander Schneider, Laurence Lesser, and Jean-Bernard Pommier—Violin, cello, and piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 22, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

MISCELLANY

Tribute to Alec Wilder—A program of his music performed by Marlene VerPlanck, Looni McGlohon, Bobby Rosengarden, Rick Petrone Mitch Miller, Barry Snyder, Samuel Baron Harvey Phillips, and others. (Carnegie Recita Hall. Saturday, Feb. 15, at 2.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Squar Garden is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At **Madison Squar Garden** (all games at 7:30): Knicks vs Philadelphia, Thursday, Feb. 13. . . . ¶ Knick vs. Utah, Saturday, Feb. 15. . . . ¶ Knicks vs Cleveland, Tuesday, Feb. 18. . . . ¶ Knicks vs Seattle, Friday, Feb. 21. . . . **Byrne Meadowlands Arena** (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Dallas, Monday, Feb. 17, at 1. . . . ¶ Nets vs Chicago, Wednesday, Feb. 19, at 7:30. . . ¶ Nets vs. Los Angeles Lakers, Friday, Feb 21, at 7:30.

Hockey—At **Madison Square Garden** (all games a 7:35): Rangers vs. Vancouver Canucks Wednesday, Feb. 12. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Detroit Red Wings, Sunday, Feb. 16. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. St. Louis Blues, Thursday, Fe 20. . . . **Nassau Coliseum:** Islanders vs. Devil Saturday, Feb. 15, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Islanders v Washington Capitals, Tuesday, Feb. 18, a 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Detroit Red Wing Saturday, Feb. 22, at 7:05. (Hempstea Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100 . . . **Byrne Meadowlands Arena** (1-201 935 3900): Devils vs. Montreal Canadiens, Thursday, Feb. 13, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Sunday, Feb. 16, at 5:0 . . . ¶ Devils vs. Quebec Nordiques, Thursday, Feb. 20, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. L Angeles Kings, Saturday, Feb. 22, at 1:35.

Racing—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesday at 12:30. The Stymie Handicap, Saturda Feb. 15, and the Next Move Handicap, Sa urday, Feb. 22.

Track Meet—Wanamaker Millrose Game (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Feb. 14, 6.)

Trotting—**At Yonkers Raceway:** Nightly at through Saturday, March 22. . . . **Meadowlands:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturda Aug. 2.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—Margaret Atwoo reading from her new novel, "The Handmaid's Tale." (New York University's Mai Building, 100 Washington Sq. E. Thursda Feb. 13, at 8. No tickets necessary; seating on a first-come, first-served basis.) . . . ¶ Russell Banks reading from his own short storie (Donnell Library Center, 20 W. 53rd S Tuesday, Feb. 18, at 6. No tickets nece sary.) . . . ¶ Andy Clausen and Allen Ginsbe reading from their own poetry. (St. Mark In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th S Wednesday, Feb. 19, at 8. Tickets at the do on the night of the reading.)

Auctions—At Sotheby's, York Ave. at 72nd S (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Satu days, 10 to 5.)—Friday, Feb. 14, at 10:1 and 2: Books and manuscripts. . . . ¶ Sa urday, Feb. 15, at 10:15 and 2: Watche *clocks, and scientific* instruments. . . . ¶ Thur day, Feb. 20, at 10:15 and 2: Impressioni and modern paintings, drawings, and scul tures. Exhibition starts Friday, Feb. 14.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

ittle Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Feb. 13: "Edith's Diary" (1984; directed by Hans W. Geissendorfer; in German).
Feb. 14-20: "Leave Her to Heaven" (†).
From Feb. 21: To be announced.

ew Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Feb. 13: "The Best of Times" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Robin Williams and Kurt Russell.
From Feb. 14: "Wildcats" (Michael Ritchie), with Goldie Hawn.

ay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through Feb. 13: "Murphy's Romance" (Martin Ritt), with Sally Field and James Garner.
From Feb. 14: "Quicksilver" (Tom Donnelly), with Kevin Bacon.

urray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Hannah and Her Sisters" (Woody Allen).

oews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Brazil" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 13: "Youngblood" (Peter Markle), with Rob Lowe, Cynthia Gibb, and Patrick Swayze. From Feb. 14: "The Delta Force" (Menahem Golan), with Chuck Norris and Lee Marvin.
Theatre 3: "F/X" (Robert Mandel), with Bryan Brown and Brian Dennehy.

th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).

astside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Feb. 13: "The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys).
From Feb. 14: "Power" (Sidney Lumet), with Richard Gere, Julie Christie, and Gene Hackman.

tton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"The Color Purple" (†).

otham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Power" (Sidney Lumet), with Richard Gere, Julie Christie, and Gene Hackman.

aza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through Feb. 13: "Stripper" (Jerome Gary).
From Feb. 14: "Ran" (†).

anhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 13: "The Best of Times" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Robin Williams and Kurt Russell. From Feb. 14: "Wildcats" (Michael Ritchie), with Goldie Hawn.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 13: "White Nights" (†). From Feb. 14: "Quicksilver" (Tom Donnelly), with Kevin Bacon.

ronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Murphy's Romance" (Martin Ritt), with Sally Field and James Garner.
Theatre 2: "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).

W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).

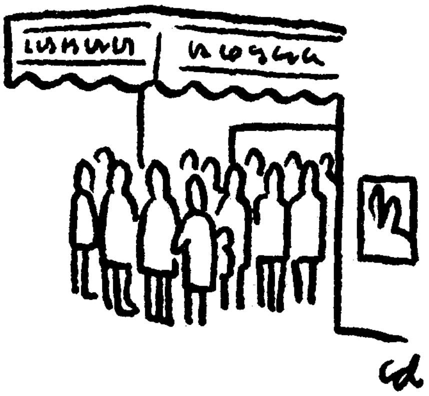
nema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 13: "Ran" (†). From Feb. 14: "Turtle Diary" (John Irvin), with Glenda Jackson and Ben Kingsley.
Theatre 2: "The Trip to Bountiful" (†).

emini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "F/X" (Robert Mandel), with Bryan Brown and Brian Dennehy.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 13: "Iron Eagle" (Sidney J. Furie), with Louis Gossett, Jr., and Jason Gedrick. From Feb. 14: "La Cage aux Folles 3: The Wedding" (Georges Lautner; in French), with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi.

ekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Hannah and Her Sisters" (Woody Allen).

ews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Brazil" (†).
Theatre 2: "Lady Jane" (Trevor Nunn), with Helena Bonham Carter and Cary Elwes.

h St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Goodbye People" (Herb Gardner), with Martin Balsam, Judd Hirsch, and Pamela Reed.



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 19.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Out of Africa" (†).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"F/X" (Robert Mandel), with Bryan Brown and Brian Dennehy.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 13: "Youngblood" (Peter Markle), with Rob Lowe, Cynthia Gibb, and Patrick Swayze. From Feb. 14: "Knights of the City" (Dominic Orlando), with Leon Isaac Kennedy.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 13: "Young Sherlock Holmes" (†). From Feb. 14: "Terror-vision."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Feb. 13: "Power" (Sidney Lumet), with Richard Gere, Julie Christie, and Gene Hackman.
From Feb. 14: "The Delta Force" (Menahem Golan), with Chuck Norris and Lee Marvin.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "The Color Purple" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 13: "Iron Eagle" (Sidney J. Furie), with Louis Gossett, Jr., and Jason Gedrick. From Feb. 14: "Wildcats" (Michael Ritchie), with Goldie Hawn.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "The Kindergarten" (1983; directed by Yevgeny Yevtushenko; in Russian), with Klaus Maria Brandauer.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 13: "Young Sherlock Holmes" (†). Feb. 14-20: "Agnes of God" (Norman Jewison), with Jane Fonda, Anne Bancroft, and Meg Tilly; and "Jagged Edge" (†). From Feb. 21: To be announced.

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 13: "Uforia" (1981; John Binder), with Cindy Williams, Harry Dean Stanton, and Fred Ward. From Feb. 14: "Huey Long" (Ken Burns).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 20: "28 Up" (1984; Michael Apted), a documentary. From Feb. 21: To be announced.

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys).
Theatre 2: "Power" (Sidney Lumet), with Richard Gere, Julie Christie, and Gene Hackman.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Feb. 13: "Witness" (†).
From Feb. 14: "Pee-wee's Big Adventure" (†) and "After Hours" (†).

R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "The Color Purple" (†).
Theatre 2: "Out of Africa" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "When Father Was Away on Business" (Emir Kusturica; in Yugoslav).
Theatre 2: "Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 13: "Fool for Love" (†). From Feb. 14: "La Cage aux Folles 3: The Wedding" (Georges Lautner; in French), with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi.
Theatre 4: "Sugarbaby" (Percy Adlon; in German).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 13: "White Nights" (†). From Feb. 14: "Quicksilver" (Tom Donnelly), with Kevin Bacon.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 13: "Runaway Train" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Jon Voight, Eric Roberts, and Rebecca DeMornay. Feb. 14-20: To be announced. From Feb. 21: To be announced.
Theatre 3: "Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"A Chorus Line" (Richard Attenborough).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Down and Out in Beverly Hills" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through Feb. 13: "The Jewel of the Nile" (Lewis Teague), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and Danny DeVito.
Feb. 14-20: "Agnes of God" (Norman Jewison), with Jane Fonda, Anne Bancroft, and Meg Tilly; and "Jagged Edge" (†). From Feb. 21: To be announced.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Always" (Henry Jaglom).

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
Through Feb. 13: "Murphy's Romance" (Martin Ritt), with Sally Field and James Garner.
From Feb. 14: "La Cage aux Folles 3: The Wedding" (Georges Lautner; in French), with Michel Serrault and Ugo Tognazzi.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Official Story" (Luis Puenzo; in Spanish), with Norma Aleandro.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Color Purple" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Feb. 13: "The Best of Times" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Robin Williams and Kurt Russell.
From Feb. 14: "Brazil" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2 and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 13: "Sugarbaby" (Percy Adlon; in German). From Feb. 14: "Kaos" (Paolo and Vittorio Taviani; in Italian).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 13: "When Father Was Away on Business" (Emir Kusturica; in Yugoslav). From Feb. 14: "Kaos."
Theatre 3: "The Crazy Family" (Sogo Ishii; in Japanese).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Shoah" (†). Part I is shown daily.
Theatre 2: "Shoah" (†). Part II is shown daily.

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "White Nights" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 18: "Winter Flight" (Roy Battersby). From Feb. 19: "Parting Glances" (Bill Sherwood).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "The Color Purple" (†).
Theatre 2: "F/X" (Robert Mandel), with Bryan Brown and Brian Dennehy.
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 13: "Brazil" (†). From Feb. 14: "Quicksilver" (Tom Donnelly), with Kevin Bacon.
Theatre 4: "Hannah and Her Sisters" (Woody Allen).
Theatre 5: "Out of Africa" (†).
Theatre 6: Through Feb. 13: "Power"

(Sidney Lumet), with Richard Gere, Julie Christie, and Gene Hackman. From Feb. 14: “Wildcats” (Michael Ritchie), with Goldie Hawn.

Olympia Quad, B’way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 13: “White Nights” (†). From Feb. 14: “The Delta Force” (Menahem Golan), with Chuck Norris and Lee Marvin.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 20: “Kiss of the Spider Woman” (†). From Feb. 21: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 13: “Witness” (†). From Feb. 14: “Knights of the City” (Dominic Orlando), with Leon Isaac Kennedy.
Theatre 4: “F/X” (Robert Mandel), with Bryan Brown and Brian Dennehy.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B’way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: “The Color Purple” (†).
Theatre 2: “Power” (directed by Sidney Lumet), with Richard Gere, Julie Christie, and Gene Hackman.
Theatre 3: “The Jewel of the Nile” (Lewis *Teague), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen* Turner, and Danny DeVito.
Theatre 4: “Twice in a Lifetime” (†).
Theatre 5: “Spies Like Us” (John Landis), with Chevy Chase and Dan Aykroyd.
Theatre 6: Through Feb. 13: “Black Moon Rising” (Harley Cokliss), with Tommy Lee Jones. From Feb. 14: “Pray for Death” (Gordon Hessler), with Sho Kosugi.

Embassy 1, B’way at 46th. (757-2408)
“White Nights” (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B’way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 13: “Young Sherlock Holmes” (†). From Feb. 14: “Agnes of God” (Norman Jewison), with Jane Fonda, Anne Bancroft, and Meg Tilly; and “Jagged Edge” (†).
Theatre 3: Through Feb. 13: “Witness” (†). From Feb. 14: “Murphy’s Romance” (Martin Ritt), with Sally Field and James Garner.
Theatre 4: Through Feb. 13: “Runaway Train” (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Jon Voight, Eric Roberts, and Rebecca DeMornay. From Feb. 14: “Youngblood” (Peter Markle), with Rob Lowe, Cynthia Gibb, and Patrick Swayze.

Loews Astor Plaza, B’way at 44th. (869-8340)
Through Feb. 13: “Youngblood” (Peter Markle), with Rob Lowe, Cynthia Gibb, and Patrick Swayze.
From Feb. 14: “Out of Africa” (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B’way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 13: “The Clan of the Cave Bear” (Michael Chapman), with Daryl Hannah. From Feb. 14: “Knights of the City” (Dominic Orlando), with Leon Isaac Kennedy.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 13: “Out of Africa” (†). From Feb. 14: “Terrorvision.”

Movieland, B’way at 47th. (757-8320)
“Rocky IV” (Sylvester Stallone), with Stallone, Talia Shire, Burt Young, and Carl Weathers.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
“101 Dalmatians” (†). No performances on Tuesday, Feb. 18.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B’way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: “Iron Eagle” (Sidney J. Furie), with Louis Gossett, Jr., and Jason Gedrick.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 20: “Kiss of the Spider Woman” (†). From Feb. 21: To be announced.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B’way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 13: “Stripper” (Jerome Gary). From Feb. 14: “Wildcats” (Michael Ritchie), with Goldie Hawn.
Theatre 2: Through Feb. 13: “Eliminators” (Peter Manoogian), with Andrew Prine. From Feb. 14: “Quicksilver” (Tom Donnelly), with Kevin Bacon.

U. A. Twin 1 and 2, B’way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: Through Feb. 13: “Fox Trap.” From Feb. 14: “The Delta Force” (Menahem Golan), with Chuck Norris and Lee Marvin.

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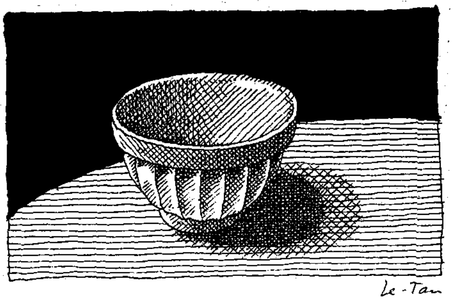
Theatre 2: “F/X” (Robert Mandel), with Bryan Brown and *Brian Dennehy.*

REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Feb. 13: “Seven Beauties” (1976; directed by Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Fernando Rey; and “Swept Away” (1975; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Mariangela Melato.
Feb. 14-15: “Carnal Knowledge” (1971; Mike Nichols), with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret; and “The Graduate” (1967; Mike Nichols), with Dustin Hoffman, Anne Bancroft, and Katharine Ross.
Feb. 16-18: “Amadeus” (1984; Miloš Forman), with F. Murray Abraham and Tom Hulce.
Feb. 19-20: “The Garden of the Finzi-Continis” (1970; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian), with Lino Capolicchio, Dominique Sanda, and Helmut Berger; and “The Bicycle Thief” (1949; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian).
Feb. 21-22: “The Adventures of Buckaroo Banzai” (1984; W. D. Richter), with Peter Weller and John Lithgow; and “The Last Starfighter” (1984; Nick Castle), with Lance Guest and Dan O’Herlihy.

Metro Cinema, B’way at 99th. (222-1200)
Feb. 12: To be announced.
Feb. 13: “Late Autumn” (1960) and “A Story of Floating Weeds” (1934), both films in Japanese, directed by Yasujiro Ozu.
Feb. 14-15: “Badlands” (1973; Terrence Malick), with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek; and “Days of Heaven” (1978; Terrence Malick), with Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, Sam Shepard, Linda Manz, and Robert Wilke.
Feb. 16-17: “Rear Window” (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey; and “North by Northwest” (1959; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau.
Feb. 18: “My Life to Live” (1962; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina; and “Masculine Feminine” (1965; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud and Chantal Goya.
Feb. 19: “Reds” (1981; Warren Beatty), with Beatty, Diane Keaton, Jack Nicholson, and Maureen Stapleton.
Feb. 20: “La Notte” (†) and “Before the Revolution” (†).
Feb. 21-22: “Stalker” (1979; Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian); and “Walkabout” (1971; Nicolas Roeg; an Australian film).

Regency, B’way at 67th. (724-3700)
Feb. 12: To be announced.
Feb. 13-15: “The Woman Next Door” (1981; François Truffaut; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Fanny Ardant; and “Confidentially Yours” (1984; François Truffaut; in French), with Fanny Ardant and Jean-Louis Trintignant.
Feb. 16-18: “Dark Victory” (1939; Edmund Goulding), with Bette Davis, George Brent, Humphrey Bogart, Ronald Reagan, and Geraldine Fitzgerald; and “Now, Voyager” (1942; Irving Rapper), with Bette Davis Paul Henreid, Claude Rains, and Johı Loder.
Feb. 19-22: “The Old Maid” (†); and “Th Little Foxes” *(1941; William Wyler), wit* Bette Davis and Herbert Marshall.



Thalia, B’way at 95th. (222-3370)
Feb. 12: To be announced.
Feb. 13: “The Naked Kiss” (1965) an “Shock Corridor” (1963), both films directed by Samuel Fuller, with Constanc Towers.
Feb. 14-15: “The Go Masters” (1983; Juny Sato and Duan Jishun; in Japanese an Mandarin).
Feb. 16: “French Cancan” (1954; Jean Renoir; in French), with Jean Gabin, Mari Felix, Françoise Arnoul, and Edith Pia and “The Little Theatre of Jean Renoir (1969; Renoir; in French).
Feb. 17: “Sullivan’s Travels” (†); and “Th Miracle of Morgan’s Creek” (1944; Presto Sturges), with Betty Hutton and Eddi Bracken.
Feb. 18: “The Last Picture Show” (197 Peter Bogdanovich), with Timothy Bottoms, Jeff Bridges, Cybill Shepherd, Be Johnson, and Cloris Leachman; and “Dais Miller” (†).
Feb. 19: “Cabin in the Sky” (1943; Vincent Minnelli), with Ethel Waters and Eddi Anderson; and “Hallelujah!” (1929; Kin *Vidor), with Daniel L. Haynes.*
Feb. 20: “White Heat” (†) and “The Publ Enemy” (†).
Feb. 21: “Everything You Always Wanted Know About Sex” (†); and “Bananas (1971), directed by, and with, Woody A len.
Feb. 22: “Diva” (1981; Jean-Jacques Beinei in French), with Wilhelmenia Fernand and Frédéric Andrei; and “Invitation a Voyage” (1983; Peter Del Monte; i French).

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Feb. 12: To be announced.
Feb. 13: “Day the World Ended” (195 Roger Corman), with Richard Denning ar Lori Nelson; and “How to Make a Mo ster” (1958; Herbert L. Stock), wi Robert Harris.
Feb. 14-15: “The Conformist” (1970; Berna do Bertolucci; in Italian), with Jean-Lou Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, ar Dominique Sanda; and “Luna” (1979; Be nardo Bertolucci), with Jill Clayburgh ar Matthew Barry.
Feb. 16: “Smiles of a Summer Night” (195 Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ul Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björ strand, and *Jarl Kulle; and “The Virg* Spring” (1960; Ingmar Bergman; Swedish), with Max von Sydow and Gunn Lindblom.
Feb. 17: “Bringing Up Baby” (1938; Howa Hawks), with Katharine Hepburn, Ca Grant, and Charles Ruggles; and “M Favorite Wife” (1940; Garson Kanin), wi Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, Gail Patric and Randolph Scott.
Feb. 18: “One-Eyed Jacks” (1961; Marl Brando), with Brando, Karl Malden, a Katy Jurado; and “Viva Zapata!” (195 Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Je Peters, and Anthony Quinn.
Feb. 19: “Diary of a Country Priest” (195 Robert Bresson; in French), with Clau Laydu and *Nicole Maurey;* and “Mo chette” (1966; Robert Bresson; in French
Feb. 20: “The Cool and the Crazy” (195 and “Girls in Prison” (1956; Edward Cahn), with Richard Denning.
Feb. 21-22: “Wedding in Blood” (†); and “I Rupture” (1970; Claude Chabrol; French), with Stéphane Audran, Jea Pierre Cassel, and Michel Bouquet.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (25 7400)
Feb. 12: To be announced.
Feb. 13: “Beauty and the Beast” (1946; Je Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, J sette Day, Marcel André, and Michel A clair; and “Black Orpheus” (1959; Mar Camus; in Portuguese), with Marpes Dawn.
Feb. 14-15: “The Cat and the Canar (1939; Elliott Nugent), with Paulette Gc dard and Bob Hope; and “The Old Da

House" (1932; James Whale), with Charles Laughton, Melvyn Douglas, Raymond Massey, Boris Karloff, and Gloria Stuart.

Feb. 16: "Bunny Lake Is Missing" (1965; Otto Preminger), with Laurence Olivier, Carol Lynley, and Keir Dullea; and "Anatomy of a Murder" (1959; Otto Preminger), with James Stewart, Lee Remick, and Ben Gazzara.

Feb. 17: "A Letter to Three Wives" (1949; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Linda Darnell, Jeanne Crain, Ann Sothern, Kirk Douglas, and Paul Douglas; and "Five Fingers" (†).

Feb. 18: "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin; and "The Clowns" (1971; Federico Fellini; in Italian).

Feb. 19: "Down Argentine Way" (1940; Irving Cummings), with Bette Grable, Don Ameche, and Carmen Miranda; and "That Night in Rio" (1941; Irving Cummings), with Alice Faye, Don Ameche, and Carmen Miranda.

Feb. 20: "Charlie Chan on Broadway" (1937) and "Charlie Chan at Monte Carlo" (1937), both films directed by Eugene Forde, with Warner Oland as Chan.

Feb. 21-22: "The Spiral Staircase" (1948; Robert Siodmak), with Dorothy McGuire, Ethel Barrymore, George Brent, and Kent Smith; and "Rebecca" (1940; Alfred Hitchcock), with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, and Judith Anderson.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Theatre 1: Feb. 13 at 2:30 and 6: "Sous les Toits de Paris" (1930; directed by René Clair; in French). . . . ¶ Feb. 14 at 2:30: "Local Hero" (1983; Bill Forsyth), with Burt Lancaster and Peter Riegert. . . . ¶ Feb. 14 at 6: "Gregory's Girl" (1982; Bill Forsyth), with Gordon John Sinclair. . . . ¶ Feb. 15 at 2: "Oh! What a Lovely War" (1969; Richard Attenborough), with Laurence Olivier, John Gielgud, and Ralph Richardson. . . . ¶ Feb. 15 at 5: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" (1975; Terry Gilliam and Terry Jones), with Graham Chapman. . . . ¶ Feb. 16 at 2: "Gregory's Girl." . . . ¶ Feb. 16 at 5: "Local Hero." . . . ¶ Feb. 17 at 2:30: "Privates on Parade" (1982; Michael Blakemore), with John Cleese and Denis Quilley. . . . ¶ Feb. 17 at 6 and Feb. 18 at 2:30: "A Private Function" (1985; Malcolm Mowbray), with Michael Palin, Maggie Smith, and Denholm Elliott. . . . ¶ Feb. 18 at 6: "Privates on Parade." . . . ¶ Feb. 20 at 2:30 and 6: "All Quiet on the Western Front" (1930; Lewis Milestone). . . . ¶ Feb. 21 at 2:30: "Mint Tea" (1984; Bahloul Bahloul; in French, with English subtitles), with Abdel Kechiche. . . . ¶ Feb. 21 at 6: "Poulet au Vinaigre" (1985; Claude Chabrol; in French, with English subtitles), with Jean Poiret, Stéphane Audran, and Michel Bouquet. . . . ¶ Feb. 22 at 2: "The Fourth Estate" (1985; Serge Leroy; in French, with English subtitles), with Philippe Noiret, Nicole Garcia, and Jean-Claude Brialy. . . . ¶ Feb. 22 at 5: "Family Life" (1985; Jacques Doillon; in French, with English subtitles), with Sami Frey and Juliet Berto.

Theatre 2: Feb. 13 at 3 and 6:30: "The Times of Harvey Milk" (1984; Robert Epstein and Richard Schmiechen), a documentary. . . . ¶ Feb. 14 at 2:30: "Wages and Profits" (1984; Kumar Shahani; in Hindi, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Feb. 14 at 6:30: "The Threshold" (1981; Dr. Jabbar Patel; in Marathi, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Feb. 15 at 2: "The Meaning" (1983; Mahesh Bhatt; in Hindi, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Feb. 15 at 5 and Feb. 16 at 2: "Phaniyamma" (1982; Prema Karanth; in Kannada, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Feb. 16 at 5: "The Meaning." . . . ¶ Feb. 17 at 3 and 6:30: "Assunta Spina" (1915; Gustavo Serena; a silent film, with Italian and English intertitles). . . . ¶ Feb. 18 at 3 and 6:30 and Feb. 20 at 3: "Sea Travels" (1978; Anita Thatcher), "Clotheslines" (1982; Roberta Cantow), "Thicket" (1985; George Griffin), and "A Private Life" (1980; Mikhail Bogin). . . . ¶ Feb. 20 at 6: "Journeys from Berlin/1971" (1980; Yvonne Rainer). . . . ¶ Feb. 21 at 2:30: "The Philosopher" (1983; G. V. Iyer; in Sanskrit, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Feb. 21 at 6:30 and Feb. 22 at 2: "Phatik and the Juggler" (1983; Sandip Ray; in Bengali, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Feb. 22 at 5: "The Philosopher."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

After Hours—Martin Scorsese directed, and his work here is livelier and more companionable than it has been in recent years. But this skittish paranoid fantasy is just a classroom exercise of a movie: elegant, crisp, and flashy. Griffin Dunne plays a young word-processor operator in midtown New York, who goes down to SoHo for a date and finds himself trapped in a nightmare world, where he has to contend with one flaky, threatening woman after another: Rosanna Arquette, Linda Fiorentino, Teri Garr, Catherine O'Hara, and Verna Bloom. With John Heard, Cheech and Chong, Dick Miller, and Bronson Pinchot. Script by Joseph Minion. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/23/85.) (8th St. Playhouse; starting Feb. 14.)

Before the Revolution (1964)—A sweepingly romantic movie about a young man's rebellion against bourgeois life and his disillusion with Communism, set in Parma and written and directed by Bernardo Bertolucci at the astonishing age of twenty-two. He captures what has rarely been seen on the screen—the extravagance and poetry of youthful ardor. The hero Fabrizio discovers that he is not single-minded enough to be a revolutionary, that he is too deeply involved in the beauty of life as it is *before* the revolution. He has "a nostalgia for the present." With Francesco Barilli, Adriana Asti, Allen Midgette, and Morando Morandini. In Italian. (Metro Cinema; Feb. 20.)

Brazil—Terry Gilliam, of the Monty Python troupe, presents a retro-futurist fantasy (like "A Clockwork Orange" or "Blade Runner")—a melancholy, joke-ridden view of the horribleness of where we are now and the worse horribleness of where we're heading. It's like a stoned, slapstick "1984," a nightmare comedy in which the comedy is just an aspect of the nightmarishness. The title refers to pop escapism of the past—what you can only dream about in the squalor and sporadic terrorist violence of an Anglo-American police state "somewhere in the twentieth century." Visually, it's an original, bravura piece of moviemaking, with a weirdly ingenious vertical quality: the camera always seems to be moving up and down, rarely across. You get the feeling that people live and work squashed at the bottom of hollow towers. The clothes, like the furnishings and the ancient TV sets and assorted gadgetry, suggest that nothing has been made or manufactured since the forties. It's a thrift-shop world of the future. The central character (Jonathan Pryce) is a lowly clerk, a drone; in pursuit of the girl (Kim Greist) he has glimpsed in his dreams, he runs afoul of the state apparatus, and there's a superrealistic inevitability about this. The episodes lack dramatic definition, just as the gags do; they all run together and blur. And the film is both torpid and frantic. Yet Gilliam's vision is an organic thing on the screen—and that's a considerable achievement. Pryce's dead-eyed performance is charmless, but Robert De Niro turns up in a cameo role as a prankster daredevil, a freedom fighter; chomping on a cigar and all revved up, he's the life of the party. And Katherine Helmond, as Pryce's mother, delivers an elegant, broad caricature of a woman obsessed with plastic surgery. Also with Michael Palin, Ian Holm, Ian Richardson, and Kathryn Pogson. The script is by Gilliam, Tom Stoppard, and Charles McKeown. (2/10/86) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, and Loews New York Twin. . . . ¶ Loews 84th Street Sixplex; through Feb. 13. . . . ¶ Loews Paramount; starting Feb. 14.)

The Color Purple—The popular novel by Alice Walker is about the bonding of Southern black women in the first half of the century. It's written in a raw, cadenced dialect and it has a joyous emotional swing to it. Steven Spielberg, who directed the movie version, appears to have taken the novel seriously—inspirational tone, pop-folk religiosity, triumph of the human spirit, and all—and been intimidated by it. This family saga, spanning more than thirty years, is the clumsiest, least confident feature he has done. He filters everything through movies and sees rural Georgia in 1909 the way a European director might. The picture is muffled—it seems to be taking place in a made-up, faraway kingdom. With Desreta Jackson as the young Celie and Whoopi Goldberg taking over the role, Danny Glover, Willard Pugh, Margaret Avery, and Oprah Winfrey. (12/30/85) (Sutton, R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Cinema 3, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Theatres.)

Daisy Miller (1974)—Henry James's short story, filmed at a pace as hectic as the chatter of Daisy herself. Directed by Peter Bogdanovich, script by Frederic Raphael. Daisy's interest is always to beat others by her fervor and her implied insistence that distress and melancholy are easily remediable European diseases of the under-energized. Cybill Shepherd is fine as the Daisy who sees Europe as a continent of hotels. (Thalia; Feb. 18.)

Down and Out in Beverly Hills—Jokes you can't explain may be the best kind, and the director Paul Mazursky is a master of them. When he gets rolling here, you're not responding to single jokes—it's the whole gestalt of the movie that's funny. Taking off from Renoir's 1931 film "Boudu Saved from Drowning" (which was based on a play by René Fauchois), Mazursky and his writing partner, Leon Capetanos, set you down in a bastion of the new rich, and the cinematographer, Don McAlpine, gives you a vision of the sensuousness of money wrapped in sunshine. Nick Nolte plays the shaggy, smelly drifter who attempts suicide and is rescued by a self-made millionaire (Richard Dreyfuss). Taken into the millionaire's guest cabaña, the bum is decked out in silk lounging robes; he's soon lord of the sunshine manor. Lean now, Dreyfuss is more precise and agile than he used to be, and he uses his slightness for comic effects vis-à-vis the deep-voiced Nolte, who towers over him. As Dreyfuss's creamy-skinned, pampered wife, Bette Midler is more seductive than in her other screen roles, and she has a warped charm rather like that of Teri Garr, but riper, juicier; she trots through the halls of her mansion jiggling in her frilly dresses and making tippy-taps with her high heels. Her eyes are pixillated; she's ready for anything. As a record-producer neighbor, Little Richard uses the maniacal energy that went into his singing; he has a bursting presence—you look at him and laugh. Peppy and pleasurable, this is one of the most sheerly beautiful comedies ever shot. Mazursky isn't afraid of uproarious silliness: there are some dizzying slapstick routines that reach their peak when a small black-and-white Border collie takes over. The cast includes Elizabeth Peña as a sulky, hot maid with a bedroom mouth, Tracy Nelson, Evan Richards, Donald F. Muhich as a dog psychiatrist, and Mazursky himself as a curly-haired accountant. (2/10/86) (34th St. East, Coronet, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Ziegfeld.)

Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex (1972)—Woody Allen, who has the anesthetized face of a Jewish Buster Keaton combined with a sensible woman shopper's, wrote and directed this intermittently inspired takeoff on Dr. David Reuben's waggish best-seller. (Thalia; Feb. 21.)

Five Fingers (1952)—The spy Cicero (James Mason), a valet at the British Embassy in Ankara, sells the Germans the plans for the Normandy invasion, but the Germans think the documents are false. This suspense thriller, directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, sticks closely to the facts of one of the great ironic spy stories of the Second World War, yet it isn't very exciting. Something seems missing—maybe from the character of Cicero himself; we don't have much involvement with him, or with anybody else. With Danielle Darrieux, Michael Rennie, and Walter Hampden. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 17.)

Fool for Love—You'd think that if anybody could film Sam Shepard's 1983 play and keep it metaphorical and rowdy and sexually charged it would be the intuitive Robert Altman, but the material seems to congeal on the screen, and congealed rambunctiousness is not a pretty sight. The play—a carnal (and existential) screwball comedy—is about the no-exit tormented sex relationship between Eddie, a broken-down rodeo cowboy (Shepard), and his half sister, May (Kim Basinger), who lives in a cheap motel "on the edge of the Mojave Desert." It's counterculture macho gone mythic. As Eddie, Shepard is a feeble presence. Kim Basinger works hard and she has a flushed, smeary-faced, wounded quality, but she lacks spirit. With Randy Quaid and Harry Dean Stanton. (1/27/86) (Quad Cinema; through Feb. 13.)

101 Dalmatians (1961)—Late Disney, but for once not vulgar. This is most delicately drawn, with beautiful graphics of Nash's London and an entrancing espionage chain of dogs barking at one another from signal points across the island, like the beacon flares before the Armada. (New Embassy 49th St. No performances on Tuesday, Feb. 18.)

Jagged Edge—This thriller doesn't offer the pleasures of style, but it does the job. Jeff Bridges plays the San Francisco newspaper publisher-editor who is tried for the murder of his rich wife, who owned the paper; Peter Coyote is the D.A. prosecuting him; and Glenn Close is the radiantly blond woman lawyer who defends him, and falls in love with him. Working from a script by Joe Eszterhas that's smart and efficient, the director, Richard Marquand, sets up the situations and delivers the payoffs; he doesn't show much in the way of imagination or devotion to craft, but he gets distinctively pungent performances. With Robert Loggia, Leigh Taylor-Young, Marshall Colt, and Karen Austin. (11/4/85) (Embassy; starting Feb. 14. . . . ¶ Film Forum, and Festival; Feb. 14-20.)

Kiss of the Spider Woman—Set in a nameless South American country, Hector Babenco's film is about a homosexual window dresser, Molina (William Hurt), and a revolutionary, Valentín (Raul Julia), who share a prison cell. Molina tries to comfort Valentín and help him forget his pain and misery by telling him the stories of old movies. Hurt is just about the only thing to look at; he's very likable in the scenes where Molina reveals his tenderness and warmth and humor. But it's a slack piece of moviemaking, and as sentimental as the forties screen romances that Molina is infatuated with. This Brazilian production, made in English, from Manuel Puig's novel, was shot in São Paulo. (8/26/85) (D. W. Griffith, and Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad, and R.K.O. Century National Twin; through Feb. 20.)

Leave Her to Heaven (1945)—Gothic psychologizing melodrama, so preposterously full-blown and straight-faced that it's a juicy entertainment. Evil, beautiful Ellen (Gene Tierney) hoards her father's ashes and has a penchant for eliminating people who clutter up her life. There are scenes to cherish: Ellen impassively watching her brother-in-law drown; Ellen flinging herself down a flight of stairs to terminate an annoying pregnancy; Ellen going lickety-split on a charger, tossing her father's remains around the Technicolored New Mexico landscape; Ellen's long-suffering writer husband (Cornel Wilde) remarking, "When I looked at you, exotic words drifted across the mirror of my mind like clouds across the summer sky." John M. Stahl directed. With Jeanne Crain, Vincent Price, Ray Collins, and Gene Lockhart. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Feb. 14-20.)

La Notte (1962)—In Antonioni's earlier "L'Avventura," which was also about the moral and spiritual poverty of the rich, his architectural sense was integral to the theme and characters; here, the abstract elements take over, and the drama becomes glacial. And his conception is distasteful: his characters seem to find glamour in their own desolation and emptiness. They are cardboard intellectuals—a sort of international café society—and their lassitude seems a vacant pose. With Marcello Mastroianni, Jeanne Moreau, and Monica Vitti. In Italian. (Metro Cinema; Feb. 20.)

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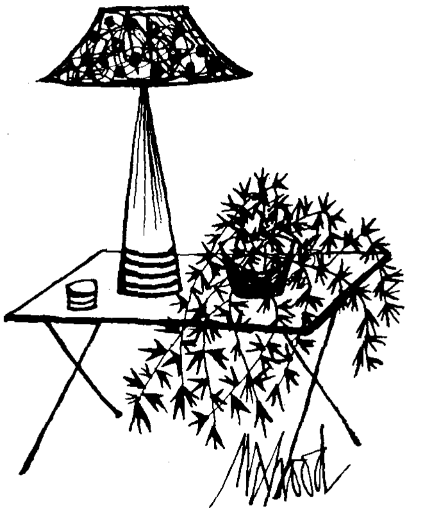
The Old Maid (1939)—Bette Davis doesn't have much talent for masochism. When she attempts the sacrificial-mother roles that were meat and potatoes to many a trouper, she builds the character so painstakingly that she loses her flair and turns mealy. In this costume picture, taken from Zoë Akins' Pulitzer Prize play version of the Edith Wharton novel, she's an unwed mother who is forced to turn over her infant daughter to Miriam Hopkins, as her married cousin; then she must stand by and watch as her daughter grows up, treating her contemptuously as a spinster aunt. The picture isn't bad, but it trudges along and never becomes exciting. Edmund Goulding directed. With Jane Bryan, George Brent, and James Stephenson. (Regency; Feb. 19-22.)

Out of Africa—Adult, cryptic, self-conscious, and unsatisfying, it attempts to romanticize the lives of the high-strung Danish woman (played by Meryl Streep) who ran a coffee plantation in Kenya, saw herself as a patrician, and wrote under the name Isak Dinesen, and the handsome English big-game hunter Denys Finch Hatton (Robert Redford). Directed by Sydney Pollack, from a script by Kurt Luedtke, the picture squirms around trying to make these people morally acceptable to a modern audience. Streep is animated in the early scenes, but Redford doesn't give out with anything for her to play against, and the energy goes out of her performance. The film hums a little when Klaus Maria Brandauer or Michael Kitchen or Suzanna Hamilton is on the screen; they're recognizably human. (12/30/85) (Loews Tower East, R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex. . . . ¶ Loews State; through Feb. 13. . . . ¶ Loews Astor Plaza; starting Feb. 14.)

Pee-wee's Big Adventure—This slapstick novelty starring the grown-up yet prepubescent Pee-wee Herman—a Peter Pan of the shopping-mall era—is somewhere between a parody of kitsch and a celebration of it, and it has the bouncing-along inventiveness of a good cartoon. It's set in a candy-colored period of its own—a fifties-eighties Twilight Zone, where you might not be surprised to bump into Harry (the baby) Langdon or Steve Martin as the Jerk. When Pee-wee's bike—the love of his life—is stolen, his search to recover it takes him from L.A. to Texas (to the Alamo) and back. Hitching rides, he encounters a series of American-movie archetypes (an escaped convict, a waitress out of "The Petrified Forest" who dreams of going to Paris, truckers, hoboes, rodeo riders, a mean, wild motorcycle gang), and the twenty-six-year-old director, Tim Burton, shows his flair for the silly-surreal. The movie is full of slobby, hairy giants—they make you think of Paul Bunyan or Bluto—and you see them from Pee-wee's point of view. He looks at the dirty, uncouth, threatening men and would rather remain a ten-year-old. With Jan Hooks, who has a juicy comedy routine as the tour guide at the Alamo; Mark Holton as Pee-wee's rival Francis; Judd Omen as the convict; Elizabeth Daily as Dottie; Alice Nunn as large Marge; and Diane Salinger as the waitress. Pee-wee Herman shares the writing credit (with Phil Hartman and Michael Varhol) under his own name, Paul Reubens. (11/4/85) (8th St. Playhouse; starting Feb. 14.)



The Public Enemy (1931)—William Wellman's gangster classic, with James Cagney, Jean Harlow, and Joan Blondell, and Mae Clarke as the girl who gets the grapefruit shoved in her kisser. A good picture, even if the theme music *is* "I'm Forever Blowing Bubbles." (Thalia; Feb. 20.)

Ran—Set in the sixteenth century, Kurosawa's epic spectacle, a variation on the theme of "King Lear," is static, but it deepens, and it has its own ornery splendor. For the first forty minutes or so, the picture is all preparation, and it seems dead, but then the preparation begins to pay off, and by the end the fastidiousness and the monumental scale of what Kurosawa has undertaken can flood you with admiration. With Mieko Harada, Tatsuya Nakadai, the Japanese transvestite pop star known as Peter, and Hisashi Ikawa. In Japanese. (Two hours and forty-one minutes.) (1/13/86) (Cinema I; through Feb. 13. . . . ¶ Plaza; starting Feb. 14.)

Shoah—Claude Lanzmann's nine-hour-and-twenty-three-minute documentary epic is made up of interviews with people who have knowledge of the Nazi extermination centers—whether as slave laborers, railroad workers, technicians, bureaucrats, or just onlookers. The film has fine, painful moments, and it's widely regarded as a masterpiece. But some may feel that it lacks the moral complexity of a great work, and may also find it logy and diffuse, and exhausting right from the start. Divided into Part I (four hours and thirty-three minutes) and Part II (four hours and fifty minutes). In Polish, French, German, English, Hebrew, and Yiddish, with English subtitles where necessary. (12/30/85) (Cinema Studio.)

Sullivan's Travels (1941)—Writer-director Preston Sturges' comedy about a popular Hollywood director (Joel McCrea), who feels that his hits aren't worthy of a war-devastated world. To research his next project, he gets dressed as a tramp and goes out to investigate the lower depths. Sturges is more at home in slapstick irony than in the mixed tones of this comedy-melodrama, but it's a memorable film nevertheless. With Veronica Lake, Margaret Hayes, and many of the actors Sturges delighted in and used repeatedly. (Thalia; Feb. 17.)

The Trip to Bountiful—Geraldine Page gives a controlled, all-out performance as Carrie Watts, an old-age pensioner who wears seat-sprung housedresses and lives in a tiny apartment in Houston with her sad, defeated son and his shrill wife, who keeps picking on her. The movie—a weeper—is about Carrie's longing to escape and return to Bountiful, the Gulf Coast town where she grew up; she runs away, gets on a bus headed in the right direction, and lives out her dream. Directed by Peter Masterson, from Horton Foote's adaptation of his 1953 teleplay, it's a "spiritual" picture—a tribute to the decency of the common people who endure by doing the best they can, and it has the glow that movies get when they're about the need to have compassion. With John Heard, Carlin Glynn, Rebecca DeMornay, and Richard Bradford. (1/13/86) (Cinema II.)

Twice in a Lifetime—This miracle of psychobanality presents the basic story of a long-married middle-aged man (Gene Hackman as a Seattle steelworker) who experiences a renewal of vitality when he has an affair with a younger woman (Ann-Margret), but the story is now so dressed up in the language of self-help books that the man is a life-affirming force—and not only for himself but also for his wife of thirty years (Ellen Burstyn) whom he leaves. The movie could be every errant husband's self-justifying fantasy. Directed by Bud Yorkin, from a script by Colin Welland. With Amy Madigan, Brian Dennehy, and Ally Sheedy. (12/2/85) (Criterion Theatres.)

WEDDING IN BLOOD (1974)—A French small-town love-and-murder tale, written and directed by Claude Chabrol, who has a Gallically perverse drive to find something classical in the squalid. Michel Piccoli plays an idly ambitious Don Juan whose dominant practicality and ambitiousness understandably douse sexuality in his wife, an invalid, and eventually in his drawn-cheeked and beautiful mistress. Most of Chabrol's usual sense of small-town drama is lost in an exhibition of metropolitan knowingness. In French. (Thalia SoHo; Feb. 21-22.)

WHITE HEAT (1949)—This Freudian gangster picture, directed by Raoul Walsh, is very obvious, and it's so primitive and outrageous in its flamboyance that it seems to have been made much earlier than it was. But this flamboyance is also what makes some of its scenes stay with you. James Cagney plays the tough guy who sits on the lap of his mother (Margaret Wycherly), and runs amok in the prison mess hall when he learns of her death. Cagney does his most operatic acting in this film, and he has his wildest death scene: he literally explodes. With Virginia Mayo and Edmond O'Brien. (Thalia; Feb. 20.)

WHITE NIGHTS—The magnificent Mikhail Baryshnikov plays a Russian ballet star who defected from the Soviet Union to the U.S. and is on his way to dance in Tokyo when his plane crash-lands in Siberia. The movie's central gimmick is that the ballet dancer is put in the care of a black American tap dancer (Gregory Hines, acting morose and embittered) who defected from the U.S. Army during the Vietnam War. The tap dancer is miserable, and now a K.G.B. colonel tells him that if he can't convince the ballet star to renounce the U.S. and perform in just a few days at a Kirov gala, he'll be sent to work in the mines. This cheap melodramatic plot is like a straitjacket that the director, Taylor Hackford, got into voluntarily and can't wriggle out of. It's often ludicrously bad, but there's enough footage of Baryshnikov to carry you past the embarrassments of the tacky script. With Isabella Rossellini, Jerzy Skolimowski, Geraldine Page, Helen Mirren, and John Glover. The script is credited to James Goldman and Eric Hughes. (11/18/85) (Embassy 72nd St., and Embassy 1. . . . ¶ Manhattan, 23rd St. West Triplex, and Olympia Quad; through Feb. 13.)

WITNESS (1985)—An eight-year-old Amish boy (Lukas Haas), on his first trip to a city, sees a murder taking place in the men's room of Philadelphia's Thirtieth Street train station. In order to protect the boy and his widowed mother (Kelly McGillis) from the killers, the police captain (Harrison Ford) who's in charge of the investigation tries to hide their identities, and, with a bullet wound in his side, drives them back to their farm in Lancaster County before he collapses. Directed by the Australian Peter Weir, the movie seems to take its view of the Amish from a quaint dreamland, a Brigadoon of tall golden wheat, and to take its squalid, hyped-up view of life in Philadelphia from prolonged exposure to TV cop shows. With Alexander Godunov, Patti LuPone, Josef Sommer, Danny Glover, and Jan Rubes. (2/25/85) (8th St. Playhouse, Olympia Quad, and Embassy; through Feb. 13.)

OUNG SHERLOCK HOLMES—The schoolboy Holmes—Nicholas Rowe, a six-foot-four adolescent, with a slender, ascetic face—has a gentle, sweet precociousness. As his stocky, loyal chum Watson—a junior version of an old duffer—little Alan Cox has to keep stumbling and sprawling, and he takes his falls like a pro. And with a fiendish killer who is armed with an Egyptian blowgun (which is basically a peashooter) this promises to be a funnier, zestier picture than it turns out to be. Directed by Barry Levinson, from a script by Chris Columbus, it's mildly, blandly amusing as long as it stays within the conceits of the Holmesian legends. It falls apart when it starts turning Holmes into an action-adventure hero, and it lets you down with a thump when it rips off "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom." With Nigel Stock, Earl Rhodes, Anthony Higgins, and Sophie Ward. Presented by Steven Spielberg. (1/27/86) (Loews Orpheum, Film Forum, and Embassy; through Feb. 13.)

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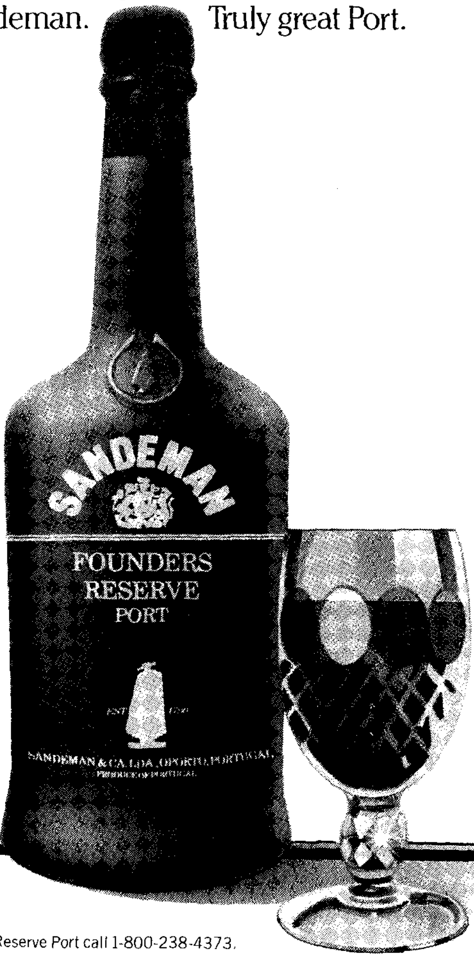

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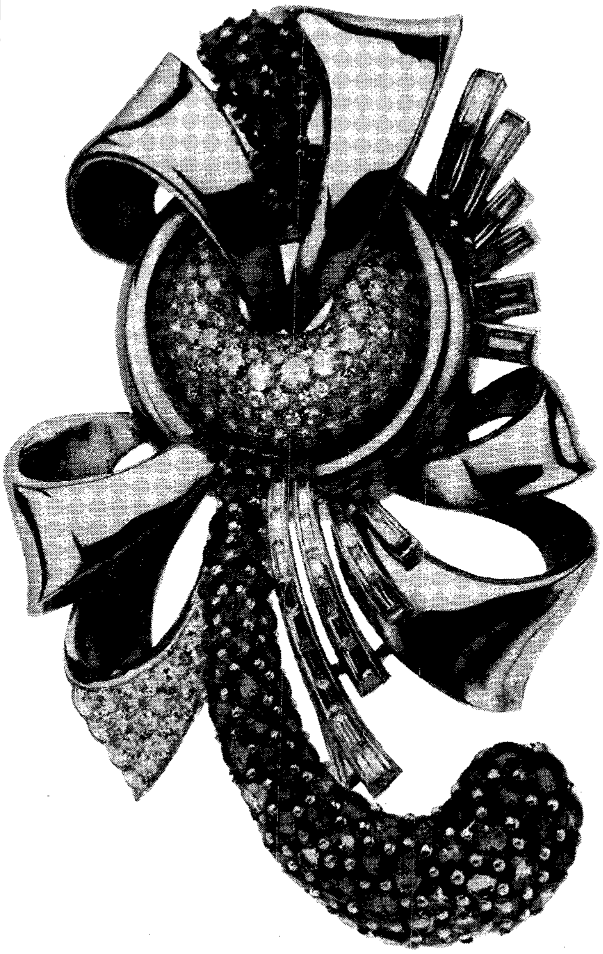

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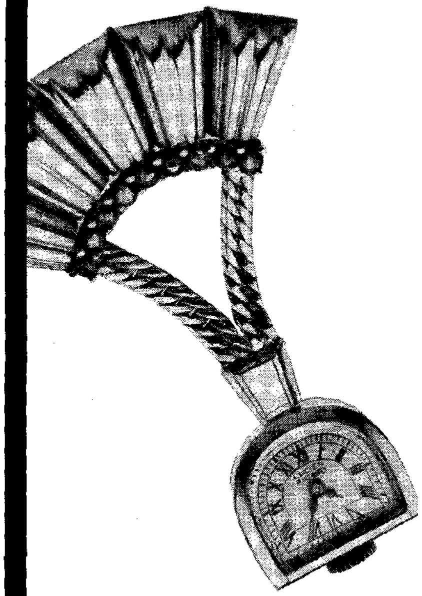

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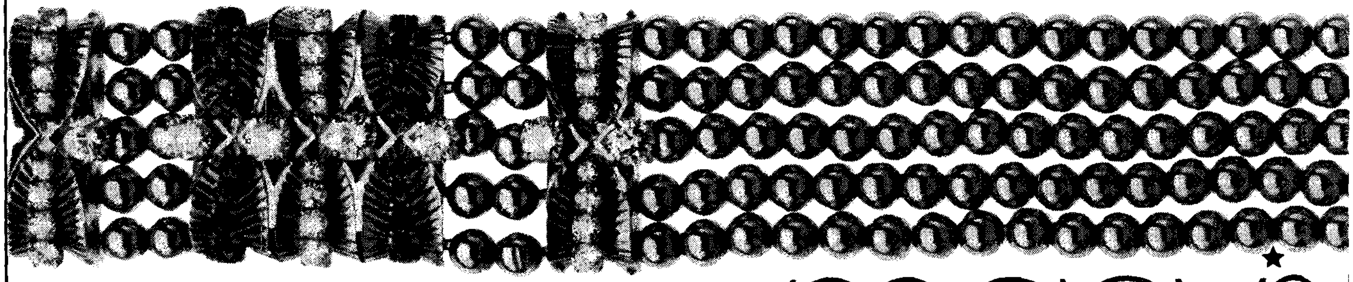

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

otes and Comment

OVER the last year or two, there has been a quiet revolution in the negotiating positions of e United States and the Soviet Union their talks on nuclear disarmament. leas that were once ignored, or disissed out of hand, are now taken seously, and although no one knows t whether they will lead to results e change seems worth pondering. ne of the ideas is that the two powers d themselves of half their nuclear eapons in a single, sweeping agreeent. Each side has put forward a deiled proposal to this effect, and while e differences between the two posions are considerable the proposals are rious. There is something heartenng in the concept of halving the two tions' nuclear arsenals. Implicit in it a kind of cheerful "Why not?" that es in the face of the morbid fatalism fecting so much of the discussion of e nuclear predicament. The very arrariness of the size of the proposed t (obviously chosen for its simplicity d easy comprehensibility by the blic) suggests confidence in man's wer to master the nuclear hydra—ggests that we are dictating to the onster, not it to us. And once the ea of disposing of half the weapons s been seriously contemplated a rther thought virtually thinks itself: hy not repeat the performance and spose of the other half, laying this ortal enemy of our species in the dust ce and for all? Why not abolish all nuclear weapons? And, in fact, President Reagan and General Secretary Gorbachev have both proposed that this be done. On dozens of occasions, President Reagan has called—with apparent fervor and conviction—for "elimination of nuclear weapons from the face of the earth" (as he put it prior to his departure for the summit conference in Geneva last fall). And about a month ago General Secretary Gorbachev offered a three-stage plan to achieve the same end by the year 2000. A few days later, President Reagan announced that he was "grateful" for the Gorbachev plan. For the ordinary citizen, these concurrent calls for complete nuclear disarmament made by the two men in charge of the world's two largest nuclear arsenals inspire hope. The spirits of human beings everywhere must lift a little just to hear them propose such things. We can all be grateful for Gorbachev's proposal and grateful for Reagan's "grateful." If these two gentlemen want to abolish nuclear weapons, we feel, then they might do it. If they, who jointly hold sway over the life and death of the world, are agreed on the goal, we ask ourselves, may they not jointly be able to blaze a path to it? If they have set their sights on the same summit—the true summit, of which all "summits" of our time so far have been the merest foothills, and from which the view of numberless future generations of mankind, now saved from destruction, opens out—may they not find that the differences regarding the exact proposed line of ascent fade into comparative unimportance?

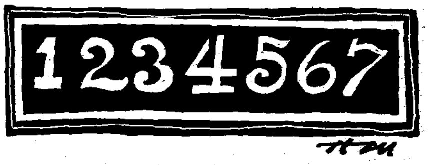
Just to ask such questions, however, is to summon to mind a thousand objections and counter-questions. As it happens, in the wake of the statesmen's appeals commentators in the American news media have concentrated on presenting many such responses. In a word, the abolition of nuclear weapons has had a bad press. In a curious reversal of roles, the bystanders, who are free of any responsibility except the formation of their own opinions, are in this case the spokesmen for caution and pessimism, while the statesmen, who are hedged in by all the exigencies of power and circumstance, stand forth as the dreamers. The prevailing view in the news media has been that the abolition of nuclear weapons is impossible, and that any call to reach this goal is in its nature a piece of propaganda that can only distract everyone from the real and important task, which is to reach relatively modest arms-control agreements in the near future. For instance, an editorial in the Washington *Post* refers to any hope for a nuclear-free world as "utopian," and warns that the proposal for full nuclear disarmament might be "a distraction from the priorities of negotiating arms reductions and strengthening the stability of the forces that remain." And the *Times*, in an editorial titled "Nuclear Naked" (evoking the peculiar image of nuclear weapons as articles of clothing), charges that by calling for an

Richard Edes Harrison

end to nuclear weapons President Reagan and General Secretary Gorbachev "*tease the public with fantasies*" for the cynical purpose of diverting it "from their failure to make hard choices in 1986." The choices in 1986 are assuredly hard, and the papers do well to remind people that showy promises of triumphs in the twenty-first century may be used to cover up poor performance in the twentieth, which, after all, still—God and man willing—has a few years to run; yet it seems unnecessarily discouraging to make the assumption at the same time that great future hopes are necessarily the enemies of present concrete plans, and, in particular, that hopes for full nuclear disarmament in the long term are subversive of arms control in the short term. This assumption seems especially hasty in view of the fact that there is still so much disagreement concerning the role that nuclear weapons play in the world, and, by implication, concerning the effect that their removal from the world would have. One school of thought, for example, has it that the United States is the country that benefits most from nuclear arsenals and cannot do without them. America uses them, it's said, to make up for a deficiency in its conventional strength vis-à-vis the Soviet Union in Europe. The *Times* is of this school, and editorially invites Americans to consider whether a non-nuclear NATO force would "feel safer if left to confront Soviet *conventional* forces." There is another school, however, which argues that it is the Soviet Union that derives the special advantage; that country, the argument goes, is really economically and technically a second-rate power and rises, Potemkin-village-like, to the seeming first rank only because of its vast nuclear arsenal. The Soviets will never relinquish their nuclear weapons (propaganda to the contrary notwithstanding), it's said, because they will never accept a return to second-rate status. The two schools of thought plainly assign opposite roles to nuclear weapons in the current balance of world military power. It's interesting to consider, though, that if both are right, then each superpower would both win something and lose something in an abolition agreement, and this could provide the basis for a deal.

Another difference in assessment has to do with the potential role, if any, of strategic defense. In President Reagan's plan, it is strategic defense that, by providing a protective shield for both countries, will make the abolition of offensive nuclear weapons *possible*. In General Secretary Gorbachev's plan, it is these same defensive weapons that constitute the chief obstacle to the abolition of offensive weapons. Yet even in this matter—at the moment the most sharply contended of all—the outlines of a possible compromise can be made out. Neither side is today anywhere near ready to deploy large-scale anti-nuclear defenses. Both sides are engaged in research, and hints from the Soviet side suggest that it may be prepared to agree to a continuation of research. If defensive research and radical reductions in offensive arms, heading toward zero (as the two leaders have suggested), were to go forward at the same time, then by the time zero was approached might not limited defenses be ready to be built and deployed, by mutual agreement, to safeguard a nuclear-free world from cheaters and renegades?

This question and a host of others, which are as complicated and full of surprise and paradox as the thorniest questions before the negotiators now in Geneva, have yet to be answered. They have hardly been asked. One approach is to dismiss them as irrelevant to the actual business of the present. Another is to begin to reflect on them in detail, as a genuine possibility, in the hope that a growing affirmation of long-term, radical goals could give impetus and direction to the negotiation of short-term, moderate proposals. It could be that, starting with future goals on which both sides agree, mankind might be able to think its way back to the present, and, approaching it from that angle, break the deadlock that has stymied it for the last forty-one years. At the very least, to bring in verdicts that kill its highest hopes almost before they have been raised seems premature. No one can say at present whether the abolition of nuclear weapons will be possible in the year 2000, or in any other year. Nor can anyone measure with certainty the sincerity of the Soviet and American leaders who have stirred this hope in people's hearts. But, at least in a democracy, ordinary citizens are actors as well as observers. It would seem wise of us Americans in this case to do both leaders the courtesy, and ourselves the favor, of taking them at their word.



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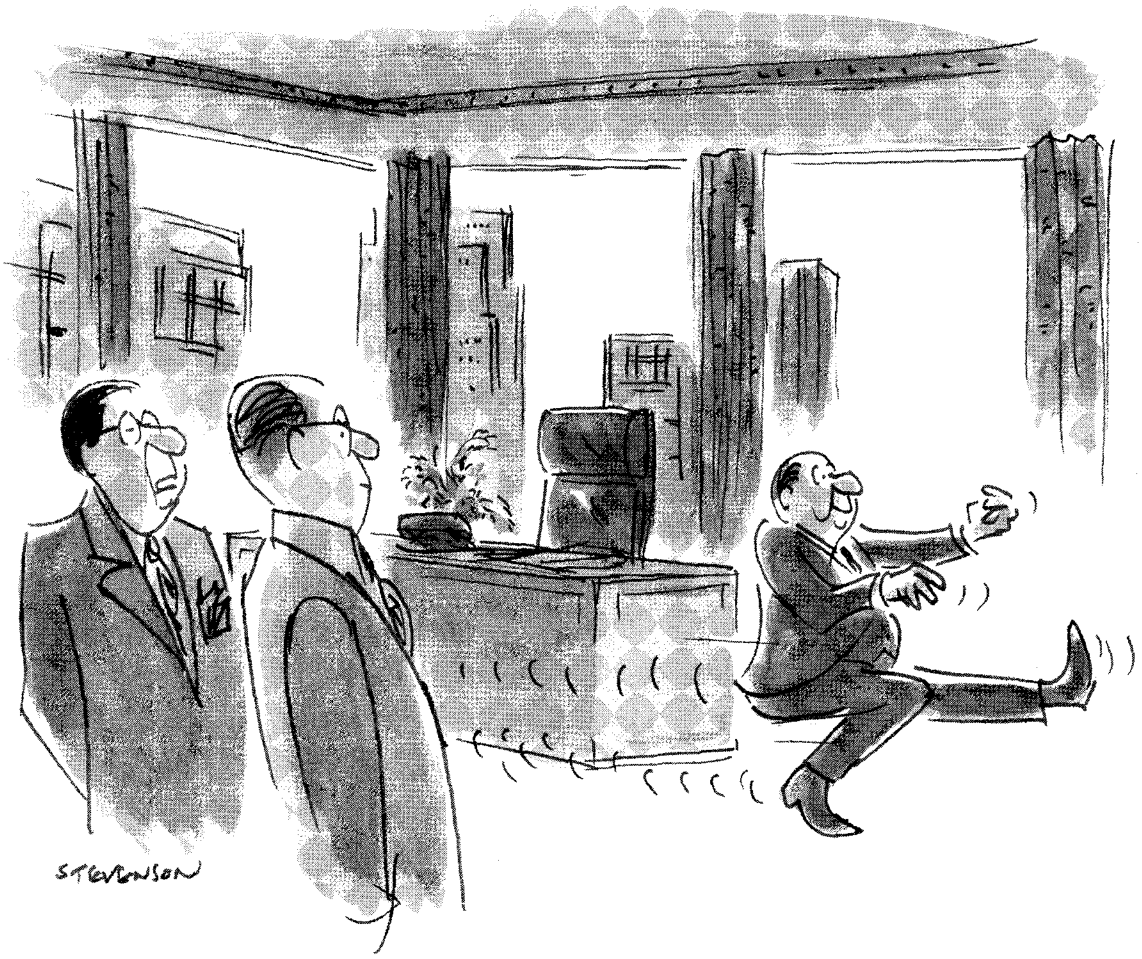
A BRITISH resident of an East African country told us a few months ago, "We're very worried about ou friends in Uganda. We're afraid it' becoming another Lebanon." In truth Uganda has always been another Lebanon: a sputtering caldron of conflicting tribes, religions, ambitions, and interests. In order to succeed as a nation after the British left, in 1962, Ugand would have needed two things—a system that accommodated the diversity of its people, and a wise and generou leader. It received neither, and twenty-four years of repression, killing, unrest, and confusion have followed. A photograph in the *Times* the othe day, after the fall of the capital city o Kampala, showed a well-dressed guerrilla standing over a government soldier clad only in shorts. Our firs thought was that the caption write must have confused the identities o the adversaries. Our second thought as we reflected on the endless travail of that ill-fated, though magnificent country, was: But what rebels? An what government?

How can one really explain wha went wrong in the land that Winsto Churchill long ago called, accurately "the pearl" of Africa? Its first Prim Minister, Apollo Milton Obote crushed the tribalists of souther Uganda in the name of nationalism (or perhaps for the sake of persona power); most notably, he overthrew the hereditary ruler of the importan Baganda tribe, Sir Edward Frederic Mutesa II, and drove him into exile Obote himself was overthrown in January of 1971 by his Army commande Idi Amin Dada, and Amin proved t be the most murderous ruler tha Uganda, and perhaps any moder African state, has had; as many as fiv hundred thousand of his countryme are believed to have been killed durin his eight years in power. He wa overthrown, in 1979, by a combinatio of Tanzanian soldiers and Uganda exiles, and went off to live in Liby and, later, Saudi Arabia. In quic succession, three provisional governments came and went, all having faile to bring the exhausted and ravage country together. In December 1980, Obote returned to power, in elections that may have been conducte dishonestly, and he, too, failed t bring about a national reconciliatio

Ie once told a visitor, 'The biggest problem s the Baganda,' hough the Baganda—. proud and prosperous tribe—undoubtedy felt that the biggest roblem was Obote's awless army. He went n to say, "The Ba- ;anda are funny peo- le. As long as they hink you are weak, hey will cause trouble. 3ut when they think ou are strong they vill back off." By the arly nineteen-eight- es, there were at least hree separate guerril- a armies on the loose, ach with its own rievances. Through ghting and repression, at least a hundred iousand more Ugan- ans lost their lives. In uly of 1985, the increased military pressure led to a coup vithin the Army and o Milton Obote's econd overthrow; this me, he sought refuge ı Zambia. A military ouncil took over the ountry, but that didn't op the guerrilla war. ate last month, the strongest of the uerrilla factions, the National Resis- ance Army, seized Kampala, and a ew days later its leader, a onetime De- ense Minister named Yoweri Muse- eni, was sworn in as President. We on't know how Mr. Museveni will are, but we like what he said in his cceptance speech: that he will pro- ote democracy and protect human fe, and that henceforth "the people of ganda should only die from natural auses."



"It's our belief that Mr. Wetherall is one of the very few C.E.O.s in America who can do Chuck Berry."

• •

Vith Leo

F you operated a resort hotel in the Catskills and your oven stopped orking the same day that the talent r tomorrow night's dinner show ok sick, you could solve both prob- ms with a call to Leo Hoffman. In e past fifteen years, Leo Hoffman has epaired some forty thousand kitchen anges—products of the Welbilt Cor- oration, his employer. For eighteen ears before that, he worked on the Welbilt assembly line, in Maspeth. His monologues contain equal parts candid criticism ("I cannot believe the dirt inside this stove. Even mice wouldn't want it; I don't understand why they aren't here picketing") and candid self-admiration ("I like my job. I'm not a doctor, I'm not a podiatrist or a dentist, but I tell you this: When people call me, there's a problem. When I leave, there might be a problem, but it has nothing to do with the stove"). He speaks about three hundred words a minute. One of Leo's mottos is "If it's broke, I fix it." Another is "The wrong people don't touch the stove, I don't get a headache. They touch the stove, I get a headache." Another: "You wait for Leo or you eat at Wendy's."

One recent morning, Leo responded to a service call at a residential hotel on West Eighty-sixth Street. Leo drives a 1985 Buick. In the last eight months, commuting from faulty range to faulty range throughout the five boroughs, he has put nineteen thousand miles on the odometer. Parking his car in a garage near the hotel, he told the attendant, "Fifteen, twenty minutes, no longer." Walking across Eighty-sixth, he said, "I always tell the garage fifteen or twenty minutes, because, with most jobs, it shouldn't take much more than that. What could the problem be? I'll fix it, that's all. Anyway, you can't tell the garage any longer. They'll bury the car."

Leo's wife, Millie, came up with the idea of installing clear-plastic upholstery covers on the driver's seat and the left-front-door panel of the new car. On the job, Leo gets dirty. When he goes home at night—he has lived in Bensonhurst for thirty-five years—he removes his soiled work clothes before he walks through Millie's clean living room. Millie cooks on a range that Leo helped build twenty-seven years ago, in Maspeth. "I made the range, but Millie doesn't want it anymore," he said the other day. "She says she wants an up-to-date range. But that's ridiculous. *I made the range*. It's a beaut. Why does she want to change it? You tell me. But she's a good cook. And I love food, I really do. Some people enjoy food. I love food."

Evidently, Leo does not skip many meals. He has a solid fifty-nine-year-old physique, a full, round face, more than one chin, a broad jaw, a narrow mouth, white crewcut hair, and brown eyes. He wears one pair of thick black-framed eyeglasses for reading and close-up work and an identical-looking pair for distance. Most weeks, he works six days, and most days he repairs ten ranges. He carries his tools in a shoulder holster: vise grips, adjustable wrenches, socket wrenches, open-end wrenches, a hacksaw, four Phillips screwdrivers, wire cutters, needle-nosed pliers, regular pliers, adjustable pliers, and three hammers. In the pockets of his shirt and trousers and parka go electronic-ignition modules, safety valves, ignition wires, broiler wheels, stove-burner switches, thermostats, friction tape, wire nuts, and aerosol lubricant. In uniform—blue work clothes and a black mesh baseball cap with a Welbilt emblem—he looks like someone who has come to fix the oven.

Entering the lobby of the building on West Eighty-sixth, he said, "The work ticket on this reads, 'Oven don't work.' I'm assuming it's the electronic ignition."

The front desk was a glass enclosure. The clerk, a bespectacled man in his fifties, sat inside. "Hey, I remember him," Leo said. "The guy with no hair. Sam." Through an opening in the glass he announced, "You've got a broken oven. Lead me to it."

"The tenant says the stove at the bottom," said Sam.

"I'll take care of it. Just let me look at it. That's the end of it."

Before Leo could take care of anything, however, Sam had to rummage through a drawer filled with keys. Each bout of rummaging was followed by a trip upstairs. After ten minutes of waiting in the lobby, Leo said, "Actually, today is nothing. I came here once and there was *nobody* here. Nobody on the desk. Nobody even to not be able to find the key." Five minutes later, he said, "You like this system? You think I haven't got aggravation?" Finally, the key materialized, Sam led Leo to a freight elevator, and they rode up together and entered a studio apartment that contained some paintings by the tenant and autographed glossy photographs of Johnny Carson, Barbra Streisand, George Burns, Joan Baez, and Arnold Schwarzenegger. The kitchen had finite charm. Leo started testing the stove burners.

"He says the oven," Sam said.

"Excuse me," Leo said. "But this stove is not working."

"Sorry."

Lifting the top of the range, Leo found the crispy remains of what might have once been urban wildlife. "This is nothing," he said. "I went to see an oven once. I don't scare easily, but I jumped that time. A mouse who knew I was coming leaped out when I opened the door. That was the appetizer. Inside I found the rest of hi family. Big family."

Ten minutes later, the range wa fixed. Leo had replaced a switch o one of the stove-burner controls, reattached a thermostat wire inside th oven, and recalibrated the oven-control knob. When he was ready to te the thermostat, he turned on the ga watched the oven burner ignite, an said, "Boom. Done."

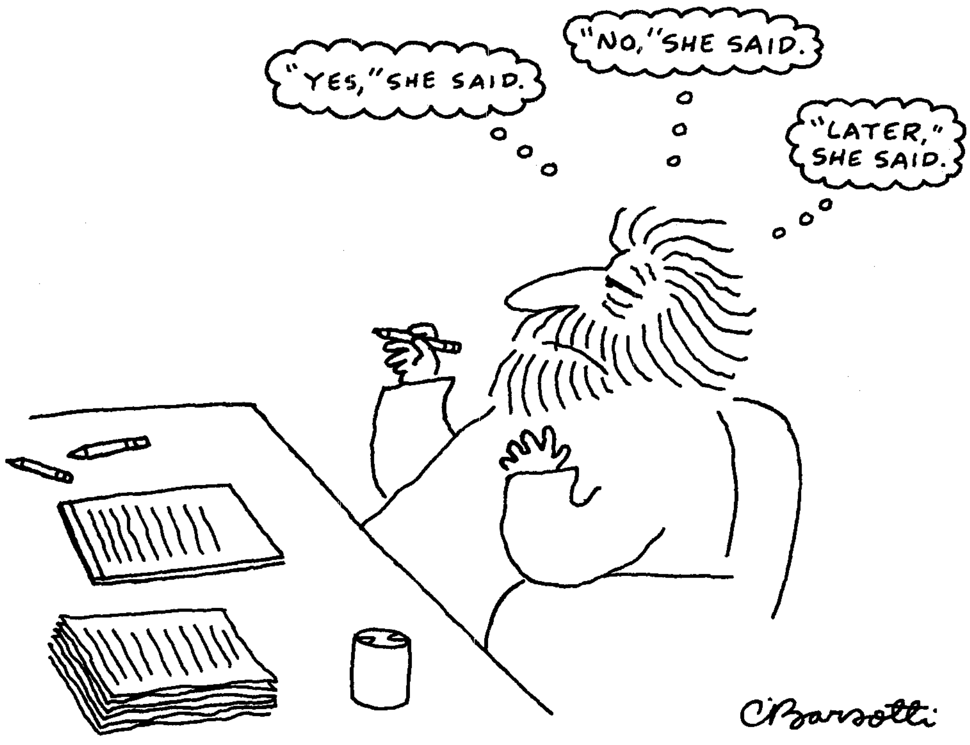
On the way out, Sam pointed to canvas on the wall—a female nude superhuman proportions—and sai "This guy, he's a very well-know artist."

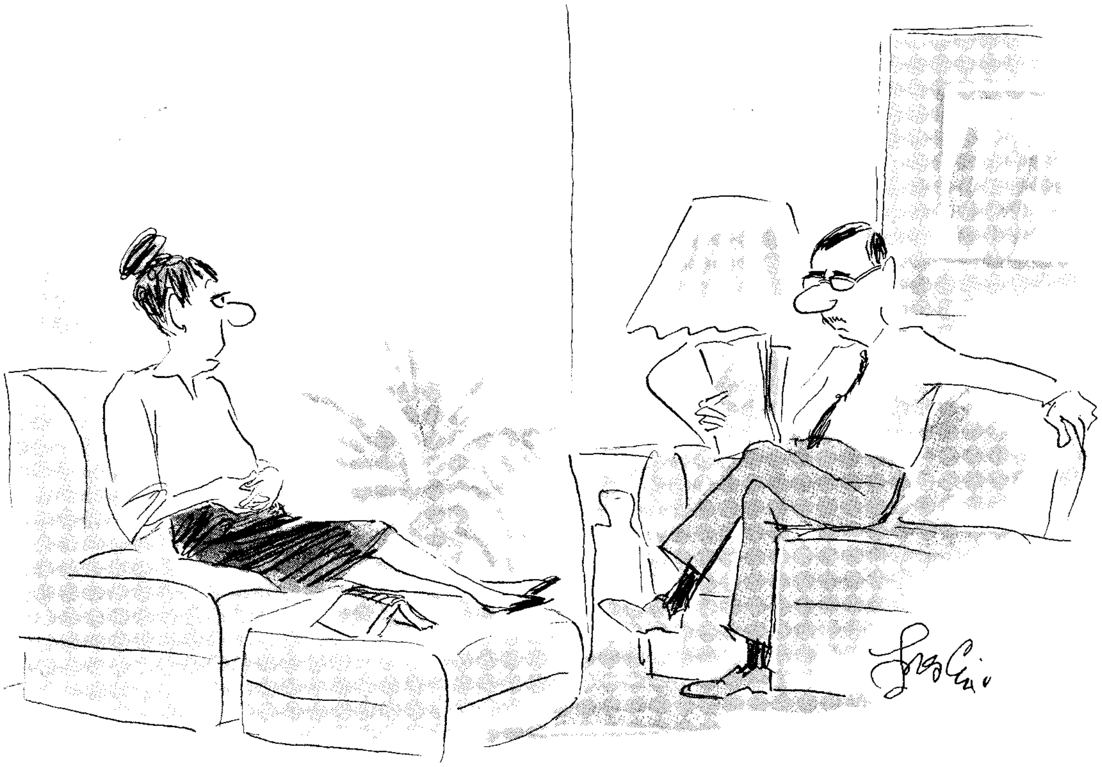
"Doesn't turn me on," Leo sai "You know what turns me on? A ni warm pastrami sandwich."

Leo has few opinions; mainly, h has positions. His position on where is easiest in New York City to repair range is that the Bronx is easie because he grew up there and can fin his way around blindfolded, and b cause in the Bronx he rarely has trou ble finding a parking spot. He does n consider it the fault of the Bronx p se that he once discovered eleven mi lion roaches living inside a cast-iro oven burner on St. Ann's Avenue, i Mott Haven. His position on th popular oven cleaners is negativ "Listen to me," he said. "I'm dead against that stuff. People see it adve tised on TV and they get careless wi it. They put it on the hinges, th capillary tubes, the mercury valve, th manifold panel. Eventually, it ea through the broiler rollers and th burner caps. It destroys. You kno what's the best cleaner? Water an ammonia and a soft, soapy sponge. If ever go on TV, the oven-cleaner pe ple are out of business."

Leo has the following position explosives: it is a bad idea to sto them inside an oven. "One time Chinatown, on Bayard Street, I got call to fix an oven," he said. "Wh made me look inside before I turn the knob I'll never know—but looked inside. It was rammed full fireworks. Imagine. I'm not talki little firecrackers, either. I'm talki Roman candles, fountains, aeri bombs. Why were they inside th oven? I have no idea. I don't spe Chinese."

It is Leo's position that many peop do not understand the proper way use a kitchen range. As a result, th often cause themselves inconvenien and unhappiness. "On the East Side- I forget the street—I go to repa an oven, and the Fire Department h


"YES," SHE SAID.
"NO," SHE SAID.
"LATER," SHE SAID.
CBarsotti



"I received two anonymous valentines. One, I fancy, was from you."

• •

rrived by the time I get here," he said. "I work ny way through the rowd, go to the kitchn, find the customer. he's reported that omething's wrong with he broiler. I open the ven and look inside. There's no bottom to he oven, just a hole. Through that hole I hould be seeing the oor, but I don't see the oor. Then I realize 'm looking through a ole in the floor—into he apartment downtairs. This lady had ut charcoal briquettes nside her oven, in the roiler pan. That's hat she thought the ven was for. The harcoal burned a hole n her oven and then the oor, right through to e neighbor below. I ink that's what she id. I didn't hear everying she said. I was elling most of the time. What a hole at was!"

Leo's next stop was a renovated ree-bedroom apartment in Washgton Heights, where there was a sixonth-old oven that had never been oked in. While driving there, he ferred to a clipboard and said, "This e says, 'Oven control is off. Clickg all the time.' That's easy. Easy. ess than ten minutes." Now, inside e kitchen, he moved the range away om the wall, inspected the red plastic nition module in the lower rear, and hooked a wire from it. "Heh-hehh," he chuckled as the module made clicking noise. "You see the sparkg at the back?" Blue sparks danced ross the gap where the wire had en attached. "That means the odule's good, the wire's no good."

When Leo's work goes well, he ually sings and repeats to himself at he is some kind of genius. As he placed the wire, he hummed "Over e Rainbow." When the burner iled to ignite, however, he became iet. "Wait, wait. I'm doing someing. Just a sec." After a pause, he id, "I'm gonna bet on something hich I haven't seen in a long time. ve got an ignition, but there's no gas ming through the thermostat. I bet ere's a little piece of paper in there, ocking the gas, it can't get through. I bet it's there from the factory. Now, don't smoke, because I don't shut nothing off."

He removed the oven-control knob and thermostat, using an index finger to plug the gas that came rushing through. His diagnosis of an obstructionist piece of paper turned out to be incorrect, but this did not faze him. "You gotta check out the entire range," he said. "If you don't check out the entire thing, you're a bad mechanic." His next hypothesis—that the building superintendent had fiddled with the oven burner and broken it—was also mistaken. Nor were the two gas feeds inside the oven clogged. Leo had been working in near-silence for several minutes when he took apart the mini-pilot assembly and removed a tiny thimblelike part called an orifice. Inspecting it, he decided that it was clogged. He fitted a new orifice into the assembly, replaced it and the oven burner, and turned the control knob. There was a delay of a few seconds, followed by the clicking sound of the electronic ignition, and then the entire burner flamed.

"You gotta go step by step," Leo said, chuckling again. "It won't work otherwise. Process of elimination. Figure it out. There's not a thing you can't fix when you want to. It's when you *don't* want to . . . See, I know what I'm doing. I checked the thermostat. No problem there. I checked the burner. I broke the main gas feed and the feed from the pilot. There's gas coming through. So where's it not coming through? The assembly. So I just opened it up, checked the orifice, put in a new orifice, and—voilà. The kid's good, huh? You think so? I *know* so."

Replacing the range against the wall, he sang "Happy Days Are Here Again." One last time, he checked the stove burners and the oven control. "Always check the burners after it's put away," he said. "You might have knocked something loose moving it. Then you have to come back for free."

The tools were returned to his holster and he was ready to go; there was a smoking range waiting in Brooklyn Heights. As he headed for the door, he said, "Well, you notice that the oven works—and it didn't work before—so the guy who lives here can't squawk. If I can't fix that oven, I'm eating crow. I'm so good I can make it talk. People complain sometimes to the main office. They say Leo Hoffman has an attitude. Whaddya *mean*? The range is dirty, I tell you it's dirty. Did you break it? First I tell you you broke it. Then I fix it. That's not an attitude. That's me, Leo. I do what I do. What do I do? I *fix*."

A NIGHT IN THE GARDEN

ON the first day of the strike the men and women on the picket line were charged with a defiant enthusiasm. They slapped with their signs at the company's red trucks and created chants like college fight songs to give voice and cadence to their grievances. The time was late October, and the weather was crisp and obliging. By the third day, the strikers had been through one round of picket duty. Rain had fallen most of the second day. No talks were scheduled between labor and management. TV news was losing interest.

Moss, the captain of Picket Team D, arrived in the rain on the strike's fourth day for the 4-8 A.M. shift. He had blisters on his big and little toes, the result of poor shoe and sock selection the first day of the strike, when he had zealously put in twelve hours on the line. He was thirty-three, unmarried, and so far had rather enjoyed the time off. The street was empty at four o'clock. Moss was the only person picketing until twenty minutes past the hour, when a woman carrying her sign arrived and began to picket several paces in front of him. She coughed, yawned, walked with her head bowed. Rain rolled off her slicker. Moss knew her name was Royster, because he had had to ask her when he took attendance the first time Team D picketed. She had spelled it for him without being asked.

They walked a narrow oval, seeking to remain as long as possible beneath the canopied entryway of the office's front door, where heat lamps had been installed so that people having business with the company might wait for cabs or limousines in comfort. The security guard stationed at the desk inside the front lobby had orders to keep the strikers moving if they tried to loiter where it was bright and warm.

So they marched slowly beneath the canopy and then back out into the rain, which intensified at around 5 A.M. At each end of the oval, after the woman turned, she and Moss passed each other like strangers. She never met his eyes. He didn't say a word. Moss could smell her perfume. The scent began to collect in the warm pocket beneath the canopy, and as the morning progressed the smell accrued. It was a very floral perfume, almost old-fashioned in its aggressiveness. Moss wasn't sure he liked it. He could not catch the scent of the perfume in the rain.

Toward seven o'clock four more pickets arrived, and Moss, as captain, had to chastise them for being late. Each was ready with an excuse, which Moss patiently listened to, but with a twist to his mouth which conveyed his skepticism. He had been able to get there at four. He supposed if he were going to be fair he should have spoken to Royster about being twenty minutes late. But at the time, in the rain and in the darkness, she had given the impression of having made an effort to get there on time.

STRIKE pay of a hundred dollars was issued to each person on the ninth day of the strike. Some joked about the amount. Others complained. That day, an egg was thrown at a company truck, leaving a pretty yellow star running down the truck's red door.

Team D had the 4-8 P.M. shift on that chilly afternoon. It was a pleasant, convenient time to picket, yet more than half the team was missing. One woman, whose husband was a lawyer, had said to Moss, "Call me when this is over. I've got better things to do." Now seven pickets marched. Moss was the only one with perfect attendance—the only one who had not missed a minute of picket duty. Snow could start falling at any time; the weather was cold enough. A good winter storm would chop any remaining enthusiasm down to nothing. Would Royster still picket if i snowed? Moss didn't know if h would, actually. Leave a picket sig stuck in a drift—that would be sufficient.

They moved in the same loose oval Under the canopy warmth and light then out again. Royster wore the sam perfume: obvious, not unpleasant bu edging up on being unpleasant. Moss' first thought had been to complimen her on her perfume, but he didn't wan to lie to her. He could not make up hi mind whether he liked her perfume o not. It seemed to him that a less libera application might be more enticing But he couldn't tell her such a thing Maybe later, when they were friends or lovers, or married, he could tell he that. When she loved him and value his opinion; when she wanted to mak him happy. But not now.

THREE days later Team D ha the 4-8 A.M. shift, and Moss wa alone again. The security guard allowed him to walk his one-man ov within the boundaries of the canop light. At five o'clock Royster arrive and apologized for being late.

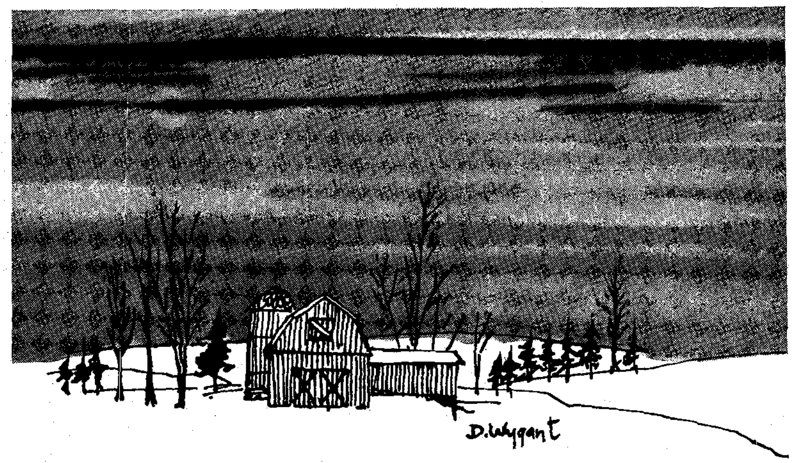
He was disappointed to see her. H thought she finally had wised up lik all the others and stayed home in be He also had enjoyed feeling he was th only one with any defiance remainin and then she appeared. She expande the reach of the oval he had walke She stretched the turns outside the bo of warm light he had enjoyed, forcin him into the cold and the dark.

It was later that morning that Mo informed her that he liked her pe fume. Not a lie, but not the absolu truth, either. Merely an excuse to ta to her. She looked startled; they hadn spoken a word in a hour.

"What is it called? Moss asked.

"*A Night in th Garden*."

He liked the nam but was left with n openings. He mig make a remark equa ing garden with flowers, but that wou bring him too close his objections to th overwhelming flor base of the scent, an so he said no mor



They moved through the turn of the oval together. "How are you holding up?" he asked.

"Just fine, Coach."

"I didn't mean . . . I mean, I had blisters for a while. And a sore throat. I'm always tired."

"Physical pains," she said. "I get charley horses here"—she touched the back of her knee. "I caught a cold picketing in the rain."

"Don't think I don't appreciate it," Moss said. "I wish everyone were as reliable as you."

"Give me their strike pay then," she said. "I need the money."

"I can lend you some. I can lend you ten."

"Forget it. I've heard we're close to settling."

Moss had heard nothing of the sort. No negotiations were scheduled. Rumors abounded of scabs filling the jobs of strikers. "I wish I had your optimism," he said.

"We'll be back to work in no time," Royster said. "I *feel* it."

THE strike was in its twentieth day when the company's owner, a man named Griffin, tried to walk through the picket line on his way to his limousine. He was struck in the head with an egg. A sharp crack, an explosion of yolk and shell, and the man went down to his knees. The yellow mess ran off the side of his face and onto his coat. Startled pickets rushed forward with offers of handkerchiefs, but the owner's aides rebuked them with curses and pulled the owner into the limousine, which sped off. In all the hubbub, the thrower of the egg remained at large.

On another early-morning shift a few days later, Moss was alone beneath the warm canopy when snow came whipping into the light. Royster arrived sometime after five.

"I'm here," she announced. "Check my name off your list."

"You're late," Moss said. "I can be on time. Why can't you?"

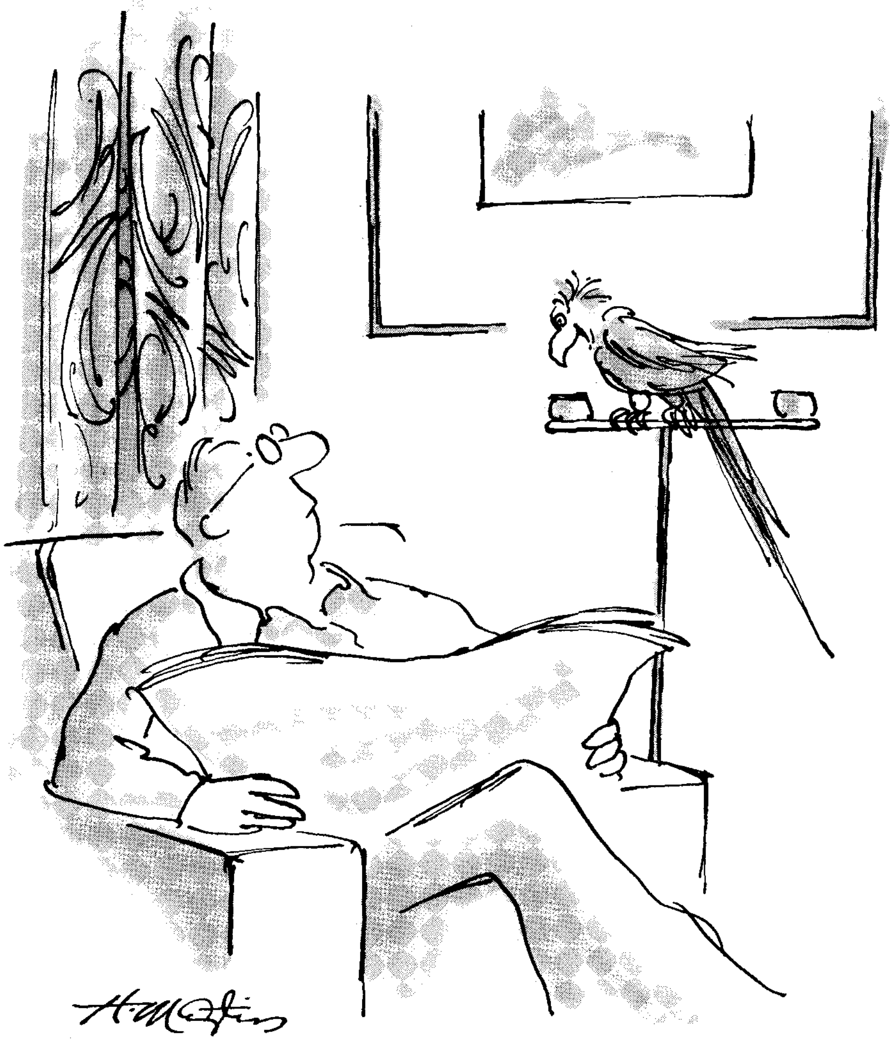
"I'm here, at least. Now check off my name."

"I will."

"Do it where I can see you."

"I left the list at home," Moss said. "Not so many people picket on this shift that I can't remember them when I get home."

"You're lucky I came at all," she fumed. "How dare you badger me for being a little late!"



"Tide's in. Irma's out. Stove's on. TV's off. Market's up. Humidity's down. Next update in fifteen minutes."

"Carrying any eggs today?"

She grinned slyly. "You saw, huh?"

"I saw." Moss nodded. "Both eggings have been on our shift. You don't think somebody'll put two and two together?"

"Hey—Griffin was lucky it wasn't a rock," she said. "Next time, maybe it will be."

"What does that solve? You only succeeded in making the owner mad at the rank and file."

"Maybe not mad at," she said. "Maybe scared of."

"This is Day Twenty-four. And no talks are scheduled."

"It will end soon," she said firmly.

"All this optimism."

"We are hurting them where it counts," she said. "I know for a fact they are losing money because of a sympathetic backlash over this strike." She took her hand out of her pocket. An egg lay in her palm. "I carry one every time I picket," she said. "It's to remind me this isn't a walk in the park. I get so angry at them—and I'm glad to have it to throw."

"Why did you throw it at Griffin?" he asked.

She put the egg back. "Because he was such an unexpected bonanza, for one," she said. "The owner! Right there in front of me. Could I let him get away? No! With his limo, his silver hair, his fancy clothes. And his attitude," she snarled. "He thought he could come right through us like we didn't exist. He was arrogant and insensitive. He *mocked* us."

"He said he just forgot and asked his driver to meet him at the wrong exit," Moss said.

"I don't believe that," she said. "All his flunkies—did they forget, too? But don't you see? He's saying our strike isn't important enough to remember. Even his explanation mocks us."

Later, she said, "That ten you offered? Is it still available?"

He gave her the money.

"I live with my mom," she explained. "She needs some things. Bread. Milk. Cough syrup."

"Eggs?" he said. She did not find his remark humorous.

He was forced to borrow three dollars from a friend coming on the 8 A.M.-noon picket shift in order to get his car out of the parking garage, and then he had to scrape through the litter in the glove compartment to find toll money.

Lending the ten, borrowing the three, and digging for change set in motion the first uneasy realization that his money was tight. He had bills that suddenly were going to be hard to pay. His savings suddenly appeared meagre.

ROYSTER asked again for money on the strike's thirtieth day. It was very cold and dry. Team D marched from eight to midnight, and the city around them was abundant and rich with the pre-holiday spirit.

"I can spare two dollars," Moss said. "But I have to pay parking and tolls. I had to borrow from a guy after I lent you that ten."

"I'm sorry," she said crossly. "But I *can* use the two dollars. And I *am* keeping track."

"How's your mom?" he asked.

"She worries—complains," Royster said. "She doesn't understand why anyone with a good job would ever strike. When I was a kid—fifteen—my dad was on strike for three hundred and one days. Can you imagine? My mom has never recovered from that. I tell her we're going to settle soon, but she doesn't believe me."

"I don't, either," Moss said. He was more and more impressed by the strategy of management. They had been shrewd to force a strike in late autumn, when any protracted walkout would run into the holidays.

"THEY'RE toying with us," Royster claimed bitterly, when she and Moss were alone before dawn on the thirty-fourth day. "They're toying with our most basic emotions. Christmas. Well-being. Providing for our families."

"It's a tool," Moss said. He had phoned his parents the previous evening to inform them he would not be visiting at Christmas. They offered to pay for his plane ticket, but he said he couldn't accept, because he had to picket. His mother had begun to cry. He hung up—worried about the bill, cutting the connection too abruptly to be fair to the disappointment he had implanted.

His desk at work was next to a window that overlooked the river. The river changed color with the weather—gray in the wind, slime-green in summer rains, cobalt-blue when ice was forming. Two days earlier he had stood on the riverbank opposite the office and found his window by counting up and over, and by identifying landmarks such as an antique coat tree, a terrarium on the sill, a cactus. A woman was working at his desk. He wanted to call her, ask her her name, learn what he could about her. Call her a scab. But he did nothing but begin to worry.

He told Royster what he had seen.

"Maybe she picked your desk for the

IN EXILE

The stars must seem to them like islands the way,
evenings, the birds tip skyward on descent
before they disappear into the trees, as if to bow
to the light that stands for fear of crosswinds,
bow to Polaris, star of the long migrations over fields,
rivers. Sometimes a week at sea, they'll ride

the echoes of distant storms like dry leaves riding
the updrafts. What do they dream of on their way
across the dark trance of the water? Some field,
by instinct, pulls them, their descendant
wings the tides wash in this autumn, wind-
hollowed along the shoreline, like pieces of ship's bow,

articulate, among upended trees. Once Caravaggio bowed
in exhaustion to a boat like a small bird riding
the waves' whitecapped premonitions, the indivisible wind.
He'd run for miles, stumbling, falling, going on. The way
from the harbors of Port'Ercole to open coast descends
sharply to the sea, to nothing but a gradual field

of color. All the work of his exile vanished in that field,
as a knife into flesh, or the whore into the face of the bowed
Magdalene, her eyes looking down, as though to a descending
stair. She holds emptiness in her arms like a child who'd ride
the water home, follow the fugitive light all the way
back to the streets of his orphaning, the vineyards winding

from Malta to Naples to Sicily to Rome, the pale soil wind-
pocked, dusty after the harvest. So far from those fields,
the laddered hillsides, as the birds scavenged, flew away,
he died not knowing he was pardoned. He must have bowed
as though to fire, the conversion of flesh to smoke riding
the thermals above the water, its ash descending

where the birds, tonight, make their descent
onto the shore. Native or migrant, they seem as winded
as angels who drag their dusty, burr-ridden
wings, like a paralysis, across a November field,
their sweaty faces drawn into the almost human, bowed
to the ground. And, like the birds, they can find their way

always, the wishbone across the heart bowed like a divining
rod, or a stuck compass on descent. The sudden wind sock of their
garments, and they are ridden above the fields and waters home.

—DEBORAH DIGGES

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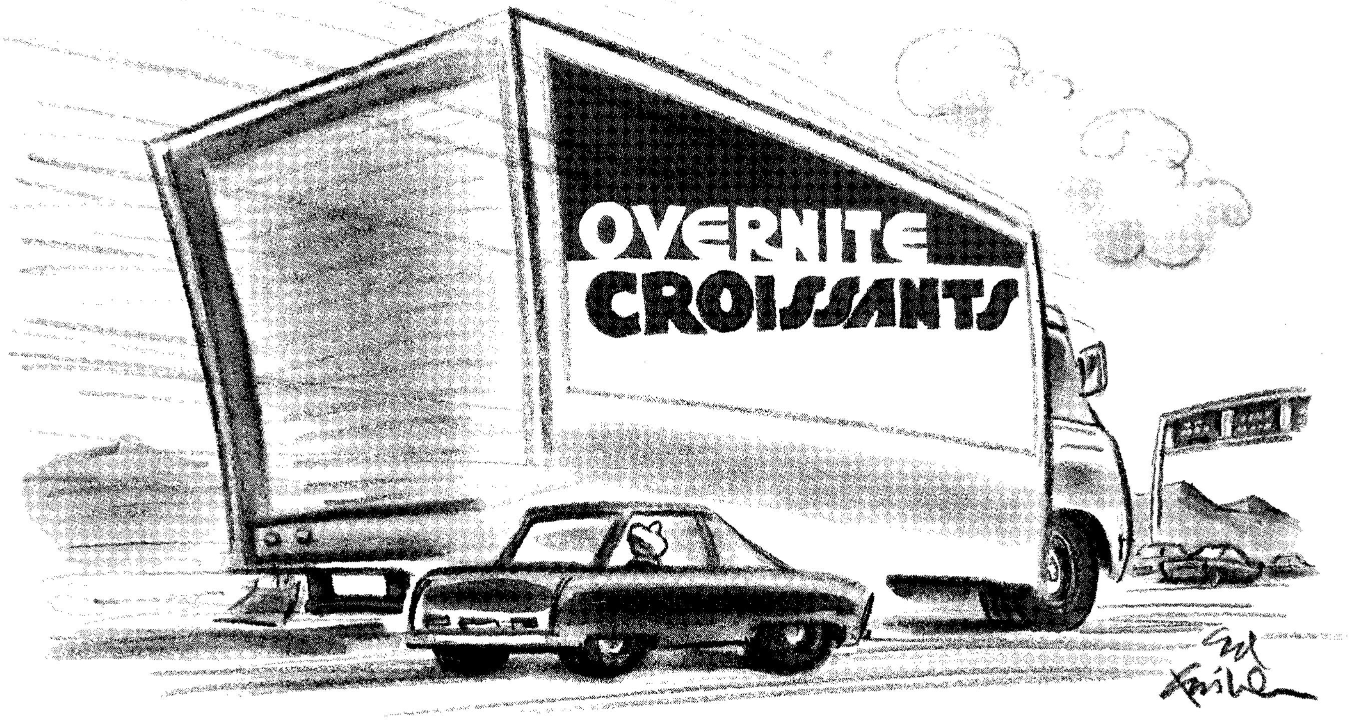

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iew," she said breezily. "It probably has nothing to do with individuals."

Moss smiled uneasily. "I'm afraid I've been replaced," he said.

Part of the money he had put aside or his parents' Christmas presents vent toward the electric bill, but he ook what remained and went shoping. He felt like an impostor in the reedy crowds that filled the stores. Bumped off stride going through a evolving door, he lost a glove in the irst store he entered and could not eem to regain his balance for the emainder of his shopping trip. He missed the orderliness of the picket val.

For his father he bought a heavy rass horseshoe with mounting tacks nd a leather-bound pocket French/English dictionary; his father didn't peak French but was always threatening to learn. For his mother he selected a box of bath powders in crisp ittle envelopes, scented floating canles, and a book on the history of rime fiction. For the two of them he ent a framed photograph taken of him he previous summer on a friend's oat. He was tanned, laughing, and ll of life in the picture.

He wrapped the gifts in the previous unday's color comics, put them all in large box with a brandied fruitcake, nd then sealed the box and sent it off.

In the store where he bought his mother's bath powders, he had come upon a display of Royster's perfume. Several perfume and cologne bottles of various sizes containing the clear gold liquid revolved slowly on a blue velvet turntable. He decided to buy the largest bottle of cologne. He opened it, and she was there; he even looked behind him.

ROYSTER was embarrassed when, on the forty-sixth day, he presented the package. He stood with one hand in his pocket, his picket sign leaning against his leg.

"Take it," he said. He could smell it on her. She put the package in her shoulder bag.

"That was very nice," she said briskly. "You shouldn't have, though. I didn't get you anything."

"You're welcome."

She made a fist and banged her forehead. "I'm so thoughtless! I *should* have brought you something. You've helped me. You've lent me money."

He picked up his sign with his gloved hand and continued to picket. She walked beside him.

"I've got to warn you," she said. "This is the last time I can picket from four to eight in the morning. Don't be upset."

"Why?" he asked.

She leaned close, though they were alone, and whispered, "For Christmas, I'm giving my mom the end of the strike. I'm telling her we settled. So if I'm working I don't have to be anywhere at four in the morning, right?"

"Will she believe you?" Moss asked.

"She believes whatever I tell her. She's like a little kid," Royster said. She cleared her throat. "I'm tired of her worrying so much. This will be a big relief for both of us."

"What will you do during the time she thinks you're at work?" he asked.

"Picket. Read. Window-shop. I'm looking forward to it." She tapped her bag. "Maybe you and me can meet somewhere and we'll have a drink of this. We can toast to a settlement before my birthday—which is in June, if you want to start planning what to buy me."

"That's perfume," Moss said.

"Perfume?"

"I got your brand. Your scent."

"You did?"

"A Night in the Garden."

"How'd you know that?"

"You told me once," Moss said.

They turned at the end of the oval.

She said, "Back then, did you ever tell me your name?"

—CHARLES DICKINSON

PICNIC AT AMAPOLAS

A NUMBER of years ago in the town of La Luz, on an August day half of hot sun, half of rain, Don Enrique Ortiz prepared to sell his ancestral estate to an American gentleman and an American lady. "The economy of Mexico compels me," he explained, facing his two buyers across a desk littered with legal briefs. "Taxes," said Don Enrique. On the wall behind him, under his grandmother's portrait, hung a calendar dark with inked-out days. "Taxes," he repeated. "They are becoming insupportable."

The American gentleman, who was using the false name of Bud Loomis, nodded. Like other travellers, he had come to Mexico for the sake of new surroundings, to get away. Particularly to get away. His own taxes were under investigation in Arizona. In his pocket was a summons to appear in a Phoenix court that day. "I know what you mean," Bud said in border Spanish. He drummed his blunt fingers on the arm of his chair and stared at Don Enrique's calendar.

"So I am selling the land that came to me through my mother—all four *hectáreas* of the land at Amapolas." As he spoke these words, Don Enrique—Don Enrique César Ortiz de León—apologized silently to that Castilian ancestor of his who had stepped just behind Cortés onto Mexican soil. He drew his spare frame taller in order to stiffen his pride.

"How much is an *hectárea*?" asked the woman in slow, precise Spanish. From her shoulder bag she removed a pencil and a notepad, on which her name, Susanna Ames, was printed at the top. She pulled her chair closer and made space at a corner of Don Enrique's crowded desk.

Susahnahahmes, Don Enrique pronounced phonetically to himself. Her name is Susahnahahmes. He repeated it like a soundless chant. In answer to her question, he said, "An *hectárea* is ten thousand square metres."

Bud Loomis, who had reduced her name to one syllable on the day they met, said, "The whole thing's ten acres, Sue, give or take." Then added, without speaking, This is going to be a steal.

"Ten acres. As much as that." She was clearly surprised.

At this, an identical notion entered the minds of both men. They believed they were in the presence of a helpless female. This Susahnahahmes, Don Enrique supposed, was in need of a man. Perhaps one her own age, about thirty, or—better—an older man, one who understood business and the law. Bud retained his original impression of her. When he and Sue Ames had met for the first time, by coincidence, in the property agent's office, he noticed her looks and her reckless attitude toward land and concluded then that all she needed was shaping up. Further acquaintance only reinforced his opinion.

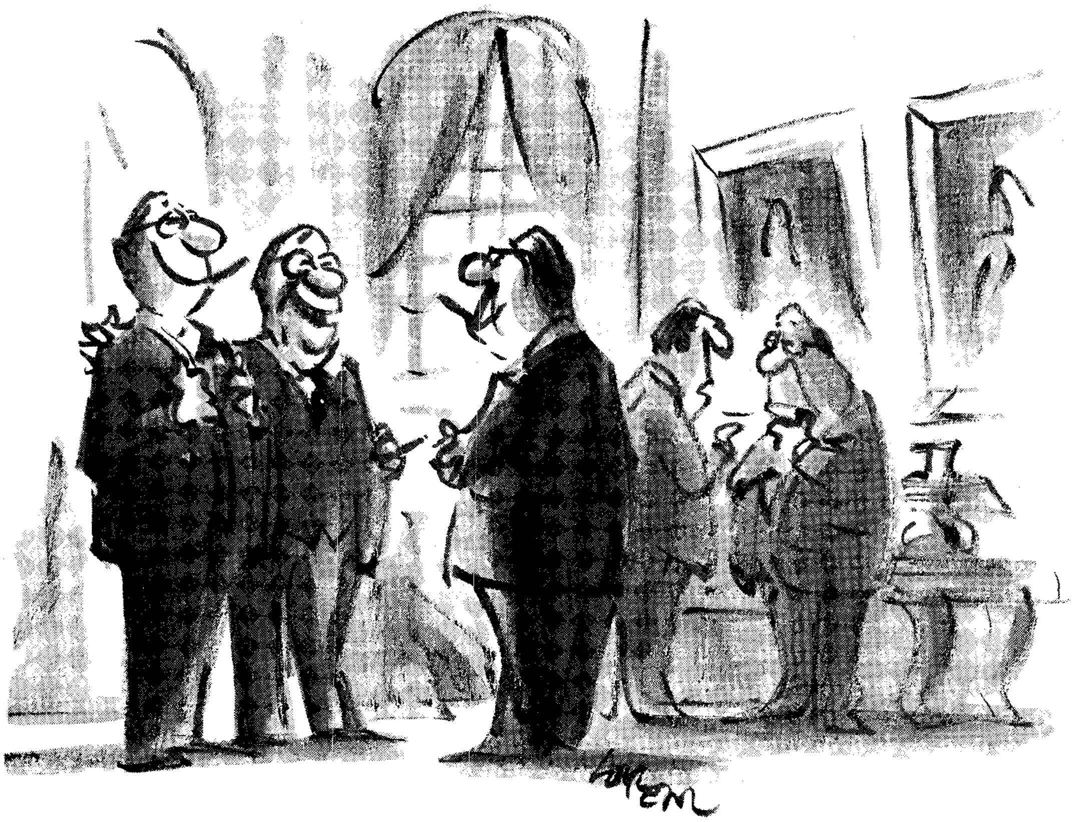
Now, with the two men observing her, Susanna Ames began to draw for the first time in years. She sketched on her notepad a long rise of ground which dropped to a lake at one end and met the steep slope of a hill at the other. Beyond it she drew in a whole landscape of cornfields and, beyond them, a range of mountains tha climbed to a peak. She lined one shore of the lake with a neat row of house and a church. She left empty the flat extended surface of the rise, though she might have pencilled in a dream for in a corner of her mind that excluded reason she had already constructed a low adobe house and a separate studio looking north and had planted four apricot trees, a small vineyard, and an alfalfa field, simply for th green of it. Though thi house did not appear on th page, Don Enrique noticed that she was exaggerating everything—the fields, th mountains, the good orde of the dwellings that faced the pond. He had neve seen so elegant a small church as the one that too rough shape on her page.

He became concerned "Have you visited the property?"

Sue continued to draw Now, at the center of th rise, she was outlining Stonehenge of tilting columns and broken pediments—all that was lef of Don Enrique's centuries-old hacienda.

Don Enrique persisted "Were you there lon enough to walk about?"

Is he crazy, Bud aske himself. We've already tol him we'd buy.

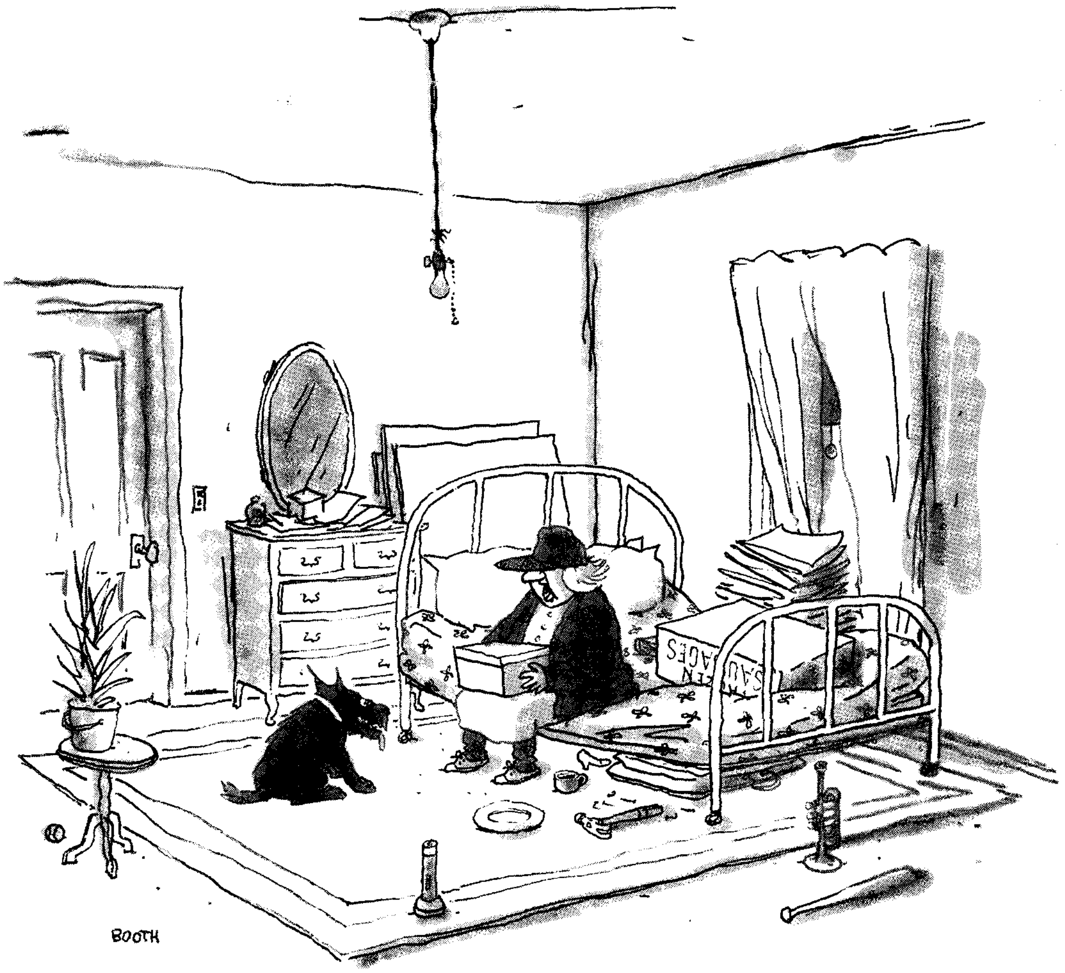


"Lionel and I haven't seen each other in twenty years, but once in cahoots always in cahoots."

Sue said, "We spent an fternoon there with the gent."

Bud corrected her. "An our and a half," he said. 'Just before dark." But ven in that brief period he ad found time to walk bout. Once satisfied in espect to connections for lectricity and water, he ad started pacing off the and.

On that occasion Sue mes had gazed after his hort, thick figure as it noved away, stepping out traight lines and corners n the distance. It pleased er to think that he was rawn as she was to the erene, empty place. Even o, it had taken her ten ays to reach a decision. etween calls to her lawer and her bank, Sue conidered alternatives each norning on a sunny bench n the principal plaza of La uz, each rainy evening on stiff chair in her hotel oom.



"My plans for the day are uncertain."

• •

ACTUALLY, the matter had been settled he day she chose La Luz s a stopping place, partly ecause of the sweep of andscape that surrounded it and partly ecause no one she knew had recomended it. Neither her friends nor her amily in California could be aware of his settlement, remote as it was from ny airport and from both coasts. Sue, ivorced two months ago, believed hat in rural Mexico she might at last e let alone. People here would hardly xpect her to live wisely, marry happily.

A middle-sized town of no particur architectural or archeological inerest, La Luz rested quietly on the lain between a winery on the east and railway line on the west. Trains ound north and south stopped at the ed plastered station twice a day to oad and unload freight and a passener or two. The plaza of La Luz, aded green by Indian laurels, faced n one side the entrance to the town's ain hotel. This was the Posada del ol, a hostelry of thirty rooms, cold nd bare as cells. Sue took one of these, rst for three nights, then a week, and ventually for a number of months.

At first her days were all alike. She sat each morning in the plaza, ate a lunch of thick soup and bread in the hotel, and spent her afternoons outside the town, driving wherever any road would take her. It may have been the intensity of light or the transparency of air or simply the illusion of unlimited space that brought her to a decision.

On her third evening at the hotel she spoke to the manager. "I believe I will remain in Mexico," she said. "Perhaps in La Luz. Do you know of a house?"

The manager was also the owner of the hotel—a man worn thin by lack of trade. He contemplated the American woman, one of his fourteen registered guests. His examination revealed nothing, except that she appeared more determined than other women he had known, and richer. He gave her the name of the property agent, whose office was around the corner, between a notions shop and a bakery.

The following morning Sue entered the agent's ground-floor room only to find someone else, a stranger, already there.

"Another American client," said the agent.

"Bud Loomis," said the man.

Sue waited on a chair against the wall for Bud to transact his business. Time went by, and it became clear to her that an impasse had been reached.

Bud finally turned away from the agent's desk. "You go ahead," he told her. "I've got to do some figuring."

Then, as though preordained, it all began to happen, step by step. Sue inquired about a house to rent, then about one to buy. She said, "But there must be something."

A silence fell, and she rose to leave. Then Bud turned from the window. He said, "Wait a minute."

Sue sat again and listened to him say, "There's a piece of land we could split up."

Before the day was over, arrangements had been made to visit the property at Amapolas. The agent requested credentials, and Bud produced a deposit slip verifying a substantial cash balance in a local bank. Sue said she would have to call her lawyer in California and also her bank. She displayed documents—a passport and a driver's license. But the agent had already noticed about her an air of absent-minded integrity, which by itself inspired trust.

That was ten days ago. Now in Don Enrique's office, at the back of his high-ceilinged house, Sue went on drawing. She outlined a stand of pines behind the ruined walls.

"I have something to suggest," interposed the lawyer. "That we visit the property together, to avoid a misunderstanding. Please be my guests on Sunday. We will eat lunch in the fresh air."

"No need to bother with all that," said Bud. "We're ready to settle now."

But Sue was accepting the invitation.

"Then we will meet at Amapolas." Don Enrique examined his two buyers. Their indifference to each other puzzled him. "You are related, are you not?" he asked. "Brother and sister?" Though this seemed impossible. There was no resemblance. "Or cousins?"

The impatient man across from him shook his head. The lovely Susahnahahmes shook hers. Don Enrique lifted a hand to warn her, a guileless woman entering into a costly negotiation with a stranger who was in a hurry. But in the end, addressing them both, he only said, "Do you have a car?" As if that, as well as the land, were something they would share. Each, however, had a car, and nodded.

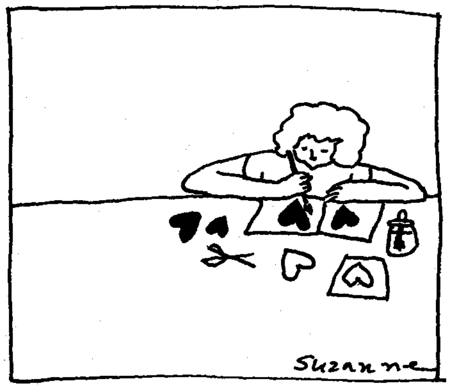
"Next Sunday at two," said Don Enrique. He turned to the calendar, circled the proposed date and at the same time crossed out yesterday, which had slipped by unnoticed.

ON Sunday the three cars converged almost simultaneously at the picnic place, having turned in close succession from the highway at a sign that said "AMAPOLAS DEL LAGO, 1 KM." Don Enrique's ancient Buick sedan, packed with baskets and folding furniture, led the way along two ruts between thickets of weeds. Still in single file, they were almost in sight of the lake when a new sign, hand-lettered, appeared on their right. "LOMAS DE AMAPOLAS," it read, and indicated the way across a narrow ditch and up an abrupt slope.

Bud was the first to jump out of his car, a Mustang so new it still lacked license plates. He walked over to a huisache tree in whose sparse shade Sue had parked her station wagon; it held a number of flat wooden boxes and an easel in the back. Looking in, Bud foresaw art that would never sell. He asked if she had noticed the new sign at the turnoff.

"Lomas de Amapolas—what a name for a place to live," he said. "Poppy Heights."

Sue directed her attention to Don Enrique, who stood next to his ca offering his arm to the oldest man sh had ever seen. When this person wa finally on his feet outside and draw up to his full, crooked stature, Do Enrique introduced him as Pep Gómez, who had been born on thi land and was the grandson of his ow great-grandfather's majordomo. The Don Enrique introduced the Americans to Pepe.



"These are the people who are buying the property," he informed th aged man. "Señor Loomis and Señorita Susahnahahmes." Don Enriqu went on to say that he and Pepe usually drove out here on Sunday "Though I never lived here, this wa always my home." He pointed to th ruins, and Sue imagined that for hi the massive house rose up again eac time he came, its roof and walls intac its doors deep-set, its carved cornice in place.

The picnic party gathered in th shadow of an arch, and everyon helped Pepe set up the chairs and tabl arrange the cloth, and extract fiv glasses from a basket. Into four these the old man, with remarkabl agility, poured red wine. Don Enriqu explained the fifth glass. "The pad

STILL ALIVE

Grain from farms along the Highline
fills the hold of the Nordic Monarch.
Madrona sheds its bark like skin and
the surface of the sea is more
sensitive than skin. Somewhere
my noble fir breathes in
a million cells of air.

My life is stored in the city,
marrow frozen for the futurity
markets, news for brokers of shade
and schedule.
So the sweet air
and tall trees of God's country
didn't save us after all—Dale
Speyer, what rare cancer made us
brothers?
Cormorants dive
in fog, fly low like snakes
full of fish. This one dries
his wings on pilings at Port
Townsend.

I am still alive, doing fifty
on the Aurora Bridge. Cloud breaks
and the white houses of Ballard
shine, they shine.

—MATTHEW HANSEN

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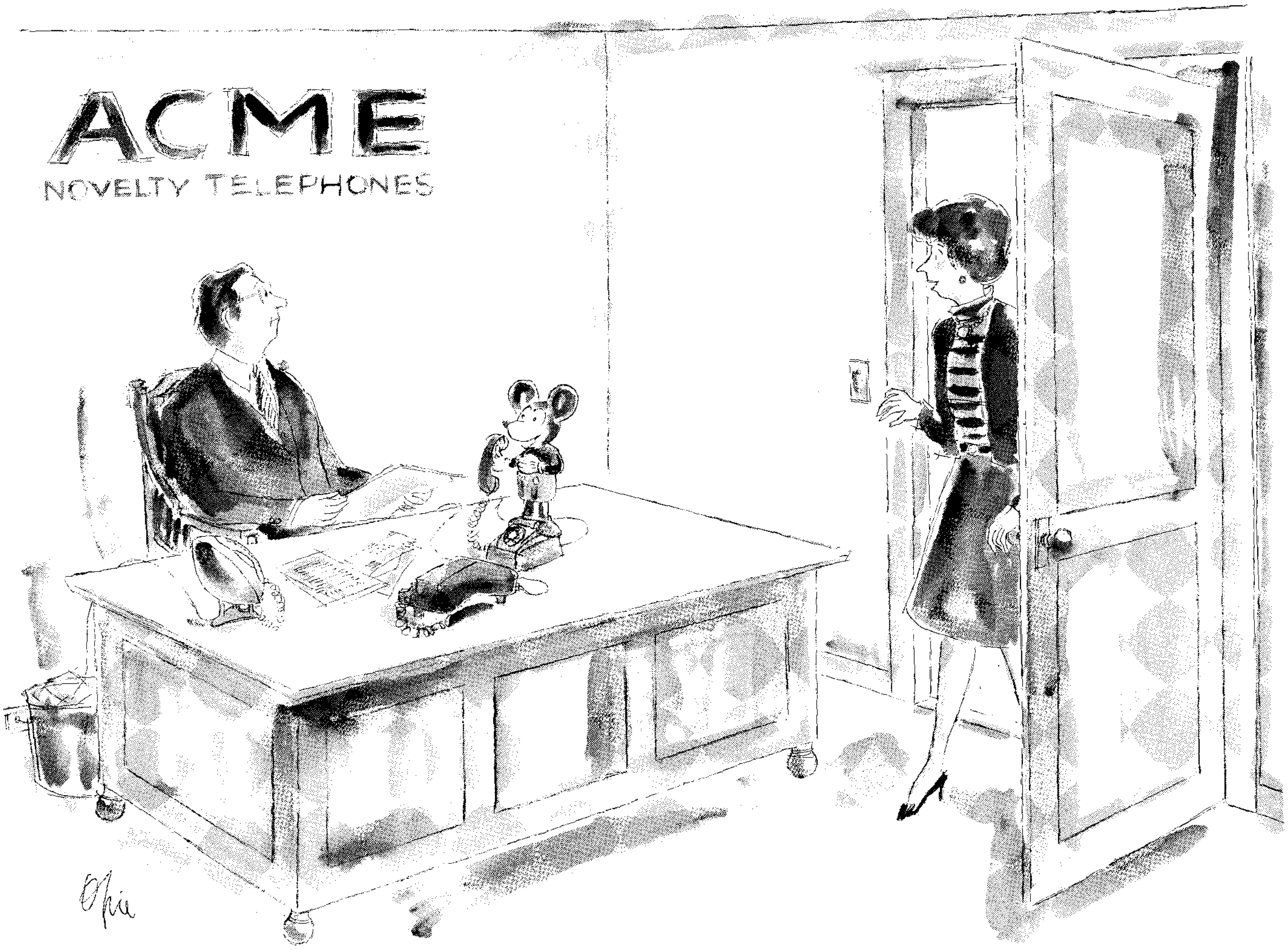


"Mr. Gleason is on the football, Mr. Franco is on the piano, and your wife is on the Mickey Mouse."

• •

from the village often joins us. You may meet him."

Bud looked at Sue and shook his head. She saw him think, Another waste of time.

Before seating his guests, Don Enrique proposed a toast. "To the lives we have lived," he said. The others raised their glasses. "And to the one ahead," he continued, and all drank to this immediate simplification of their futures.

Then Don Enrique kicked away an anthill and some thorny stalks and drew out a chair for Sue at his right. Pepe, meanwhile, laid four plates and an earthenware dish on the table.

"Who made these good tacos?" Sue asked, and found that Pepe's elderly daughter was in charge of Don Enrique's kitchen in La Luz.

Bud swallowed a small green chile whole, choked, said, "Jesus," and reached for his wineglass.

Don Enrique pondered his two guests. How can they afford it, he wondered, how pay for this exceptional land? "Now that you see Amapolas again, you are disappointed," he declared in a statement directed mainly to Sue, though it was Bud who responded, in English, "Hell, no."

"I don't expect to change my mind," said Sue. But she had in fact noticed for the first time the depleted look of the earth on which her house would stand, the dangerous drop where the rise fell away at one end above the village and the lake. She had observed the rugged terrain, the absence of trees except for a scattering of scrub oaks. The surrounding hills were lower than she remembered, the cornfields fewer, the distant mountain peak scaled down.

"That is a volcanic cone," said Don Enrique, following her gaze. "What do you think of the lake?"

"It's a little smaller than I remembered it."

"And it is larger now, and deeper, than it will be next spring during the dry season."

"Do poppies ever grow here?" she asked.

"I think my mother said so. I've never seen them for myself."

Then Pepe brought grapes and cheese, opened another bottle of wine, and Don Enrique, urged on by the old man's nods, began an outline of family history. Sue leaned forward. At the first mention of a sixteenth-century Spanish count, Bud pushed back from the table, upsetting his chair, and before long could be seen at some distance stepping off great squares.

"On my father's side," Don Enrique went on, "a governor, a conductor of the national symphony, a rector of the university. On my mother's, a foreign minister and two bishops."

The three still at the table sat a moment in silence, warmed by the splendor that radiated from the Ortiz de León genealogies.

"Many of them born in the house that once stood here." Don Enrique waved toward the collapsed pillars and strewn rubble of his ancestors' former bastion and country seat. "There were generals on both sides," he added. "And recognized scholars."

Sue sank without resistance into the past. "And the house," she said. "I suppose it was destroyed in the revolution."

At this, Pepe gathered his waning reserves and rose, joint by joint, to describe the revolution of 1910, a good deal of which he had witnessed. But his teeth were so few and the images he sought so reluctant to come that of all he said Sue understood only two words, "burn" and "kill."

Don Enrique, middle-aged and childless, listened as though for the first time, until at last Pepe stopped in midsentence and sat down.

Sue glanced behind her at the scattered traces of the former house. "So now there is nothing left."

"One bed," said Don Enrique. But he did not describe this bed—tall-posted and canopied, cradle of illustrious infants—that had by some special grace survived, or mention it was there, on a hair mattress, that he himself now spent his lengthening nights. He turned his aquiline profile to Sue and looked into the distance, where Bud was tramping back and forth across the land. "What is he doing, the *señor* Loomis?" he asked. "Is he disoriented?"

"I'm not sure," she said, but it was precisely at this instant—with clouds darkening the day, the plates and glasses still to be packed—that Sue noticed a cold wind from the east and the sudden presence of a stone in her shoe, and finally understood that Bud meant to subdivide the land.

Now Don Enrique was waving in the direction of the village and the lake. Sue watched as first the head, then the shoulders, then all of a black-robed priest came into sight at the edge of the mesa, where a path wound up the bluff. His ascent was so steady and inexorable that even after he was entirely in view it seemed he might rise a few inches more and approach the picnic party with his feet not touching the ground. But he made his way toward them in an ordinary manner, his shoes crushing spiders and ants, his habit collecting nettles.

As he approached, Sue saw that the priest was young—younger than she.

"Here is my friend Padre Miguel," said Don Enrique, and, to the priest, "May I present the *señorita* Susahnahahmes? She is one of the new owners and plans to build a house on the spot where we stand."

"Oh, no," Sue said. "Not here. At the far end." She pointed to the place where Padre Miguel had first been seen.

The priest, who saw no difference between the north, south, and center of this strip of land, allowed his gaze to rest on Sue's face. Is this woman a Catholic, he wondered. But he doubted she was.

Of the two or three priests Sue had met in her lifetime, Padre Miguel impressed her as the only one entirely suited to his calling. His eyes burned, and he appeared to have been fasting.

"And here comes Señor Loomis." Don Enrique might have been announcing the players on a soccer team. "He will be joint owner of this land."

Padre Miguel looked into Bud's square, coarse-grained face and believed he saw a troubled man. Two irresolute Americans, thought the priest.

Bud acknowledged the introduction with a nod, and pulled Sue to one side. "I've got an idea," he said.

She refused to listen, saying, "Let me tell you where I want my house," and indicating the bluff, beyond which appeared the top of a bell tower, half a church dome, and

"The Thomases have a way of fighting with each other that turns out to be very positive for them both."

the outer rim of the lake, which had faded to slate gray under the massing clouds.

Don Enrique overheard. "Not too close to the edge," he warned her. "There's danger of erosion."

"From that point you will look straight down on the cemetery," said the priest in a voice unexpectedly deep for a man his age. Bud took Sue's arm and propelled her toward the leaning portico of the old house.

"This is my idea," he said, and while he spoke of selling lots Sue studied the volcanic cone, whose sheer sides were faintly green with terraced corn. Eventually, she heard him say, "It's a deal made in heaven." He went on to speak of land as collateral, of cheap labor, of doubling or tripling their money, of a joint reserve in Mexican securities. "These damn bonds pay forty per cent," said Bud. "There's no way we can lose. No way."

Sue, pinned against a crumbling pilaster, confronted her own common sense. It's not too late to get out of this, to say my funds are insufficient, my lawyer has strong objections, I'm homesick for the sea in Mendocino, California. Then neither of us will have the land, since it's being sold as a single piece and neither of us can pay for it all.

"May I still build my house over there?" She pointed.

"Why not?" said Bud.

Sue turned in a slow circle. The hills, the fields, some stretches of pure desert revolved around her. Far away, a dog barked. A burro, carrying two boys, raised dust on the road to the village. A cow waded into the lake.

And, all at one time, she surrendered her orchard, her vineyard, and half of her view. She said, "All right. Yes."

As soon as they rejoined the others, Padre Miguel invited them to visit the village and the church.

"I've got to get back to the motel," said Bud.

"Next time, Padre," said Don Enrique. "Rain is coming. But have some wine."

When they raised their glasses this time, they simply wished each other health. Pepe, not sure how old he was, drank with relish to this toast and to the years, or perhaps the months, he still had left to live. Soon, light rain began to fall. The picnickers and the priest were about to separate when a figure came into sight at the top of the bluff. Skirt flapping, shawl dragging, a little girl ran toward them through the drizzle.

"What now?" said Bud. He gathered up chairs and moved in the direction of the cars.

The barefoot child crossed the stretch of land with astonishing speed. Once arrived, she quickly kissed the padre's ring, then went to Pepe and took his bony hand in hers.

Sue felt a pang, and she began to mourn the child's future in advance. There were never eyes so shadowed as these, never cheeks so scabbed, neck so stemlike, hair so clotted. When the girl lifted her head to smile at Pepe, she exposed baby and second teeth at odds, competing for space in her mouth.

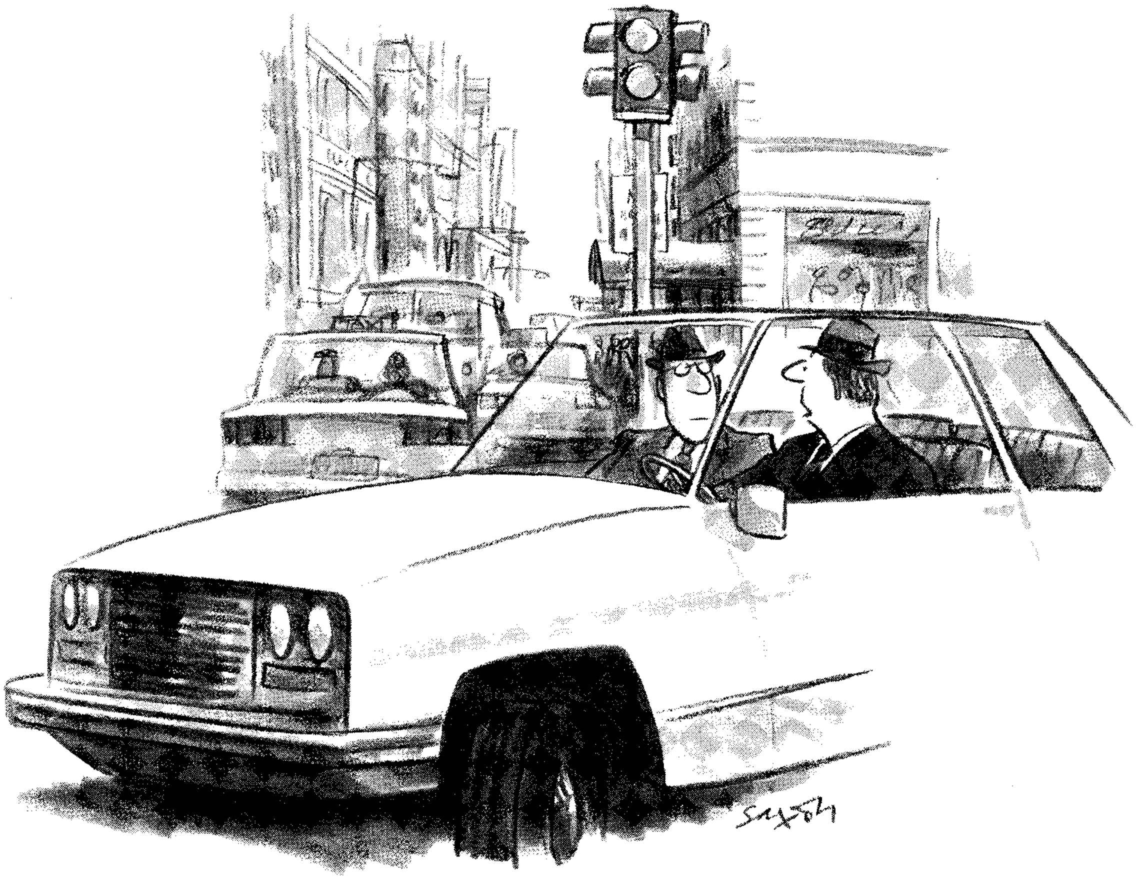
Don Enrique led her to Sue. "This is Altagracia Gómez," he said. "Pepe's great-granddaughter. After you are settled here, she will come to work for you."

"But she's only a child."

"She is twelve. By the time your house is built, she will be thirteen. That is old enough."

How do you know, Sue wanted to ask. Everyone is old enough for something, and too old or young for something else.

A FEW weeks later, on another rainy afternoon, the contract was signed in Don Enrique's office under the portrait of his grandmother, a young woman almost too satined, jewelled, ribboned, and combed ever to have lived. The lawyer had failed to keep his calendar current. The last



"I've reached that time of life when I want a car that just works."

• •

date checked off was the day before the picnic.

While Don Enrique sorted documents, Bud smoked and crossed and uncrossed his legs.

During the pause, Sue spoke. "I can't believe our good fortune," she said. "This must be the most beautiful piece of land in Mexico."

She's a fool, thought Bud. Any more of this and even now, when we're almost under the wire, she'll drive up the price.

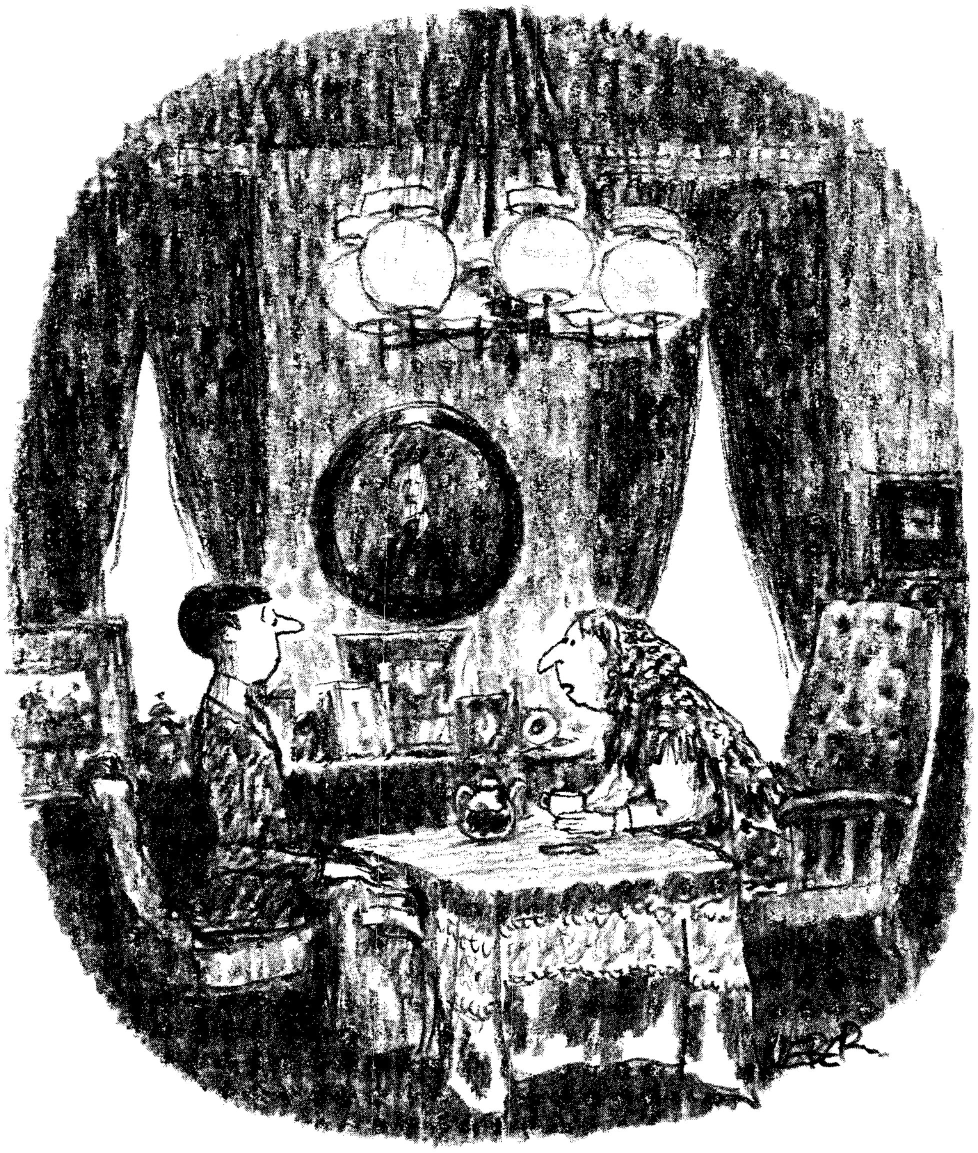
"It's a large property for two people," said Don Enrique. "You will have a pair of ranches."

At this, Bud, abandoning caution, disclosed his project. "Twenty fine lots," he told Don Enrique.

"I thought it was ten," said Sue. Her words were lost in Bud's recital of building plans: street lamps and paved walks, cesspools, and, in time, telephones.

Don Enrique, foolishly neglecting to claim a share of the enterprise, seemed to welcome it anyway. "My godson is an architect," he informed the Americans. "He can help you. His wife may also be of use. She is a weaver, a designer of cloth."

Now each of the three people in the room separately saw a sample house—its individual shape, its *sala* and patio, its textured curtains and hand-loomed spreads. Simultaneously, it occurred to Don Enrique that the town of La Luz was growing too fast, that each day found it noisier and more crowded than the day before. Country air, he began to think, and only a thirty-minute drive from Amapolas to his office. Why not, thought Don Enrique.



"The tea leaves say you should go into insurance, but I say forget the tea leaves and go into whatever makes you happy."

There was a knock at the door and Bud started, as if, even here, a federal agent might track him down. But it was only Pepe, trembling under a silver tray, a bottle, and four glasses.

Don Enrique held up his hand. He looked from one to the other of his clients. "Are you Catholics?" he asked, as though he were about to impose a condition of purchase.

"No, why?" said Bud.

"I used to be an Episcopalian," said Sue.

But Don Enrique had merely been remembering holy days in the village by the lake. He named a few of them. Corpus Christi, Guadalupe, San Juan, Asunción. "These are colorful festivals," he went on. "Perhaps even as Protestants you might wish to see . . ." Here he stopped.

"Oh, yes," said Sue.

Bud had his eye on Pepe and the quivering tray. My God, how old can you get, he wondered.

Then it was done—the agreement signed, the tray set down, the brandy poured, the toast proposed and drunk.

AT this moment, in Amapolas del Lago, Altagracia Gómez entered the church to kneel at the back and offer prayers for a necklace and high-heeled shoes.

At the same time Padre Miguel, on his knees at the altar, prayed to be assigned to another parish, a larger place, where he could be in the company of people who talked well, had talents, examined ideas. Then, for having asked this, he prayed to be forgiven.

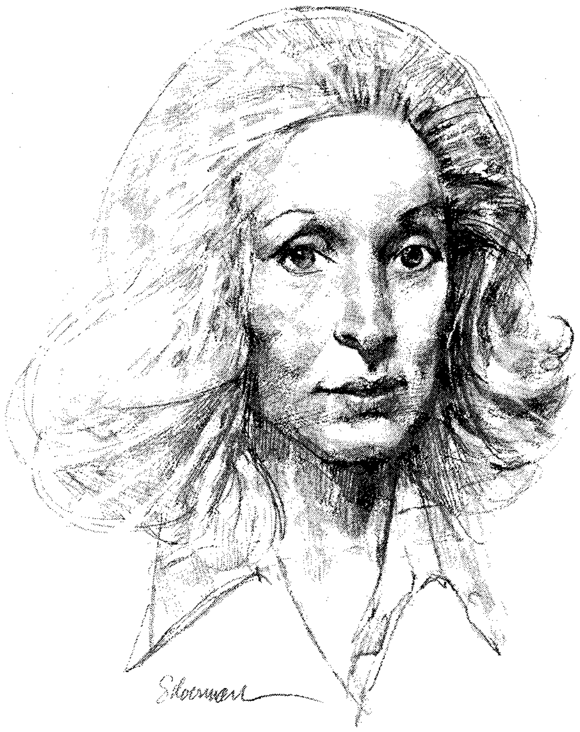
AS soon as dark came, night animals began to occupy the four *hectáreas* of long flat ground above the village. Each creature followed a purpose of its own—to eat, to mate, to dig a burrow, or simply run from north to south by moonlight. Heedless of approaching change, they traced the lengths of walls and paths to come. They paused in doorways not yet raised, circled trees not planted. Their footprints webbed the dust of unmarked building sites.

Three gophers, meeting on Sue Ames' plot of land, anticipated her rows of lettuce, beans, and corn, and began to tunnel underground. Slow workers in the dark, they would not find her roses until May.

—HARRIET DOERR

PROFILES

COVERING THE COPS



IN the newsroom of the Miami *Herald*, there is some disagreement about which of Edna Buchanan's first paragraphs stands as the classic Edna lead. I line up with the fried-chicken faction. The fried-chicken story was about a rowdy ex-con named Gary Robinson, who late one Sunday night lurched drunkenly into a Church's outlet, shoved his way to the front of the line, and ordered a three-piece box of fried chicken. Persuaded to wait his turn, he reached the counter again five or ten minutes later, only to be told that Church's had run out of fried chicken. The young woman at the counter suggested that he might like chicken nuggets instead. Robinson responded to the suggestion by slugging her in the head. That set off a chain of events that ended with Robinson's being shot dead by a security guard. Edna Buchanan covered the murder for the *Herald*—there are policemen in Miami who say that it wouldn't be a murder without her—and her story began with what the fried-chicken faction still regards as the classic Edna lead: "Gary Robinson died hungry."

All connoisseurs would agree, I think, that the classic Edna lead would have to include one staple of crime reporting—the simple, matter-of-fact statement that registers with a jolt. The question is where the jolt should be. There's a lot to be said for starting right out with it. I'm rather partial to the Edna lead on a story last year about a woman about to go on trial for a murder conspiracy: "Bad things happen to the husbands of Widow Elkin." On the other hand, I can understand the preference that others have for the device of beginning a crime story with a more or less conventional sentence or two, then snapping the reader back in his chair with an abbreviated sentence that is used like a blunt instrument. One student of the form at the *Herald* refers to that device as the Miller Chop. The reference is to Gene Miller, now a *Herald* editor, who, in a remarkable reporting career that concentrated on the felonious, won the Pulitzer Prize twice for stories that resulted in the release of people in prison for murder. Miller likes short sentences in general—it is sometimes said at the *Herald* that he writes as if he were paid by the period—and he particularly likes to use a short sentence after a couple of rather long ones. Some years ago, Gene Miller and Edna Buchanan did a story together on the murder of a high-living Miami lawyer who was shot to death on a day he had planned to while away on the golf course of La Gorce Country Club, and the lead said, ". . . he had his golf clubs in the trunk of his Cadillac. Wednesday looked like an easy day. He figured he might pick up a game later with Eddie Arcaro, the jockey. He didn't."

These days, Miller sometimes edits the longer pieces that Edna Buchanan does for the *Herald*, and she often uses the Miller Chop—as in a piece about a lovers' spat: "The man she loved slapped her face. Furious, she says she told him never, ever to do that again. 'What are you going to do, kill me?' he asked, and handed her a gun. 'Here, kill me,' he challenged. She did."

Now that I think of it, that may be the classic Edna lead.

THERE is no dispute about the classic Edna telephone call to a homicide detective or a desk sergeant she knows: "Hi. This is Edna. What's going on over there?" There are those at the *Herald* who like to think that Edna Buchanan knows every policeman and policewoman in the area—even though Dade County has twenty-seven separate police forces, with a total strength of more than forty-five hundred officers. "I asked her if by any chance she happened to know this sergeant," a *Herald* reporter once told me. "And she looked at her watch and said, 'Yeah, but he got off his shift twenty minutes ago.' " She does not in fact know all the police officers in the area, but they know her. If the desk sergeant who picks up the phone is someone Edna has never heard of, she gives her full name and the name of her paper. But even if she said, "This is Edna," there aren't many cops who would say, "Edna who?" In Miami, a few figures are regularly discussed by first name among people they have never actually met. One of them is Fidel. Another is Edna.

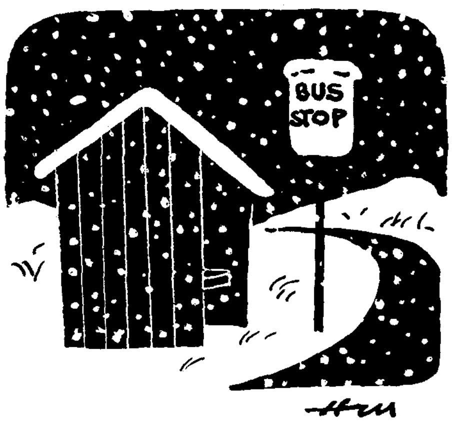
It's an old-fashioned name. Whoever picks up the phone at homicide when Edna Buchanan calls probably doesn't know any Ednas he might confuse her with. Edna is, as it happens, a rather old-fashioned person. "She should have been working in the twenties or thirties," a detective who has known her for years told me. "She'd have been happy if she had a little press card in her hat." She sometimes says the same sort of thing about herself. She laments the replacement of typewriters at the *Herald* with word processors. She would like to think of her clips stored in a place called a morgue rather than a place called an editorial reference library. She's nostalgic about old-fashioned criminals. As a girl growing up around Paterson, New Jersey, she used to read the New

York tabloids out loud to her grandmother—a Polish grandmother, who didn't read English—and she still likes to roll out the names of the memorable felons in those stories: names like George Metesky, the Mad Bomber, and Willie Sutton, the man who robbed banks because that's where the money was. She even has a period look about her—something that recalls the period around 1961. She is a very thin woman in her forties who tends to dress in slacks and silk shirts and high heels. She wears her hair in a heavy blond shoulder-length fall. Her eyes are wide, and her brow is often furrowed in concern. She seems almost permanently anxious about one thing or another. Did she neglect to try the one final approach that would have persuaded the suspect's mother to open the door and have a chat? Will a stray cat that she spotted in the neighborhood meet an unpleasant end? Did she forget to put a quarter in the meter? Despite many years spent among people who often find themselves resorting to rough language—hookers, cocaine cowboys, policemen, newspaper reporters—her own conversation tends to sound like that of a rather demure secretary circa 1952. Her own cats—she has five of them—have names like Misty Blue Eyes and Baby Dear. When she is particularly impressed by a bit of news, she is likely to describe it as "real neat." When she discovers, say, a gruesome turn in a tale that might be pretty gruesome already, she may say, "That's interesting as heck!"

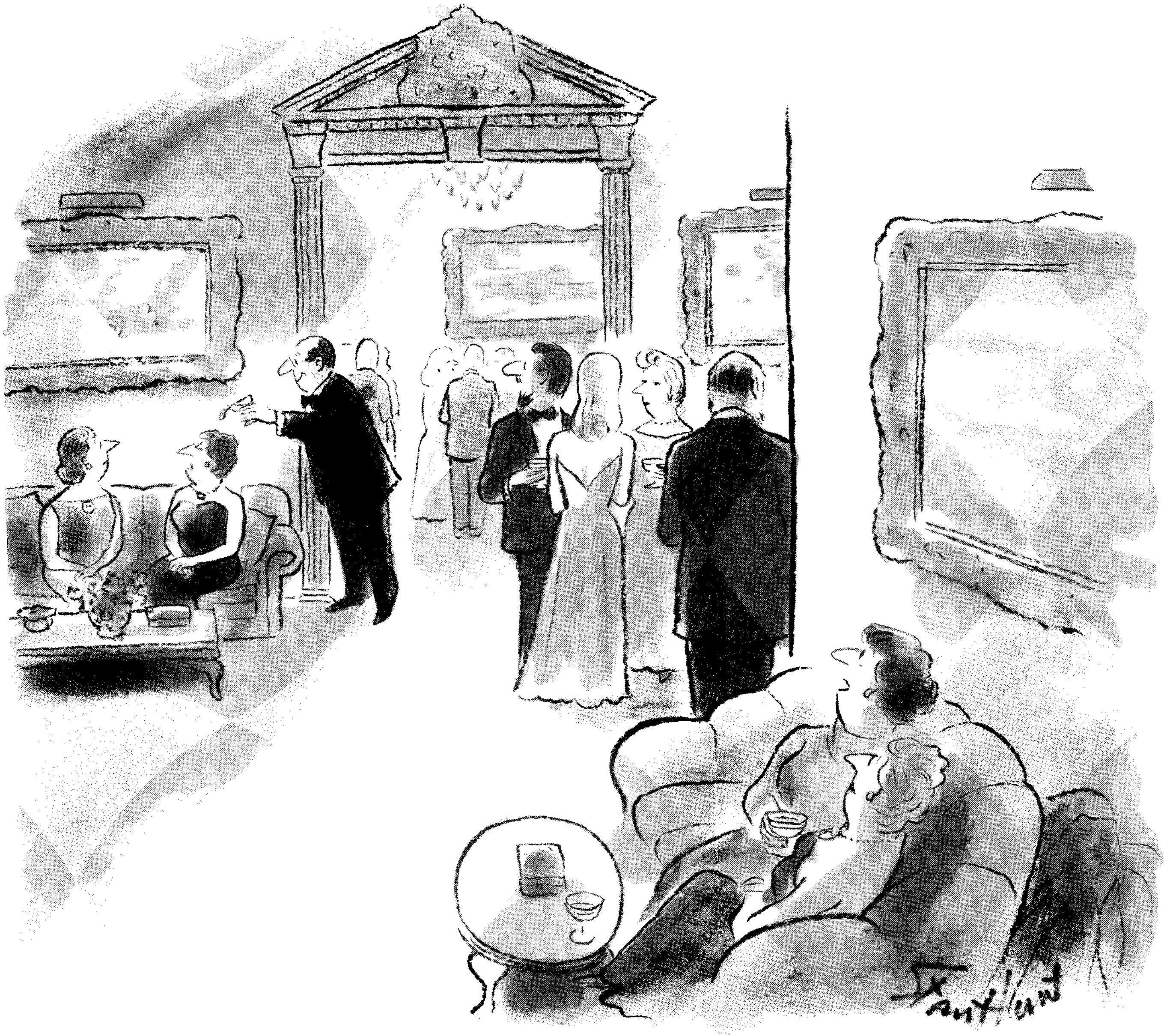
Among newspaper people, Edna's line of work is considered a bit old-fashioned. Daily police reporting—what is sometimes known in the trade as covering the cops—is still associated with that old-timer who had a desk in the station house and didn't have to be told by the sergeant in charge which part of the evening's activities to leave out of the story and thought of himself as more or less a member of the department. Covering the cops is often something a reporter does early in his career—an assignment that can provide him with enough war stories in six months to last him through years on the business page or the city desk. Even Gene Miller, a man with a fondness for illegalities of all kinds, turned rather quickly from covering the cops to doing longer pieces. The *Herald*, which regularly shows up on lists of the country's most distinguished dailies, does take a certain amount of pride in providing the sort of crime coverage that is not typical of newspapers on such lists, but it does not have the sort of single-minded interest in juicy felonies that characterized the New York tabloids Edna used to read to her grandmother. When Edna Buchanan began covering the cops for the *Herald*, in 1973, there hadn't been anyone assigned full time to the beat in several years.

In the dozen years since, Edna has herself broken the routine now and then to do a long crime piece or a series. But she invariably returns to the daily beat. She still dresses every morning to the sound of a police scanner. Unless she already has a story to do, she still drops by the Miami Beach department and the Miami municipal department and the Metro-Dade department on the way to work. She still flips through the previous night's crime reports and the log. She still calls police officers and says, "Hi. This is Edna. What's going on over there?"

LIKE a lot of old-fashioned reporters, Edna Buchanan seems to operate on the assumption that there are always going to be any number of people who, for perverse and inexplicable reasons of their own, will try to impede her in gathering a story that is rightfully hers and delivering it to where God meant it to be—on the front page of the Miami *Herald*, and preferably the front page of the Miami *Herald* on a Sunday, when the circulation is at its highest. There are shy witnesses who insist that they don't want to get involved. There are lawyers who advise their clients to hang up if Edna Buchanan calls to ask whether they really did it. (It could be libellous for a newspaper to call someone a suspect, but the paper can get the same idea across by quoting his denial of guilt.) There are closemouthed policemen. There are television reporters who require equipment that gets in the way and who ask the sort of question that makes Edna impatient. (In her view, television reporters on a murder story are concerned almost exclusively with whether they're going to be able to get a picture of the authorities removing the body from the premises, the only other question that truly engages them being whether they're going to get the picture in time for the six-o'clock news.) There are editors who want to cut a story even though it was virtually ordained to run at least sixteen inches. There are editors—often the same editors—who will try to take an interesting detail out of the story simply because the detail happens to horrify or appall them. "One of them kept saying that people read this paper at *breakfast*," I was told by Edna, whose own idea of a successful lead is one that might cause a reader who is having breakfast with his wife to "spit out his coffee, clutch his chest, and say, 'My God, Martha! Did you read this!' " When Edna went to Fort Lauderdale not long ago to talk about police reporting with some of the young reporters in the *Herald's* Broward County bureau, she said, "For sanity and survival, there are three cardinal rules in the newsroom: Never trust an editor, never trust an editor, and never trust an editor."



Edna likes and admires a lot of policemen, but, listening to her talk about policemen, you can get the impression that they spend most of their energy trying to deny her access to information that she is meant to have. Police officers insist on roping off crime scenes. ("The police department has too much yellow rope—they want to rope off the world.") Entire departments switch over to computerized crime reports, which don't accommodate the sort of detailed narrative that Edna used to comb through in the old written reports. Investigators sometimes decline to talk about the case they're working on. (Edna distinguishes degrees of reticence among policemen with remarks like "He wasn't *quite* as paranoid as the other guy.") Some years ago, the man who was then chief of the Metro-Dade department blocked off the homicide squad with a buzzer-controlled entrance whose function was so apparent that it was commonly referred to as "the Edna Buchanan door." Homicide investigators who arrive at a scene and spot Edna talking intently with someone assume that she has found an eyewitness, and they often snatch him away with cautioning words about the errors of talking to the press rather



"I'm afraid alcohol doesn't always bring out the best in Waverly."

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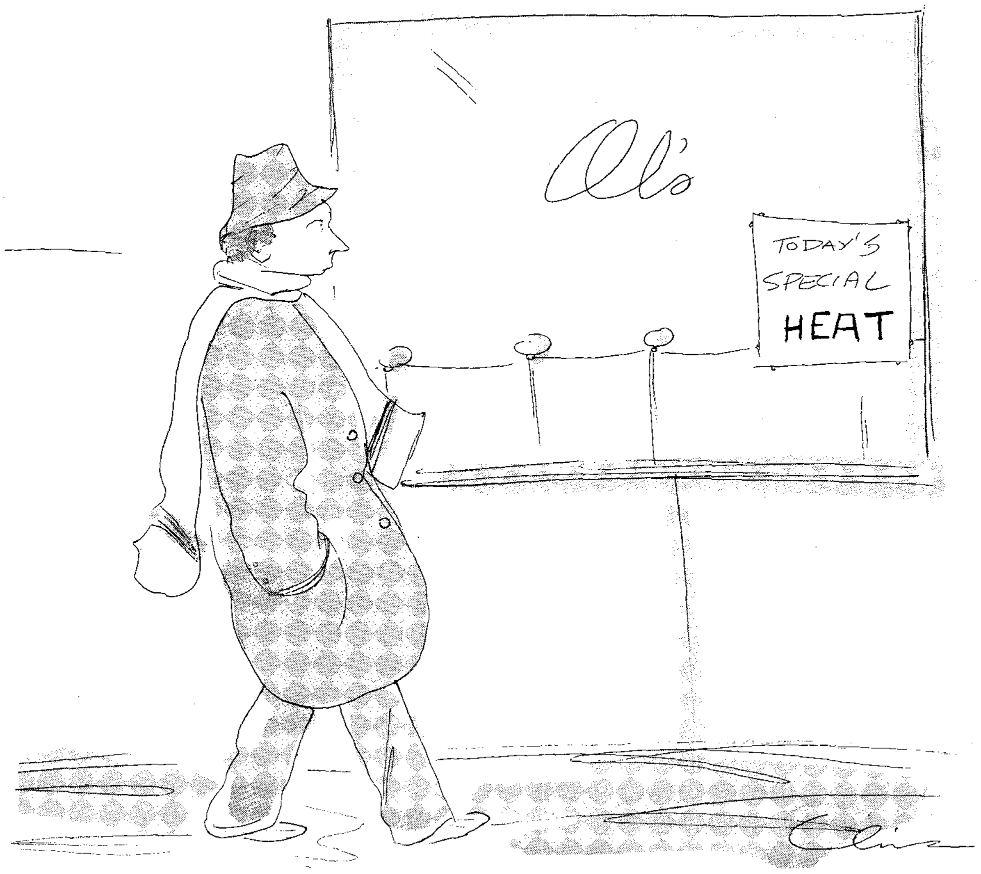
than to the legally constituted authorities. Edna discusses the prevalence of witnessnapping among police detectives in the tone of voice a member of the Citizens Commission on Crime might reserve for talking about an alarming increase in multiple murders.

ONCE the police arrive at a crime scene in force, Edna often finds it more effective to return to the *Herald* and work by telephone. The alternative could be simply standing behind the yellow rope—an activity she considers fit for television reporters. She may try calling the snatched witness. With a cross-indexed directory, she can phone neighbors who might have seen what happened and then ducked back into their own house for a bolstering drink. She will try to phone the victim's next of kin. "I thought you'd like to say something," she'll say to someone's bereaved wife or daughter. "People care what he was like." Most reporters would sooner cover thirty weeks of water-board hearings than call a murder victim's next of kin, but Edna tries to look on the positive side. "For some people, it's like a catharsis," she told me one day. "They want to talk about what kind of person their husband was, or their father. Also, it's probably the only time his name is going to be in the paper. It's their last shot. They want to give him a good sendoff."

There are people, of course, who are willing to forgo the sendoff just to be left alone. Some of them respond to Edna's call by shouting at her for having the gall to trouble them at such a time, and then slamming down the telephone. Edna has a standard procedure for dealing with that. She waits sixty seconds and then phones back. "This is Edna Buchanan at the Miami *Herald*," she says, using her full name and identification for civilians. "I think we were cut off." In sixty seconds, she figures, whoever answered the phone might reconsider. Someone else in the room might say, "You should have talked to that reporter." Someone else in the room might decide to spare the upset party the pain of answering the phone the next time it rings, and might be a person who is more willing to talk. A couple of years ago, Edna called the



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home of a TV-repair-shop operator in his sixties who had been killed in a robbery attempt—a crime she had already managed to separate from the run-of-the-mill armed-robbery murder. ("On New Year's Eve Charles Curzio stayed later than planned at his small TV repair shop to make sure customers would have their sets in time to watch the King Orange Jamboree Parade," Edna's lead began. "His kindness cost his life.") One of Curzio's sons answered, and, upon learning who it was, angrily hung up. "Boy, did I hate dialling the second time," Edna told me. "But if I hadn't I might have lost them for good." This time, the phone was answered by another of Curzio's sons, and he was willing to talk. He had some eloquent things to say about his father and about capital punishment. ("My father got no trial, no stay of execution, no Supreme Court hearing, nothing. Just some maniac who smashed his brains in with a rifle butt.") If the second call hadn't been productive, Edna told me, she would have given up: "The third call would be harassment."

WHEN Edna is looking for information, slamming down the phone must sometimes seem the only way of ending the conversation. She is not an easy person to say goodbye to. Once she begins asking questions, she may pause occasionally, as if the interrogation were finally over, but then, in the sort of silence that in conventional conversations is ended with someone's saying "Well, O.K." or "Well, thanks for your help," she asks another question. The questioning may not even concern a story she's working on. I was once present when Edna began chatting with a Metro-Dade homicide detective about an old murder case that he had never managed to solve—the apparently motiveless shooting of a restaurant proprietor and his wife, both along in years, as they were about to enter their house. Edna would ask a question and the detective would shake his head, explaining that he had checked out that angle without result. Then, after a pause long enough to make me think that they were about to go on to another case, she would ask another question. Could it have been a mistake in the address? Did homicide check out the people who lived in the equivalent house on the next block? Did the restaurant have any connection with the mob? How about an ex-employee? What about a bad son-in-law? Over the years, Edna has come across any number of bad sons-in-law.

Earlier in the day, I had heard her use the same tone to question a young policewoman who was watching over the front desk at Miami Beach headquarters. "What do you think the rest of Bo's secret is?" Edna said as she skimmed log notations about policemen being called to a loud party or to the scene of a robbery or to a vandalized garage. "Is Kimberly going to get an abortion?" At first, I thought the questions were about cases she was reminded of by the log reports. They turned out to be about "Days of Our Lives," a soap opera that both Edna and the policewoman are devoted to. Fifteen minutes later, long after I thought the subject had been dropped, Edna was saying, "So is this new character going to be a friend of Jennifer's—the one in the car wreck?"

Bob Swift, a *Herald* columnist who was once Edna's editor at a paper called the Miami Beach *Sun*, told me that he arrived at the *Sun's* office one day fuming about the fact that somebody had stolen his garbage cans. "I was really mad," he said. "I was saying, 'Who would want to steal two garbage cans!' All of a sudden, I heard Edna say, in that breathless voice, 'Were they empty or full?' "

"NOBODY loves a police reporter," Edna sometimes says in speeches. She has been vilified and shouted at and threatened. Perhaps because a female police reporter was something of a rarity when she began, some policemen took pleasure in showing her, say, the corpse of someone who had met a particularly nasty end. ("Sometimes they try to gross you out, but when you're really curious you don't get grossed out. I'm always saying, 'What's this? What's that?' ") When Edna was asked by David Finkel, who did a story about her for the St. Petersburg *Times*, why she endured the rigors of covering the cops, she replied, "It's better than working in a coat factory in Paterson, New Jersey." Working in the coat factory was one of several part-time jobs that she had as a schoolgirl to help her mother out. Aside from the pleasures Edna associates with reading crime stories to her Polish grandmother, she doesn't have many happy memories of Paterson. Her other grandmother—her mother's mother—was a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution; Edna still has the membership certificate to prove it. That

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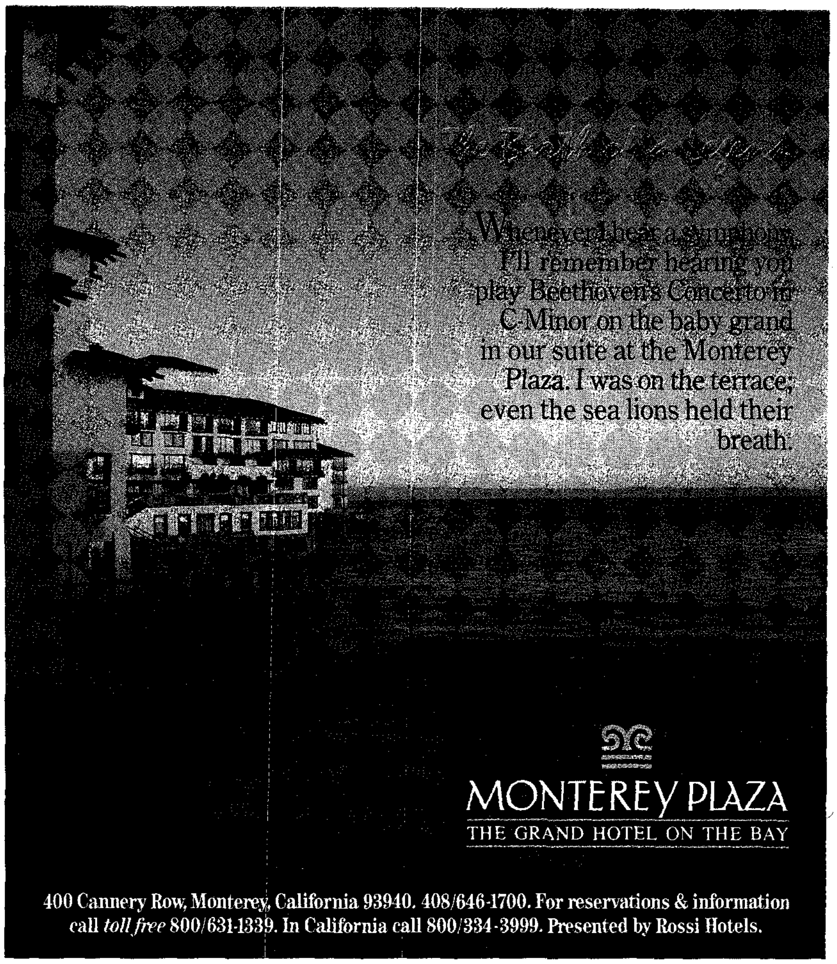

Whenever I hear a symphony, I'll remember hearing you play Beethoven's Concerto in C-Minor on the baby grand in our suite at the Monterey Plaza. I was on the terrace; even the sea lions held their breath.

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LINEN LIVES BEST

grandmother, in the view of her D.A.R. family, married beneath her—her husband was a Paterson schoolteacher—and her own daughter, Edna's mother, did even worse. She married a Polish factory worker who apparently had some local renown as a drinker and carouser, and he walked out when Edna was seven. As soon as Edna finished high school, an institution she loathed, she joined her mother in wiring switchboards at the Western Electric plant. Eventually, she transferred to an office job at Western Electric—still hardly the career path that normally leads to a reporting job on the Miami *Herald*.

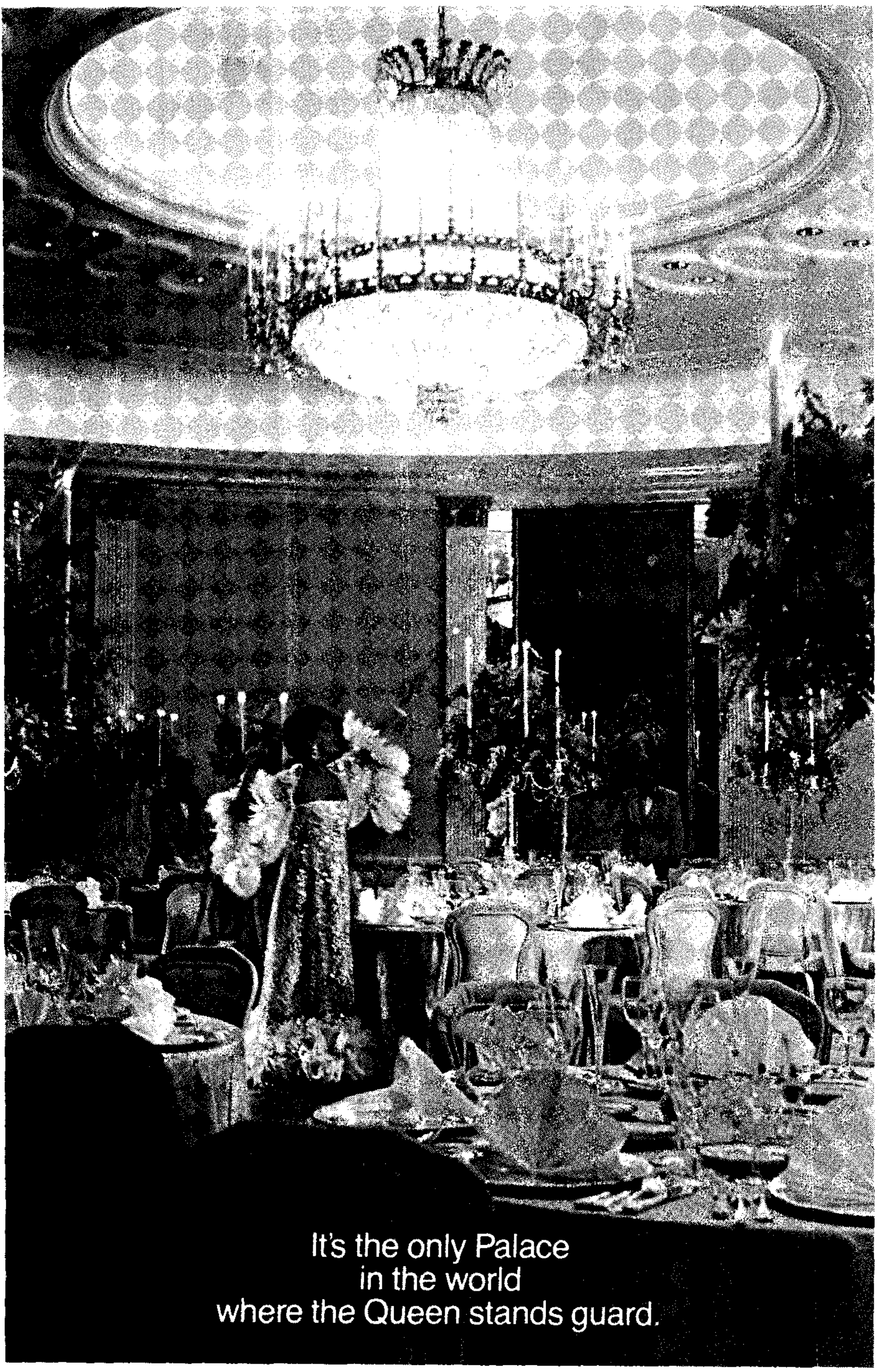
The enormous change in Edna's life came partly because a clotheshorse friend who wanted to take a course in millinery design persuaded her to come along to evening classes at Montclair State Teachers College. Edna, who had been interested in writing as a child, decided to take a course in creative writing. She remembers the instructor as a thin, poetic-looking man who travelled to New Jersey every week from Greenwich Village. He may have had a limp—a war wound, perhaps. She is much clearer about what happened when he handed back the first short stories the students had written. First, he described one he had particularly liked, and it was Edna's—a sort of psychological thriller about a young woman who thought she was being followed. Edna can still recall what the teacher said about the story—about what a rare pleasure it was for a teacher to come across such writing, about how one section reminded him of early Tennessee Williams. It was the one radiant New Jersey moment. The teacher told her about writers she should read. He told her about paragraphing; the first story she turned in was "just one long paragraph." She decided that she could be a writer. Years later, a novelist who had been hanging around with Edna for a while to learn about crime reporting recognized the teacher from Edna's description and provided his telephone number. She phoned him to tell him how much his encouragement had meant to her. He was pleasant enough, Edna told me, but he didn't remember her or her short story.

Not long after the writing course, Edna and her mother decided to take their vacation in Miami Beach, and Edna says that as she walked off the plane she knew she was not going to spend the rest of her life in Paterson, New Jersey. "The instant I breathed the air, it was like coming home," she told me. "I loved it. I absolutely loved it. I had been wandering around in a daze up there, like a displaced person. I was always a misfit." Edna and her mother tried to get jobs at the Western Electric plant in South Florida; when they couldn't arrange that, they moved anyway. While taking a course in writing, Edna heard that the Miami Beach *Sun* was looking for reporters. The *Sun*, which is now defunct, was the sort of newspaper that hired people without any reporting experience and gave them a lot of it quickly. Edna wrote society news and local political stories and crime stories and celebrity interviews and movie reviews and, on occasion, the letters to the editor.

Now, years laters, Edna Buchanan may be the best-known newspaper reporter in Miami, but sometimes she still sounds as if she can't quite believe that she doesn't work in a factory and doesn't live in Paterson, New Jersey. "I've lived here more than twenty years," she said recently. "And every day I see the palm trees and the water and the beach, and I'm thrilled with how beautiful it is. I'm really lucky, coming from a place like Paterson, New Jersey. I live on a waterway. I have a house. I almost feel, My God, it's like I'm an impostor!"

When Edna says such things, she sounds grateful—a state that an old newspaper hand would tell you is about as common among reporters as a prolonged, religiously inspired commitment to the temperance movement. Edna can even sound grateful for the opportunity to work the police beat—although in the next sentence she may be talking about how tired she is of hearing policemen gripe or how irritated she gets at editors who live to pulverize her copy. She seems completely lacking in the black humor or irony that reporters often use to cope with even a short hitch covering the cops. When she says something is interesting as heck, she means that it is interesting as heck.

Some years ago, she almost went over to the enemy. A Miami television station offered her a hundred and thirty-seven dollars more a week than she was making at the *Herald*, and she had just about decided to take it. She had some ideas about how crime could be covered on television in a way that did not lean so heavily on pictures of the body being removed from the premises. At the last moment, though, she decided not to ac-



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cept the offer. One reason, she now says, is that she faced the fact that crime could never be covered on local television with the details and the subtleties possible in a newspaper story. Also, she couldn't quite bring herself to leave the *Herald*. "If I had been eighteen, maybe I would have done it," she says. "But the *Herald* is the only security I ever had."

EVEN before the appearance of "Miami Vice," Miami was the setting of choice for tales of flashy violence. Any number of people, some of them current or former *Herald* reporters, have portrayed Miami crime in mystery novels or television shows or Hollywood movies. Some of the show-business types might have been attracted mainly by the palm trees and the beach and the exotica of the Latin drug industry: the opening shots of each "Miami Vice" episode are so glamorous that some local tourist-development people have been quoted in the *Herald* as saying that the over-all impact of the series is positive. But the volume and the variety of real crime in Miami have in fact been of an order to make any police reporter feel the way a stockbroker might feel at a medical convention: opportunities abound. Like most police reporters, Edna specializes in murder, and, as she might express it in a Miller Chop at the end of the first paragraph, so does Miami.

When Edna began as a reporter, a murder in Miami was an occasion. A woman who worked with Edna at the Miami Beach *Sun* in the days when it was sometimes known as "Bob Swift and his all-girl newspaper" has recalled the stir in the *Sun* newsroom when a body washed up on the beach: "I had a camera, because my husband had given it to me for Christmas. The managing editor said, 'Go take a picture of the body.' I said, 'I'm not taking a picture of a washed-up body!' Then I heard a voice from the other end of the room saying, 'I'll do it, I'll do it.' It was Edna."

In the late seventies, Miami, like other American cities, had a steady increase in the sort of murders that occur when, say, an armed man panics while he is robbing a convenience store. It also had some political bombings and some shooting between outfits that were, depending on your point of view, either running drugs to raise money for fighting Fidel or using the fight against Fidel as a cover for running drugs. At the end of the decade,

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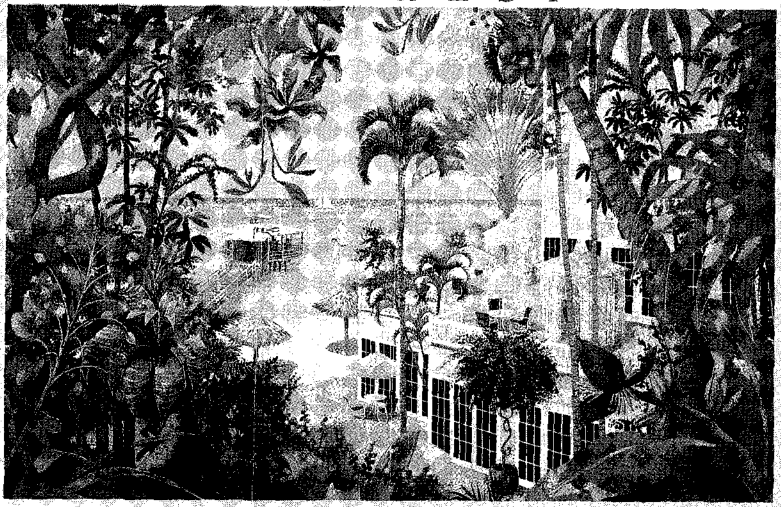

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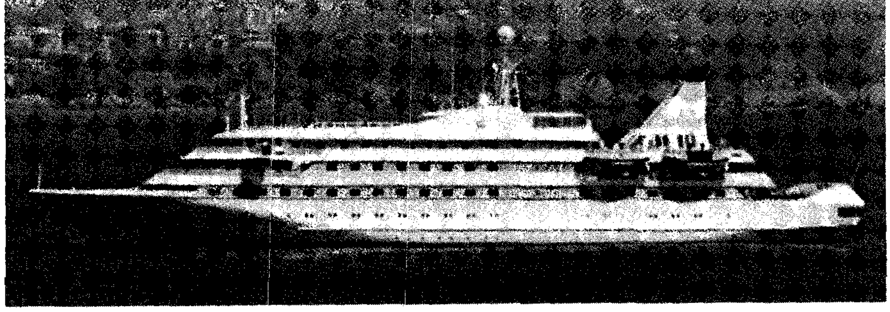
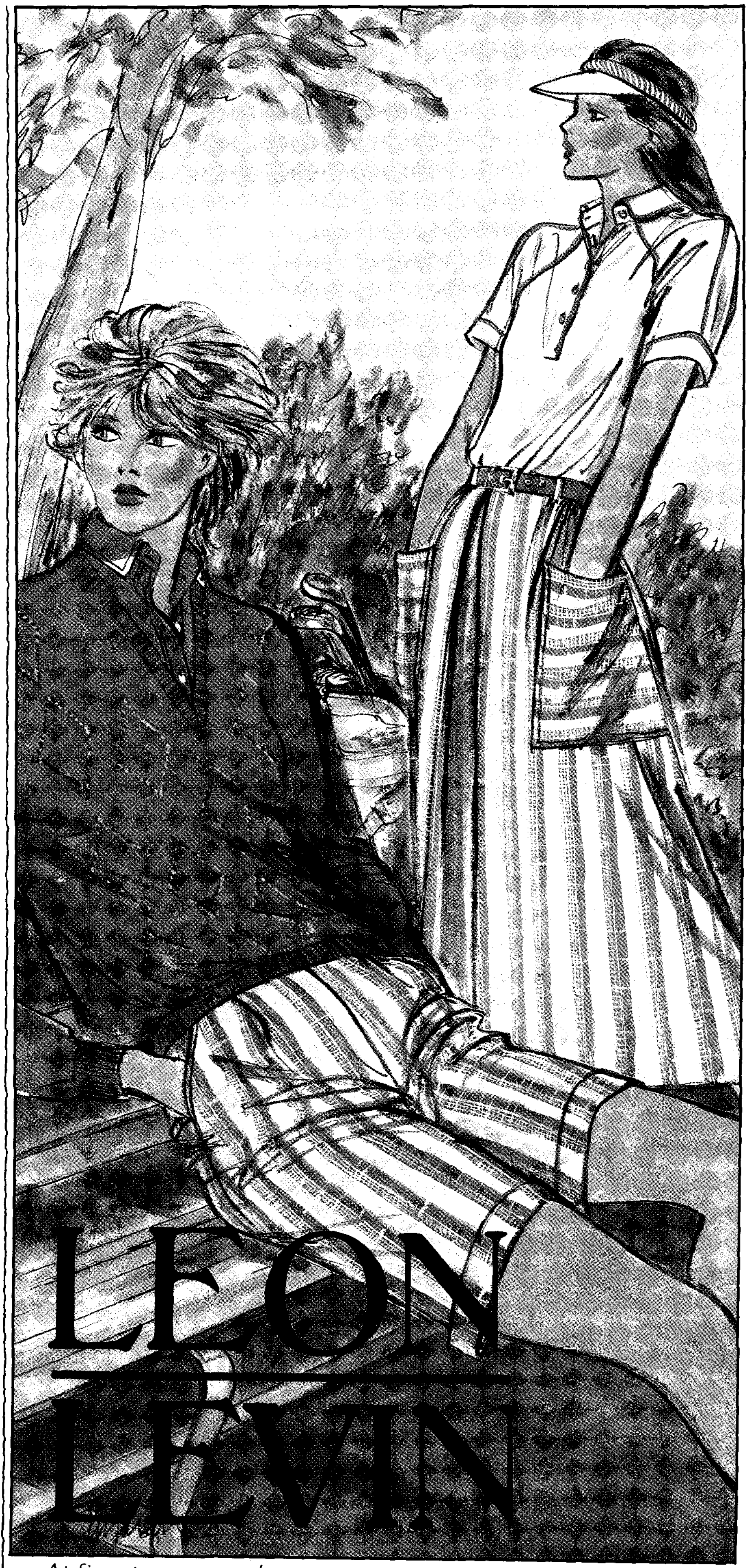


Dade County's murder rate took an astonishing upturn. Around that time, the Colombians who manufactured the drugs being distributed in Miami by Cubans decided to eliminate the middleman, and, given a peculiar viciousness in the way they customarily operated, that sometimes meant eliminating the middleman's wife and whoever else happened to be around. Within a couple of years after the Colombians began their campaign to reduce overhead, Miami was hit with the Mariel-boat-lift refugees. In 1977, there were two hundred and eleven murders in Dade County. By 1981, the high point of Dade murder, there were six hundred and twenty-one. That meant, according to one homicide detective I spoke to, that Miami experienced the greatest increase in murders per capita that any city had ever recorded. It also meant that Miami had the highest murder rate in the country. It also meant that a police reporter could drive to work in the morning knowing that there would almost certainly be at least one murder to write about.

"A PERSONAL question," one of the Broward-bureau reporters said after Edna had finished her talk in Fort Lauderdale. "I hope not to embarrass you, but I've always heard a rumor that you carried a gun. Is that true?"

"I don't carry a gun," Edna said. "I own a gun or two." She keeps one in the house and one in the car—which seems only sensible, she told the reporters, for someone who lives alone and is often driving through unpleasant neighborhoods late at night. It also seems only sensible to spend some time on the shooting range, which she happens to enjoy. ("They let me shoot an Uzi the other day," she once told me. "It was interesting as heck.") A lot of what Edna says about her life seems only sensible, but a lot of it turns out to have something to do with violence or crime, the stuff of an Edna story. Talking about her paternal grandfather, she'll say that he was supposed to have killed or maimed someone in a barroom brawl and that his children were so frightened of his drunken rages that the first sign of an eruption would send some of them leaping out of second-floor windows to escape. As an example of her nearsightedness, she'll mention some revelations in Paterson that seemed to indicate that she had been followed for months by a notorious sex criminal without realizing it. When Edna talks



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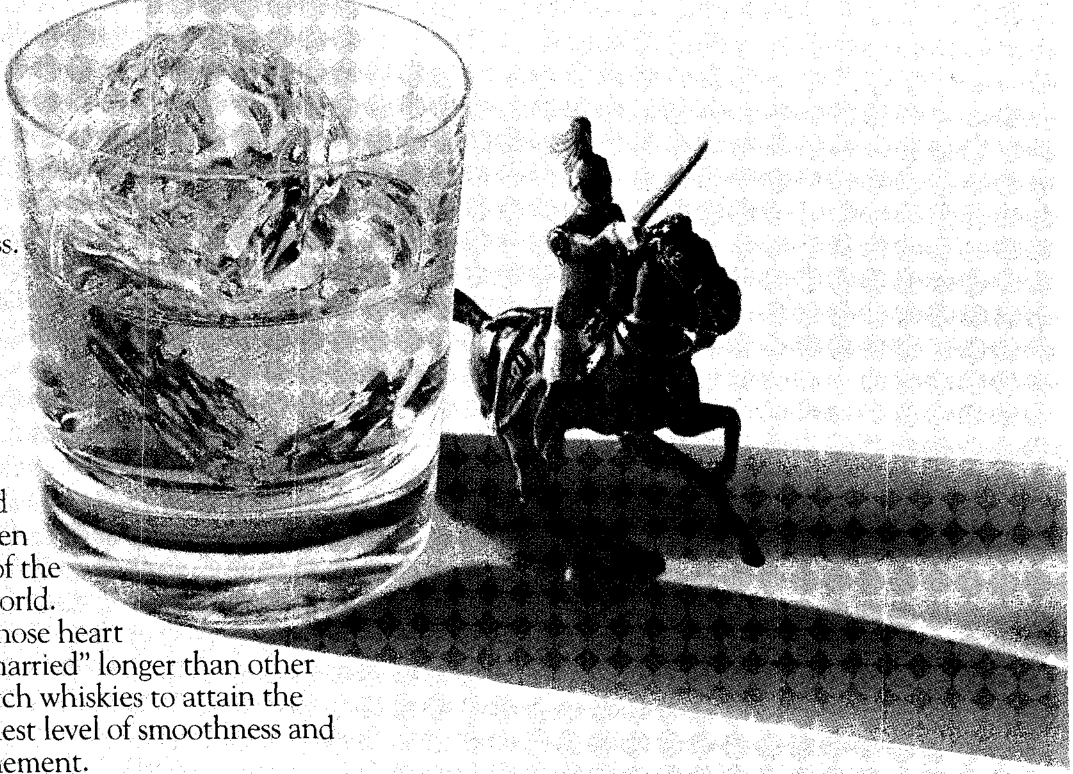
about places where she has lived in Miami, she is likely to identify neighbors with observations like "He lived right across the street from this big dope dealer" or "He was indicted for Medicare fraud but he beat it."

Edna's first marriage, to someone she met while she was working at the Miami Beach *Sun*, could provide any number of classic Edna leads. James Buchanan had some dealings with the anti-Castro community, and was close to Frank Sturgis, one of the Watergate burglars. Edna says that for some time she thought her husband was simply a reporter on the Fort Lauderdale *Sun-Sentinel* who seemed to be out of town more than absolutely necessary. The story she sometimes tells of how she discovered otherwise could be written with an Edna lead: "James Buchanan seemed to make a lot of unexplained trips. Yesterday, at the supermarket, his wife found out why. Mrs. Buchanan, accompanied by a bag boy who was carrying a large load of groceries, emerged from the supermarket and opened the trunk of her car. It was full of machine guns. 'Just put the groceries in the back seat,' she said."

Edna tried a cop the next time, but that didn't seem to have much effect on the duration or quality of the marriage. Her second husband, Emmett Miller, was on the Miami Beach force for years, and was eventually appointed chief. By that time, though, he had another wife, his fifth—a wife who, it turned out, was part owner of what the *Herald* described as "an X-rated Biscayne Boulevard motel and a Beach restaurant alleged to be a center of illegal gambling." The appointment was approved by the Miami Beach City Commission anyway, although one commissioner, who stated that the police chief ought to be "above suspicion," did say, "I don't think we're putting our city in an enviable position when we overlook this."

Since the breakup of her marriage to Miller, Edna has almost never been seen at parties or *Herald* hangouts. "I love to be alone, " she says. One of the people closest to her is still her mother, who lives not far from Edna and seems to produce ceramic animals even faster than she once turned out fully wired switchboards. Edna's house is a menagerie of ceramic animals. She also has ceramic planters and a ceramic umbrella holder and a ceramic lighthouse—not to speak of a watercolor and a sketch by Jack (Murph the Surf) Murphy, the Miami beachboy who in 1964 helped steal the Star of India sapphire and the deLong Star Ruby from the American Museum of Natural History—but ceramic animals are the predominant design element. She has penguins and turtles and horses and seagulls and flamingos and swans and fish and a rabbit and a pelican. She has a ceramic dog that is nearly life-size. She has cats in practically every conceivable pose—a cat with nursing kittens, a cat carrying a kitten in its mouth, a curled-up cat. Edna is fond of some of the ceramic animals, but the fact that her mother's productivity seems to be increasing rather than waning with the passing of the years has given her pause.

All of Edna's live animals are strays. Besides the cats, she has a dog whose best trick is to fall to the floor when Edna points an imaginary gun at him and says, "Bang! You're dead!" Some colleagues at the *Herald* think that a stray animal is about the only thing that can distract Edna from her coverage of the cops. It is assumed at the *Herald* that she takes Mondays and Tuesdays off because the weekend is traditionally a high-crime period. (Edna says that the beaches are less



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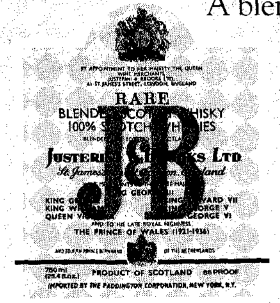
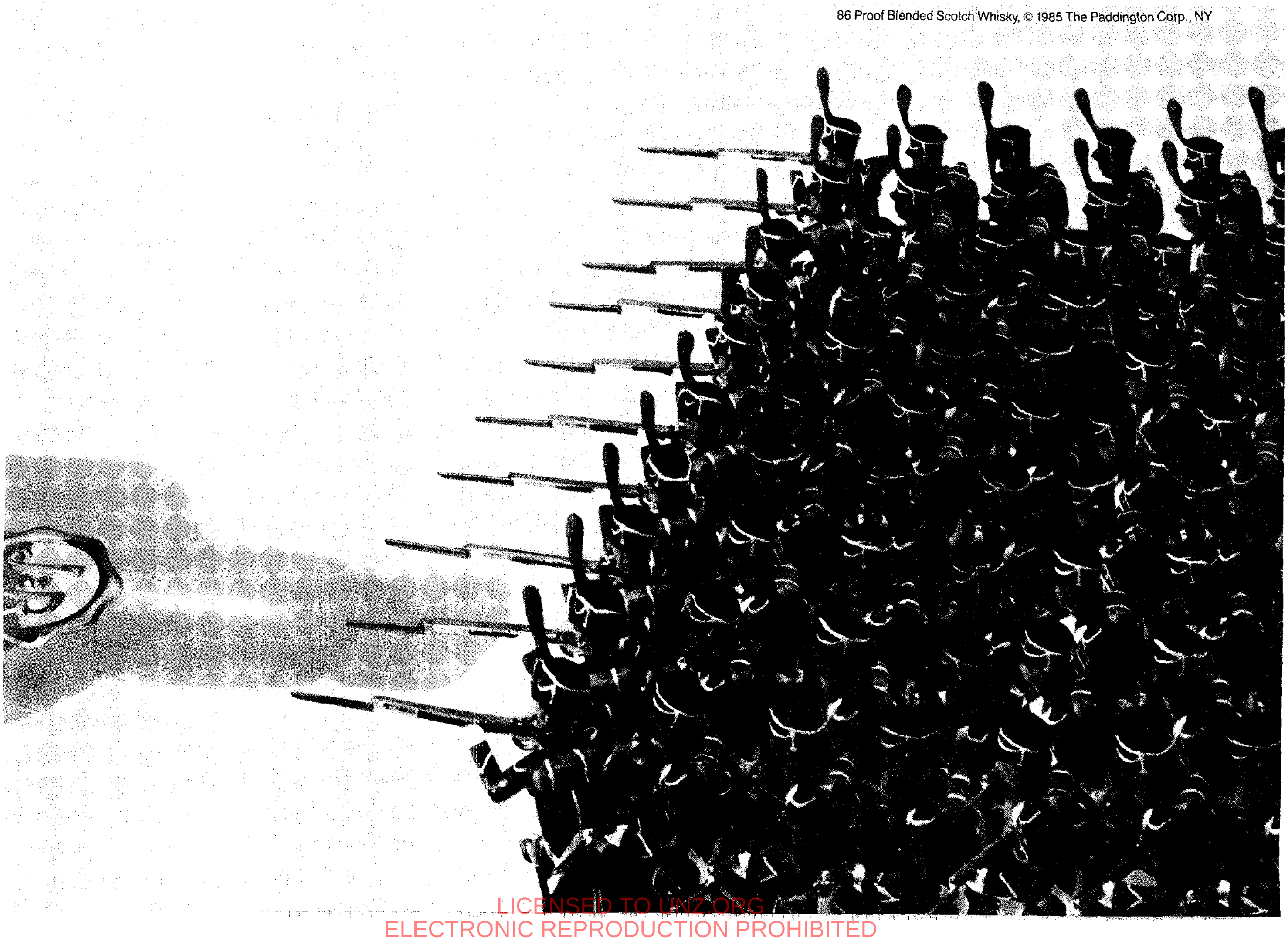


crowded during the week, and that working weekends gives her a better chance at the Sunday paper.) Around the *Herald* newsroom, Edna is known for being fiercely proprietary about stories she considers hers—any number of *Herald* reporters, running into her at the scene of some multiple murder or major disaster, have been greeted with an icy "What are *you* doing here?"—and so combative about her copy that a few of the less resilient editors have been reduced almost to the state in which they would fall to the floor if Edna pointed an imaginary gun at them and said, "Bang! You're dead!" Edna's colleagues tend to speak of her not as a pal but as a phenomenon. Their Edna stories are likely to concern her tenacity or her superstitions or the remarkable intensity she maintains after all these years of covering a beat that quickly strikes many reporters as unbearably horrifying or depressing. They often mention the astonishing contrast between her apparent imperviousness to the grisly sights on the police beat and her overwhelming concern for animals. While I was in Miami, two or three *Herald* reporters suggested that I look up some articles in which, as they remembered it, Edna hammered away so intensely at a retired French-Canadian priest who had put to death some stray cats that the poor man was run out of the country. When I later told one of the reporters that I had read the *Herald*'s coverage of the incident and that almost none of it had been done by Edna, he said, "I'm not surprised. Probably didn't trust herself. Too emotionally involved."

POLICEMEN, Edna told the young reporters in Fort Lauderdale, have an instinctive mistrust of outsiders—"an 'us-and-them' attitude." Edna can never be certain which category she's in. Any police reporter these days is likely to have a less comfortable relationship with the police than the one enjoyed by the old-fashioned station-house reporter who could be counted on to be looking the other way if the suspect met with an accident while he was being taken into custody. Since Watergate, reporters all over the country have been under pressure to cast a more suspicious eye on any institution they cover. Partly because of the availability of staggering amounts of drug money, both the Miami and the Metro-Dade departments have had serious scandals in recent years, making them particularly sensitive to inspection by critical outsiders. The *Herald* has covered police misconduct prominently, and it has used Florida's public-records act aggressively in court to gain access to police documents—even documents involved in Internal Affairs investigations. A lot of policemen regard the *Herald* as their adversary and see Edna Buchanan as the embodiment of the *Herald*.

Edna says that she makes every effort to portray cops as human beings—writing about a police officer who has been charged with misconduct, she usually manages to find some past commendations to mention—but it has never occurred to anybody that she might look the other way. Edna broke the story of an attempted coverup involving a black insurance man named Arthur McDuffie, who died as a result of injuries suffered in an encounter with some Metro-Dade policemen—policemen whose acquittal on manslaughter charges some months later touched off three nights of rioting in Miami's black community. There are moments when Edna seems to be "us" and "them" at the same time. Keeping



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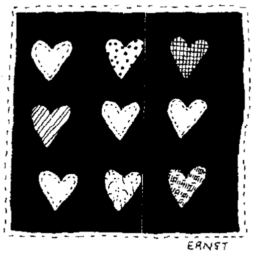
the picture and the press release sent when someone is named Officer of the Month may give Edna one extra positive sentence to write about a policeman the next time she mentions him; also, as it happens, it is difficult to come by a picture of a cop who gets in trouble, and over the years Edna has found that a cop who gets in trouble and a cop who was named Officer of the Month are often the same person.

"There's a love-hate relationship between the police and the press," Mike Gonzalez, one of Edna's best friends on the Miami municipal force, says. A case that Edna covers prominently is likely to get a lot of attention in the department, which means that someone whose name is attached to it might become a hero or might, as one detective I spoke to put it, "end up in the complaint room of the property bureau." Edna says that the way a reporter is received at police headquarters can depend on "what you wrote the day before—or their perception of what you wrote the day before."



Some police officers in Dade County won't talk to Edna Buchanan about the case they're working on. Some of those who do give her tips—not just on their own cases but on cases being handled by other people, or even other departments—won't admit it. (According to Dr. Joseph Davis, the medical examiner of Dade County, "Every police agency thinks she has a direct pipeline into someone else's agency.") Cops who become known as friends and sources of Edna's are likely to be accused by other cops of showboating or of trying to further their careers through the newspaper. When I mentioned Mike Gonzalez to a Metro-Dade lieutenant I was talking to in Miami, he said, "What Howard Cosell did for Cassius Clay, Edna Buchanan did for Mike Gonzalez."

Gonzalez is aware of such talk, and doesn't show much sign of caring about it. He thinks most policemen are nervous about the press because they aren't confident that they can reveal precisely what they find it useful to reveal and no more. Edna's admirers among police investigators—people like Gonzalez and Lloyd Hough, a Metro-Dade homicide detective—tend to admire her for her skill and independence as an investigator. "I'd take her any time as a partner," Hough told me. "Let's put it like this: If I had done something, I wouldn't want Edna investigating me. Internal Affairs I don't care about, but Edna . . ." They also admire her persistence, maddening as it may sometimes be. Hough nearly had her arrested once when she persisted in coming under the yellow rope into a crime scene. "She knows when she's pushed you to the limit, and she'll do that often," Hough told me. "And I say that with the greatest admiration."

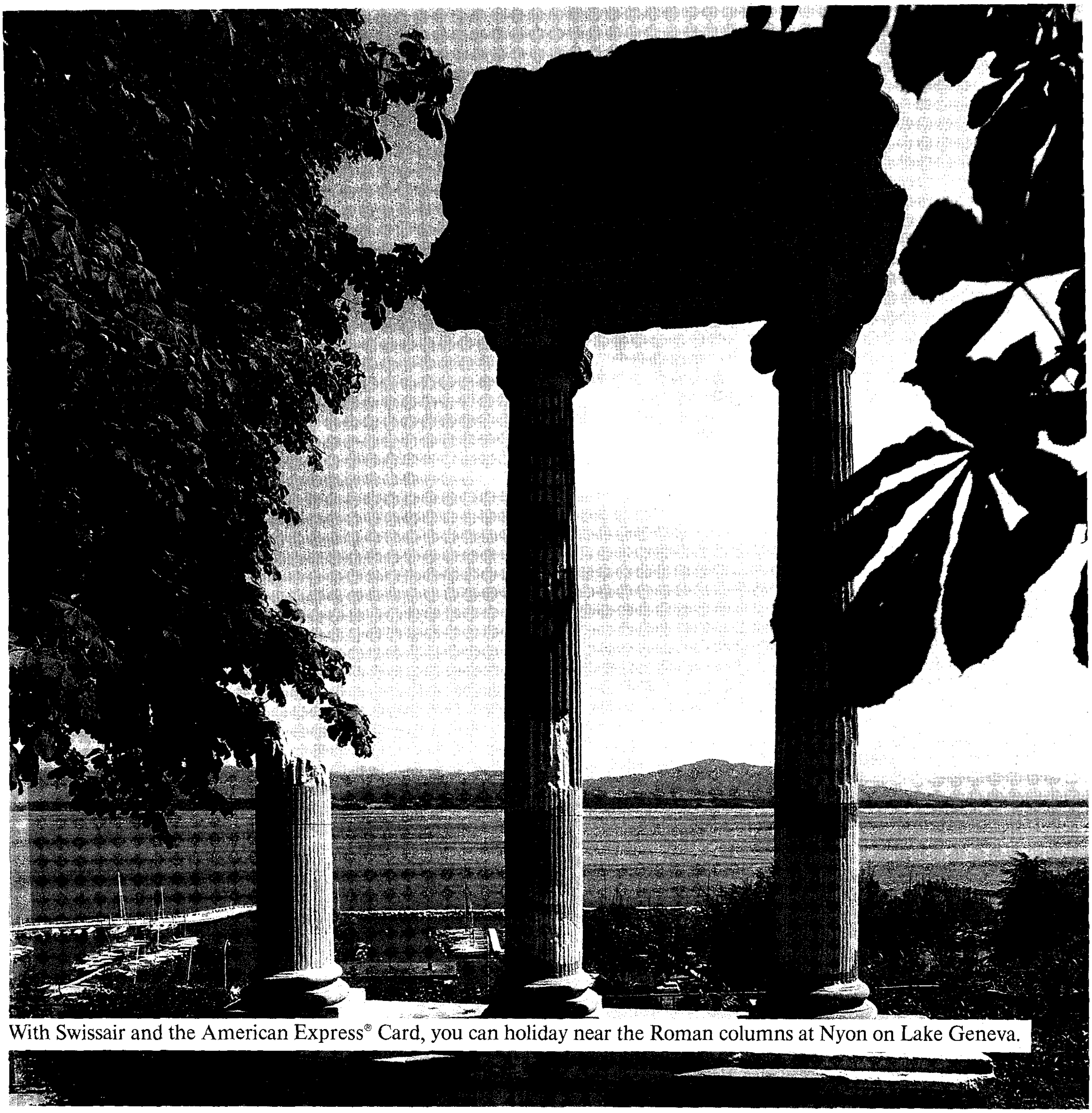
A police detective and a police reporter may sound alike as they stand around talking about past cases—recalling the airline pilot who killed the other airline pilot over the stewardess, or exchanging anecdotes about the aggrieved bag boy who cleared a Publix supermarket in a hurry by holding a revolver to the head of the manager—but their interests in a murder case are not necessarily the same. If an armed robber kills a convenience-store clerk, the police are interested in catching him; Edna is interested in distinguishing what happened from other killings of other convenience-store clerks. To write about any murder, Edna is likely to need details that wouldn't help an investigator close the case. "I want to know what movie they saw before they got gunned down," she has said. "What were they wearing? What did they have in their pockets? What was cooking on the stove? What song was playing on the jukebox?" Mike Gonzalez just sighs when he talks about Edna's appetite for irrelevant detail. "It infuriates Mike," Edna says. "I always ask what the dog's name is, what the cat's name is." Edna told me that Gonzalez now advises rookie detectives that they might as well gather such details, because otherwise "you're just going to feel stupid when Edna asks you."

THERE are times when Edna finds herself longing for simpler times on the police beat. When she began, the murders she covered tended to be conventional love triangles or armed robberies. She was often dealing with "an up-front person who happened to have bludgeoned his wife to death." These days, the murders are likely to be Latin drug murders, and a lot fewer of them produce a suspect. Trying to gather information from Cubans and Central Americans, Edna has a problem that goes beyond the language barrier. "They have a Latin love of intrigue," she says. "I had a Cuban informant, and I found that he would sometimes lie to me just to make it more interesting." It is also true that even for a police reporter there can be too many murders. Edna says that she was "a little shell-shocked" four or five years ago, when Dade murders hit their peak. She found that she barely had time to make her rounds in a thorough way. "I used to like to stop at the jail," she has said. "I used to like to browse in the morgue. To make sure who's there."

Edna found that the sheer number of murders overwhelmed each individual murder as the big story. "Dade's murder rate hit new heights this week as a wave of unrelated violence left 14 people dead and five critically hurt within five days," a story bylined Edna Buchanan began in June of 1980. After a couple of paragraphs comparing the current murder figures with those of previous years, the story went on, "In the latest wave of violence, a teenager's throat was cut and her body dumped in a canal. A former airline stewardess was garroted and left with a pair of scissors stuck between her shoulder blades. Four innocent bystanders were shot in a barroom gun battle. An 80-year-old man surprised a burglar who battered him fatally with a hammer. An angry young woman who 'felt used' beat her date to death with the dumbbells he used to keep fit. And an apparent robbery victim was shot dead as he ran away from the robbers." The murder rate has levelled off since 1981, but Edna still sometimes writes what amount to murder-roundup stories. "I feel bad, and even a little guilty, that a murder no longer gets a story, just a paragraph," she says. "It dehumanizes it." A paragraph in a roundup piece is not Edna's idea of a sendoff.

On a day I was making the rounds with Edna, there was a police report saying that two Marielitos had begun arguing on the street and the argument had ended with one shooting the other dead. That sounded like a paragraph at most. But Edna had a tip that the victim and the killer had known each other in Cuba and the shooting was actually the settling of an old prison score. That sounded to me more like a murder that stood out a bit from the crowd. Edna thought so, too, but her enthusiasm was limited. "We've already had a couple of those," she told me. Edna has covered a few thousand murders by now, and she's seen a couple of most things. She

en the ancient Romans enjoyed holidays in Switzerland, despite the lack of a Basel Art useum, "William Tell" performances, or a Lucerne Music Festival.



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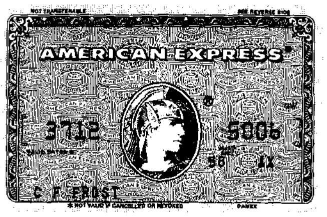

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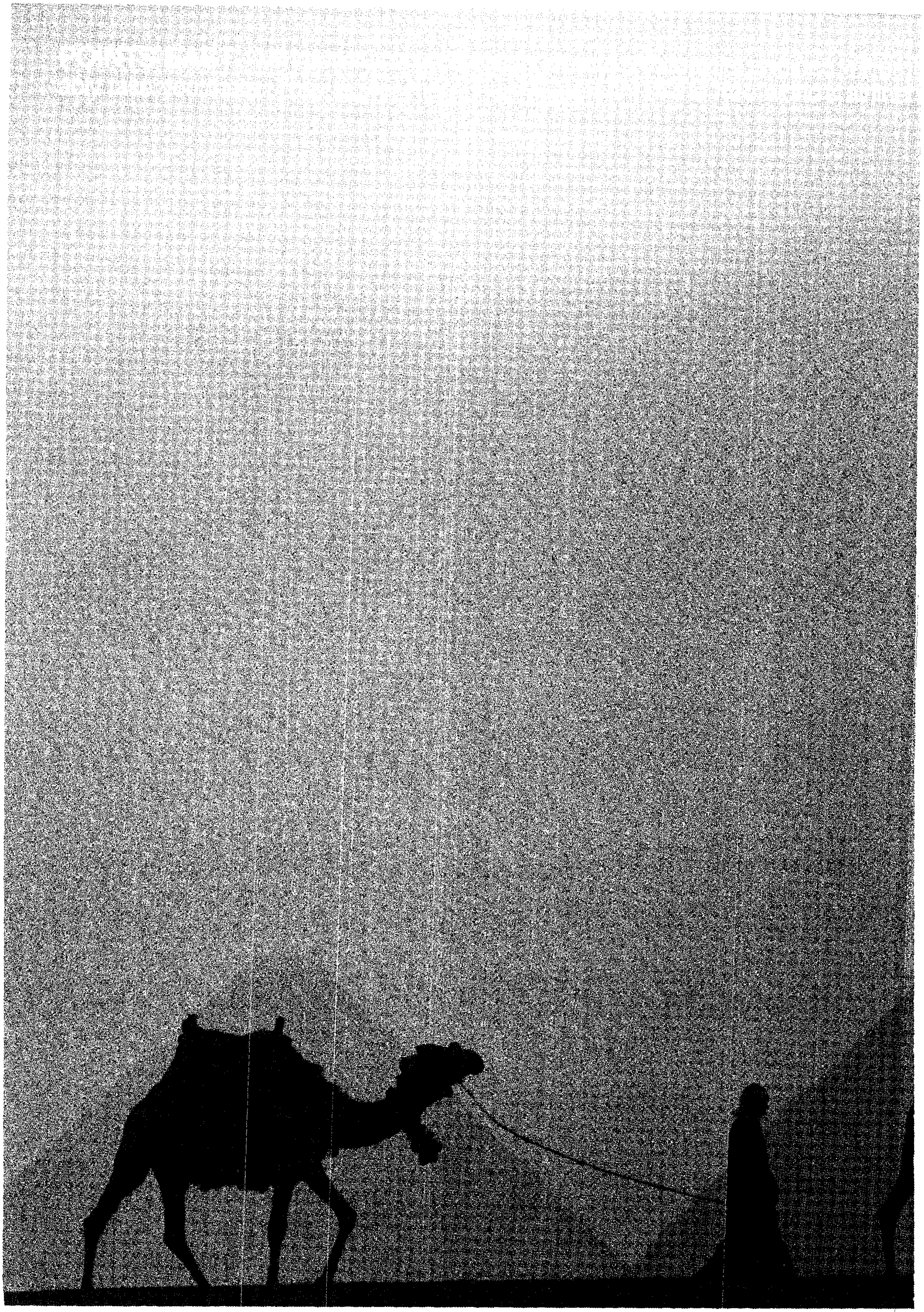

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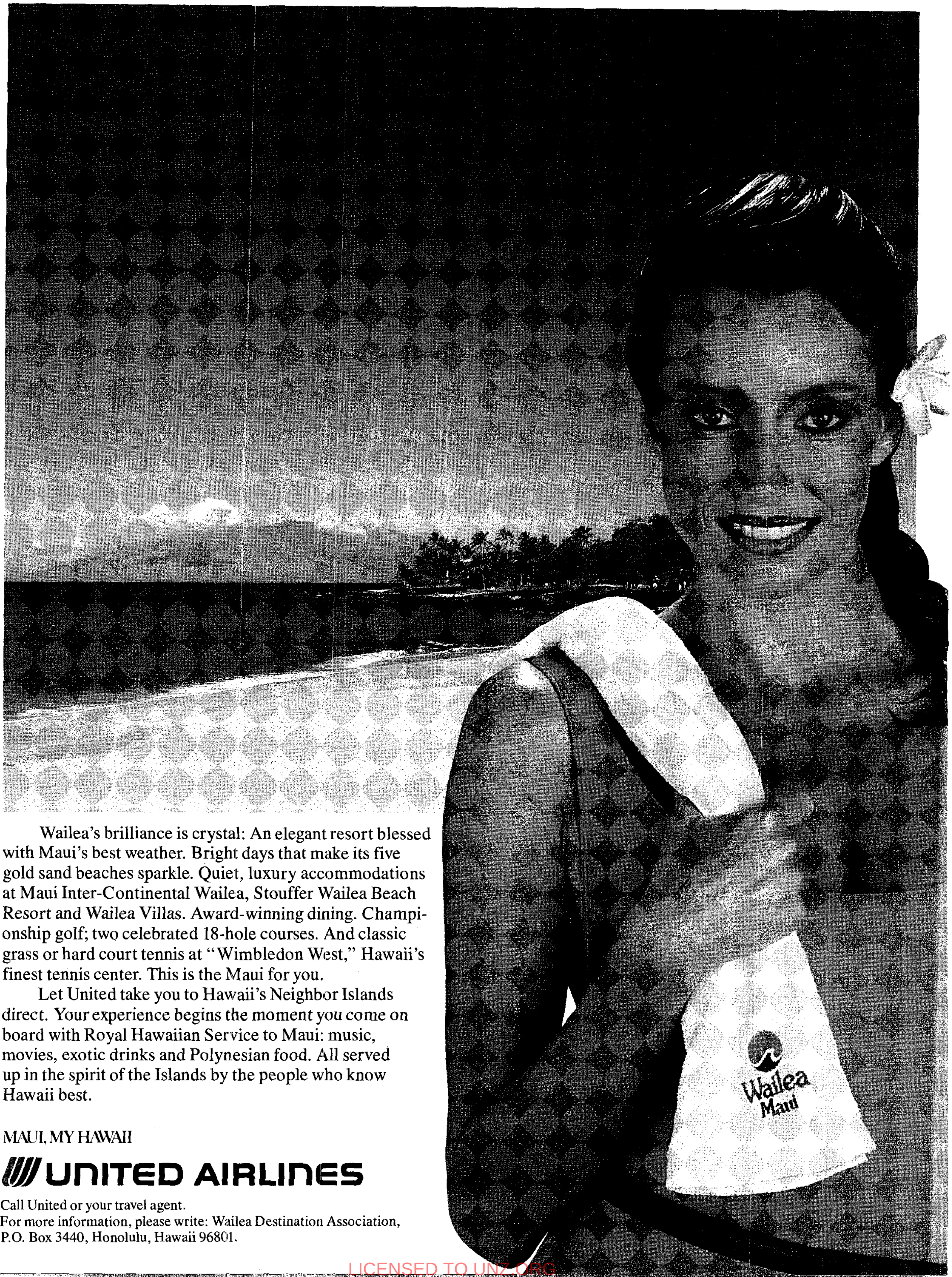

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has done stories about a man who was stabbed to death because he stepped on somebody's toes on his way to a seat in a movie theatre and about a two-year-old somebody tried to frame for the murder of a playmate and about an eighty-nine-year-old man who was arrested for beating his former wife to death and about a little boy killed by a crocodile. She has done stories about a woman who committed suicide because she couldn't get her leaky roof fixed and about a newspaper deliveryman who committed suicide because during a petroleum shortage he couldn't get enough gasoline. She has done stories about a man who managed to commit suicide by stabbing himself in the heart *twice* and about a man who threw a severed head at a police officer twice. She has done a story about two brothers who killed a third brother because he interrupted a checkers game. ("I thought I had the best-raised children in the world," their mother said.) She has done a story about a father being killed at the surprise birthday party given for him by his thirty children. She has done a story about a man who died because fourteen of the eighty-two double-wrapped condom packages of cocaine he tried to carry into the country inside his stomach began to leak. ("His last meal was worth $30,000 and it killed him.") She has done any number of stories about bodies being discovered in the bay by beachcombers or fishermen or University of Miami scientists doing marine research. (" 'It's kind of a nuisance when you plan your day to do research on the reef,' fumed Professor Peter Glynn, of the university's Rosenstiel School of Marine and Atmospheric Science.") Talking to Edna one day about murder cases they had worked on, a Metro-Dade homicide detective said, "In Dade County, there are no surprises left."

Edna would agree that surprises are harder to find in Dade County these days. Still, she finds them. Flipping through page after page of routine police logs, talking to her sources on the telephone, chatting with a homicide detective, she'll come across, say, a shopping-mall murder that might have been done against the background of a new kind of high-school gang, or a murderer who seemed to have been imprisoned with his victim for a time by a sophisticated burglar-gate system. Then, a look of concern still on her face, she'll say, "That's interesting as heck."

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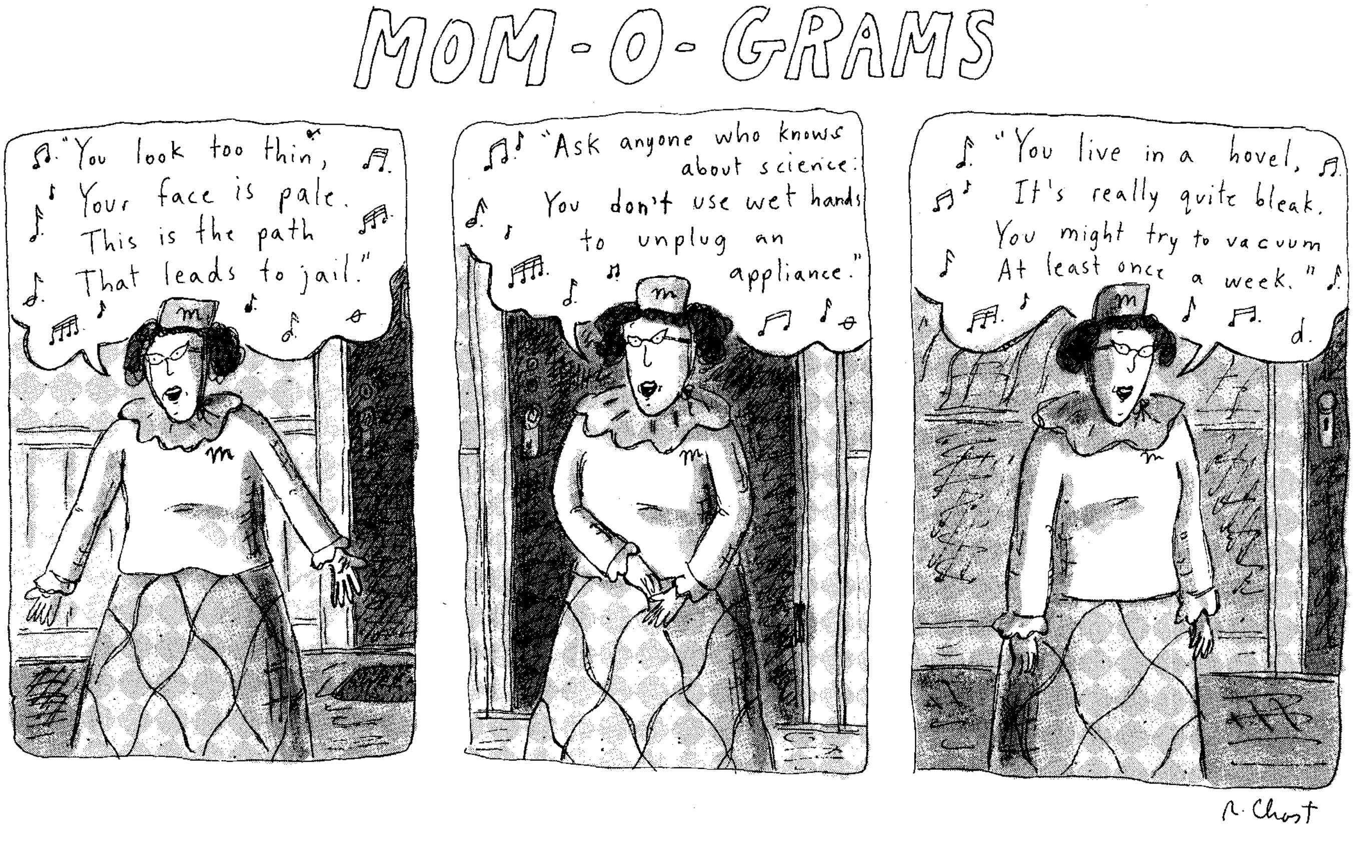
THE ART WORLD

Modern vs. Postmodern

THE main event of this somewhat lacklustre art season has been the furor over the proposed expansion of the Whitney Museum. Since last May, when the Whitney went public with plans, by the architect Michael Graves, to build a new structure alongside and on top of its present one, on Madison Avenue at Seventy-fifth Street, it has been next to impossible to get through an evening's talk without some kind of argument on the subject. A great deal of discussion has centered on whether or not the Graves design would destroy Marcel Breuer's 1966 Whitney building, which has come to be regarded not only as a modernist icon but also (to the great surprise of the Whitney's trustees) as a beloved Manhattan landmark. The situation abounds with ironies. Breuer's dark, granite blockhouse—a highly aggressive form that stands out like a mailed fist from the urbane gentility of Madison Avenue—was praised by architecture critics but greatly disliked and disparaged by the public in its early years. Although it has become a familiar part of the uptown East Side landscape, the current surge of affection for it is something new. The spectacle of architects attacking a prominent member of their own profession is also novel. The profession has always been fiercely competitive—the first law of architecture, it has been said, is "Get the job"—but the degree of public vituperation in this case has been extraordinary. By contrast, Gwathmey Siegel & Associates' proposed addition to the Guggenheim Museum—an eleven-story tower faced with pale-green tile—has elicited little comment of any kind from the profession, even though it seems evident that the tower would seriously compromise the integrity of Frank Lloyd Wright's only Manhattan building, the crowning work of his career, and, by general agreement (something that could hardly be said for Breuer's Whitney), one of the supreme architectural achievements of the twentieth century.

There was no immediate outcry when the Graves drawings and models were presented last spring. His overall plan called for a large, five-story structure equal in height to Breuer's building, extending the museum southward all the way to Seventy-fourth Street (the Whitney owns the row of undistinguished brownstones that would be demolished to make way for the expansion); the two buildings would then serve as the base of a five-story setback penthouse, which would rise to a height of a hundred and eighty-eight feet—the equivalent, in all, of a seventeen-story residential building. The *Times'* architecture critic, Paul Goldberger, gave the plan a rave review in his initial article on the expansion, in May. He called the Graves design "daring and sensitive," and he went on to say that Graves' style—"a richly colored, ornamented assemblage of pure geometries and variations on classical elements such as colonnades and pergolas"—seemed "right for the eclectic mix that Madison Avenue is." The opposition's opening salvo came a month later, at the annual meeting of the New York Chapter of the American Institute of Architects. Abraham W. Geller, a seventy-three-year-old architect, who was receiving the chapter's 1985 Medal of Honor, used the occasion to attack Graves' design. He charged that Breuer's building was being "literally crushed. . . . subjugated to an assemblage of many diverse and unrelated blocks."

Subsequent developments have included an anti-Graves article in the *Times* by Hamilton Smith, who was Breuer's partner on the Whitney commission ("The plan reduces the Breuer building to one of several components of an assemblage wrought by seemingly piling toy blocks on each other"); a letter to the president of the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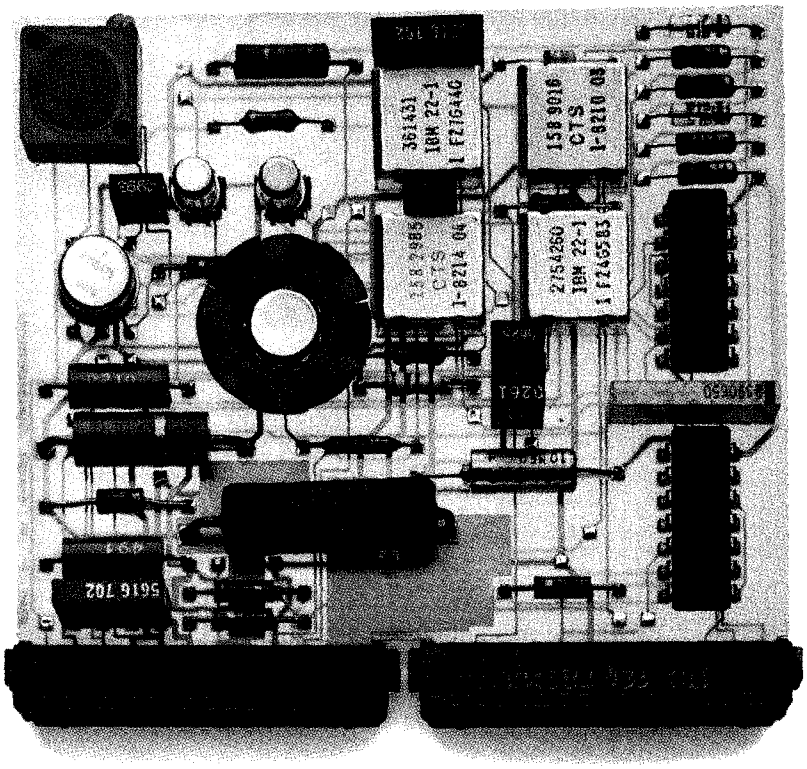
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Whitney from Constance Breuer, the architect's widow, stating that she would prefer to see the Whitney torn down rather than subjected to the indignity of the Graves addition (and adding that she was sure her late husband would have felt the same way); and—most distressing to Graves—a petition with more than six hundred signatures, including those of such well-known architects as Edward Larrabee Barnes, I. M. Pei, Romaldo Giurgola, and John Johansen, stating that the expansion "would totally destroy the architectural integrity of the original building." The Ad Hoc Committee to Save the Whitney, which circulated the petition, has been cooperating with neighborhood groups such as the 75th Street Block Association and the Friends of the Upper East Side Historic District. Since the Whitney falls within the recently designated Upper East Side Historic District, its expansion plan must be approved by the Landmarks Preservation Commission; it must also pass review by the City Planning Commission, the Board of Estimate, and Community Board 8. The opposition forces have been raising funds to fight the plan at every stage, and they have retained the services of Berle, Kass & Case, the law firm that was instrumental in stopping Westway.

Some equally prominent architects have rallied to Graves' defense. Philip Johnson and Ulrich Franzen spoke favorably of his design at a curiously restrained public meeting sponsored by the New York Chapter of the A.I.A. in July. The architectural historians Vincent Scully and Martin Filler have defended it. Paul Goldberger, meanwhile, has had second thoughts. He now feels that the five-story top section is "fussy, pretentious and overblown," and he has suggested that "a smaller, less ambitious Whitney could be a better one."

Johnson and others tend to regard the dispute as a generational conflict, pitting modernist diehards against their postmodernist challengers. While this is too narrow an interpretation—the neighborhood groups simply don't want to see a huge building go up on the block, and the head of the Ad Hoc Committee to Save the Whitney, Murray Levi, is a twenty-nine-year-old architect just out of Cooper Union—there is obviously some truth to it. The emergence during the last decade of what has been called postmodernist architecture, with its borrowings from historical styles,

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its bold use of color and ornamentation, and its playful (or frivolous, depending on your point of view) mixing of forms, represents an almost total break with the austere, "less is more" aesthetic of Mies van der Rohe, Walter Gropius, and the other giants of architectural modernism. (It also represents an economic threat to architectural firms that have based their practice on steel-and-glass office towers, which many clients no longer seem to want.) Marcel Breuer was one of the modernist founders; he taught at the Bauhaus, he was Gropius's partner after they both moved to this country, in the nineteen-thirties, and he was beloved by several generations of American architecture students. The prospect of seeing his most important New York building swallowed up by a postmodernist extravaganza turned an aesthetic issue into an emotional one.

Michael Graves, as it happened, was an ideal target for pent-up modernist wrath. Comparatively young (fifty-one), he was known mainly as a teacher (at Princeton) and a designer of innovative private houses until, in 1982, he burst upon the larger architectural scene with the Portland Building, in Oregon, his first large-scale commission. He has since become one of the busiest architects in the country. His recent work has received a great deal of publicity, both favorable and unfavorable. Pietro Belluschi, the former dean of the School of Architecture and Planning at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, called his Portland Building an "oversize, beribboned Christmas package" that belonged "perhaps in Atlantic City or in Las Vegas, but not in Portland." (Belluschi later recanted, saying he was getting used to the building and was sorry he had made any adverse comment on it.) At the 1983 A.I.A. Convention, in New Orleans, where Graves received an award for the Portland Building, he was confronted by fellow-architects wearing lapel buttons that showed the Portland Building with a red slash through it, and others wearing buttons that read "We Don't Dig Graves." In spite of these slings and arrows, Graves was unprepared for the attacks on his Whitney design. The fact that I. M. Pei and other architects had signed the petition against him was particularly galling; a year or so earlier, Graves had refused to speak out against Pei's glass-pyramid entrance to the Louvre, saying, "Architects

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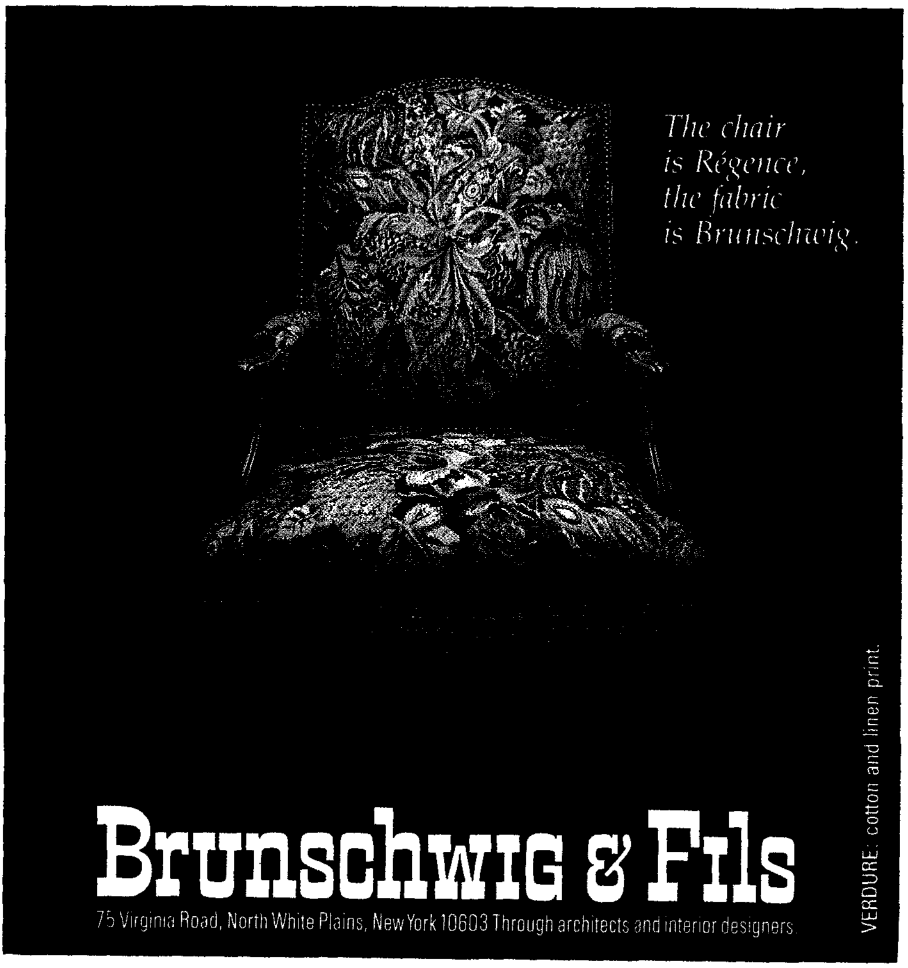
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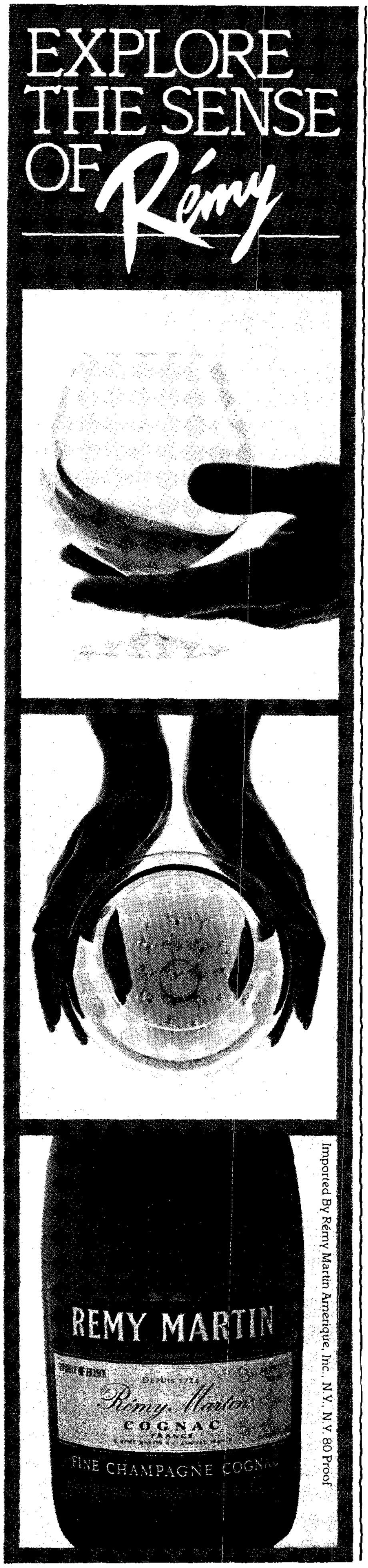
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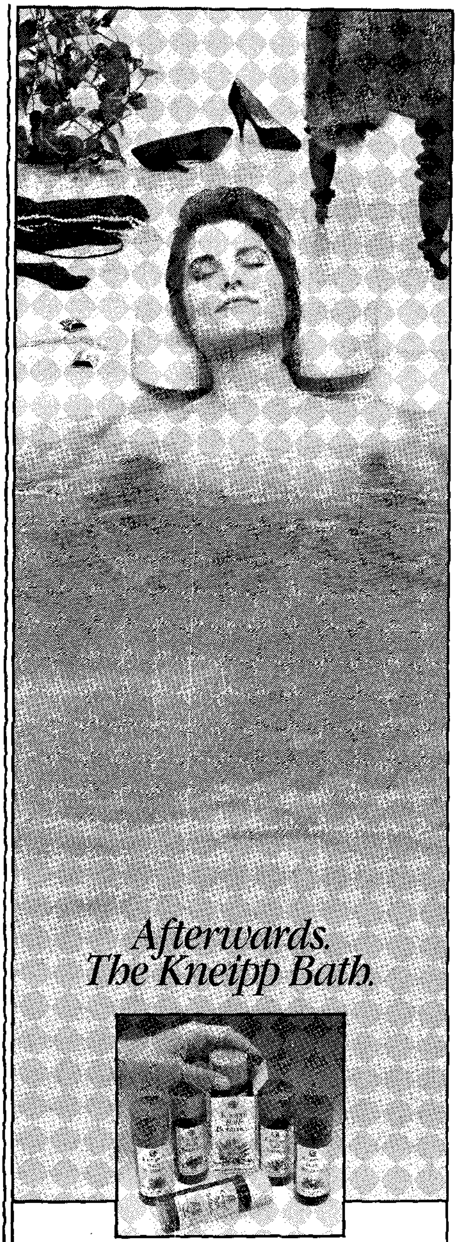
don't do that sort of thing." He knows better now.

The uproar also came as a nasty shock to the trustees and staff of the Whitney Museum. Thomas Armstrong, the director, and Flora Miller Biddle, who was then the president of the board (she has since relinquished that post to become chairman), had felt that in choosing Graves they were doing just what an earlier Whitney board had done when it selected Breuer—entrusting the museum's future to the cutting edge of architectural excellence. In retrospect, some of the trustees agree that it was a great mistake to present the Graves design to the public mainly in the form of elevation drawings. The public didn't understand elevations—didn't realize that the building wouldn't look that way when seen from the street. The penthouse floors, with their setbacks, would barely be visible from street level, and when the museum was viewed from the north, down Madison, the original Breuer building would hardly be obliterated. Graves fully believes he was being respectful to the Breuer building. He kept Breuer's flying bridge as the main entrance to the museum, and he echoed the Breuer façade in subtle ways in his adjoining building. Since the main purpose of the expansion was to provide more space for the museum's permanent collection, both Graves and the Whitney's building committee had rejected the idea of housing the addition in a tower. "We need horizontal space," Armstrong explained. "We don't want a tower where you go to the seventeenth floor for Minimalism." That being the case, the only alternative was to build alongside and on top of Breuer. When Graves accepted the job, he had called it "an incredible challenge" and "the most important commission of the decade." He had gone to great pains to design a building that would read as "one museum" but would also be more hospitable than the Breuer building to what he called the "smaller scale and more elaborated façades of the remainder of Madison Avenue." (Breuer had told a *Newsweek* reporter in 1966 that he had not tried to accommodate his building to its neighbors, "because the neighboring buildings aren't any good.") It may well be that adding to Breuer's abstract, sculptural mass and being respectful to it at the same time is impossible. But then why weren't the architects who opposed Graves' design jumping up and down with



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rage at Gwathmey Siegel's plan for the Guggenheim? Was some of their anger directed at the Whitney itself, rather than just at Graves?

A painful thought, that. For much of its history, the Whitney has been looked upon with great affection—if not always with great esteem—by the New York art community and by the public. Established in 1930 by Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney, a professional sculptor who also happened to be one of the richest women in America, it retained for many years the guiding ideals of the Whitney Studio Club, which had preceded it; the Whitney existed primarily to help living American artists, and several generations of American artists looked to it as their invaluable resource, showroom, and spiritual home. Its loyalty to the artists who had grown up with it eventually became a drawback. The Whitney was lamentably late in recognizing Jackson Pollock, Willem de Kooning, and others of the first generation of American artists to achieve international renown, and until 1968 or so it took relatively little notice of Pop Art, Minimalism, and other contemporary developments. Tom Armstrong, the abundantly genial but by no means easygoing man who took over as director in 1974, saw his job primarily in terms of professionalizing the place. "When I first came here, some trustees still talked about giving So-and-So a show because he was getting older, or he needed the attention, or he had taught so many years at the Art Students League," Armstrong told me some time ago. "It was a private museum until 1961—no trustees outside the Whitney family and their advisers. My main point has been to turn it into an institution whose primary responsibility is to the public. That means making critical judgments and decisions about quality. It means setting standards. I want this to be the best place in the world to see what American artists have done in this century."

Some critics (and some artists) believe that Armstrong's Whitney has failed dismally in this endeavor. The museum's biennial exhibitions of painting and sculpture—our closest approximation of a national salon—have been accused of "trendiness," and its curatorial standards, despite some outstanding exhibitions, are said to be erratic. Hilton Kramer, formerly the chief art critic of the *Times* and since 1982 the editor of *The New Criterion*, has repeatedly attacked Armstrong's stewardship, and the diatribe reached its peak (presumably) in the September, 1985, issue of *The New Criterion*. The public announcement of Michael Graves' design for the Whitney expansion had finally made clear, according to Kramer, the "sinister and menacing character" of that museum's over-all policies and programs. The "moment of truth" had dawned, "even for those who had tried so arduously to make allowances for so many egregious misadventures in the past." The Whitney now stood revealed as one of those art institutions (apparently there are many) which "constitute a real threat to the life of art and its place in our society." Armstrong and his staff have learned to take Kramer's opinions in stride—the implication that they spent most of their time thinking up new ways to damage American art struck them and others as laughable. But it is clear that the climate of affection in which the Whitney once basked has chilled considerably, and one of Armstrong's big problems is that the museum has not yet gained enough professional respect to give it real power as an institu-

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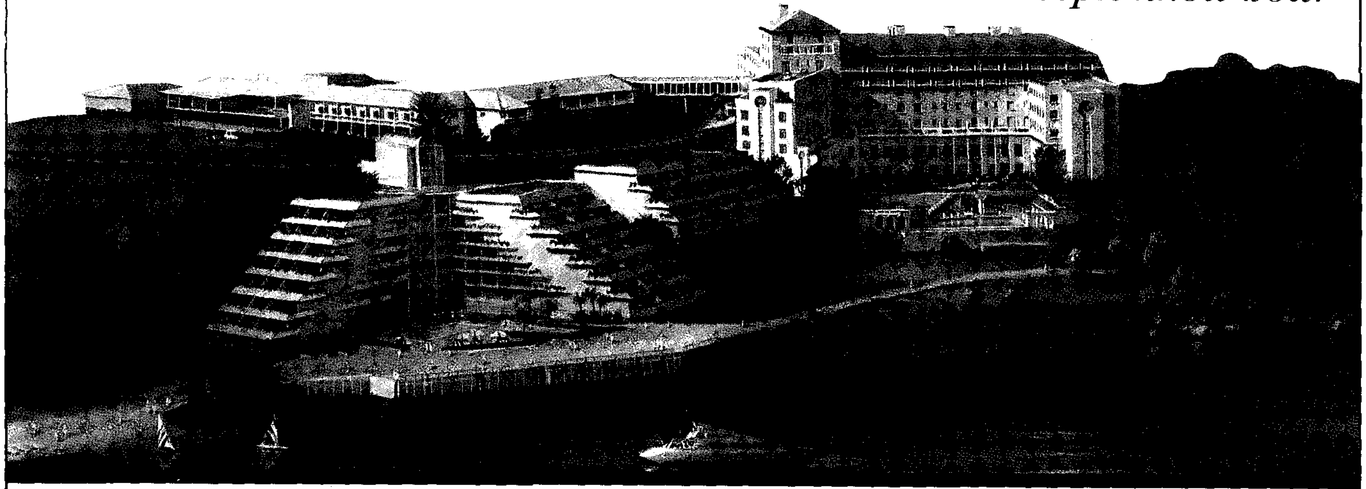

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tion. The Whitney's board of trustees wields relatively little clout in New York's social or political life. William S. Woodside, the new president of the Whitney's board, may change that; he is the chairman and chief executive officer of the American Can Company, and it is anticipated that he will try hard to bring more corporate throw weight into the museum's future. At the moment, though, almost anyone with money and social ambitions would still rather serve on the board of the Museum of Modern Art or the Metropolitan Museum—two institutions that have carried out vast recent expansions with little public opposition.

Armstrong and his board feel that they also erred in not "selling" the need for their museum's expansion before they revealed the architectural plan. They are trying to do so now, at every possible opportunity. The present space, they point out, allows them to show only seventy-two works of art out of a permanent collection of ten thousand. There is no auditorium for lectures or public-education programs, and no space to show the Whitney's collection of more than five thousand drawings; office and support facilities are wholly inadequate; the library can accommodate only four users at a time (thin ones). The Graves plan would add about thirty-five thousand square feet of exhibition space—more than doubling the present total. It would also provide a two-hundred-and-fifty-seat theatre, an orientation gallery, an expanded library and study center, additional office space, a rooftop restaurant, and a host of lesser amenities. Critics of the expansion have asked whether the Whitney really needs all these things if the price includes doing in the Breuer building. One Whitney trustee resigned last spring because he was opposed to the expansion, and two others recently told a *Times* reporter that they had doubts about the expansion. The rest of the thirty-three-member Whitney board is behind the plan, however, even though several have asked rather plaintively for verbal ammunition to use at cocktail and dinner parties, where they are frequently asked to explain why they want to spoil the Whitney. (Armstrong's staff obliged them with a two-page, single-spaced summary of useful facts and arguments.) Twenty-five board members have pledged financial support for the building fund, which has been set at fifty-two and a half million dollars —thirty-seven and a half million for the expansion itself and fifteen million for an endowment to maintain it. According to the museum, about a third of the money has been pledged; but some trustees doubt the firmness of some pledges, and most agree that public opposition will make it tougher to raise the full amount.

THE next step is for the Graves plan to go before the Landmarks Preservation Commission. The Whitney withdrew its application for a hearing last spring, having decided that it needed more time to assemble the required data—and no doubt hoping that passions might cool a bit. The museum has also brought in reinforcements: Sandy Lindenbaum, who is considered one of the top real-estate lawyers in the city, and the public-relations company of Howard J. Rubenstein Associates. The Landmarks Commission hearing will probably take place sometime this spring, and it is predicted that the Graves design will be presented there in a somewhat scaled-down form. A major battle is expected, in any event, and the outcome is very much in doubt. As one experienced urban administrator said to me, the lost momentum, a determined and well-organized opposition, a bad press, and a highly complex series of public hearings and official reviews add up to a real possibility that the project will be stopped. What then?

Armstrong has indicated that if the building expansion and the development plans that go with it are shelved he will resign. The Whitney's trustees would then be obliged to sit down and rethink a number of issues. This could turn out to be an interesting process. There has been very little hard thinking lately about the nature and the purpose of art museums. Should they really try to be all things to all people, as so many museums feel they must these days—community centers as well as research institutions, places of entertainment as well as temples of high culture? Must they forever grow larger and more "comprehensive" in their appeal? Is public education in the visual arts really part of the museum's job? The Whitney has already expanded its activities by establishing three branch museums—two in Manhattan and one in Stamford, Connecticut—and this week it will open a fourth branch, in the Equitable Life Assurance Society's new building, on Seventh Avenue between Fifty-first and Fifty-second Streets. Could this be an alternative to enlarging the Breuer

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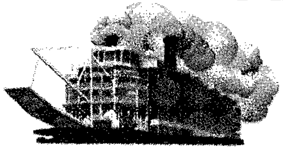

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space—Whitney branches exfoliating across the country, spreading the good word about American art? In the nineteen-twenties, a number of educators and museum people addressed themselves to such questions. Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., the co-founder of the fine-arts department at Princeton, argued that American museums were growing too large, and so defeating their purpose. He urged the Metropolitan and other big museums to decentralize—to establish branch museums specializing in one or another category of art objects, which, he said, would lead to greater interest and pleasure for the public and more efficient administration. John Cotton Dana, the brilliantly innovative director of the Newark Museum, contended that "no other public institutions give so little in return for the money spent on them as museums." Dana wanted museums to help viewers respond to aesthetic pleasure in their everyday life, and he argued that they were doing nothing of the kind. This sort of spirited iconoclasm is in short supply today, when American civic pride seems to require the automatic proliferation of more and bigger art museums.

The questions will probably not be asked, though—at least, not in this case. My guess is that the Whitney will agree to some cutbacks and alterations in the Graves design, and that the expansion will eventually be approved. Graves is not averse to putting his building "on a diet," as he phrases it. His original design simply reflects what Armstrong and the Whitney trustees asked for in terms of space; if they opt for less, Graves can oblige them. At any rate, New York has always been more hospitable to change than to architecture. "It's an old issue, isn't it?" Philip Johnson said the other day. "We all ruin other people's buildings. I 'ruined' the Museum of Modern Art—not once but twice!—and now Cesar Pelli has 'ruined' my garden there. Breuer tried to ruin Grand Central Terminal. The fight to stop him from building that fifty-five-story tower over Grand Central was really what put teeth into the Landmarks Commission." Johnson himself, who as early as the nineteen-fifties was telling Yale students that "you cannot not know history," has managed the transition from modernism to postmodernism with the ease of a master technician. At the age of seventy-nine, he knows that in this city it is the architects who last, not the buildings.

—Calvin Tomkins

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LETTER FROM EUROPE

DREUX

FRANÇOISE GASPARD, who used to be the mayor here, says she expected trouble from the right when vacuum-cleaner salesmen started to show up in the town housing projects, where everyone is poor. That was late in 1982, and not many of the old Dreux families, with their own houses in the *centre ville*, near the Église Saint-Pierre and the famous High Gothic bell tower, knew much then about the visits or about the projects, which are a mile southeast of what they consider Dreux—up on the long, bare ridge, on the outskirts of town, that everybody here calls the Plateaux. There are more than eight and a half thousand immigrants in Dreux—factory workers and the wives and children of factory workers—and in 1982 the old Drouais believed that the projects were really a giant dormitory for those immigrants. They had heard the stories about life on the Plateaux—about the racket at night during Ramadan, about the sheep slaughtered in the halls for the Feast of Abraham and the blood pouring down the stairwells, about the veiled Turkish women who cooked on braziers on the floor while their husbands fought outside in parking lots, about the Muslim preachers sent by Qaddafi to turn the little Moroccan and Algerian boys of Dreux into maniacs. Anyone driving out of town to the Route Nationale 12, the road to Paris, fifty miles away, had to pass the projects. People would look up at the gray cinder-block buildings, which seemed to darken and deteriorate with every trip they made, and Mme. Gaspard says that as often as not they would turn away; perhaps it was because the buildings looked so much like a dance of death across that curious, barren ridge that separated Dreux and the rolling countryside of the Beauce from the rich, flat farmland of the Île-de-France. If the people were public-spirited and humane—the kind of people who belonged to civic clubs like the Cercle Laïque or the Patronage Saint-Jean, and believed in good works for the city—they would shake their heads and talk about how difficult life must be for the immigrants, cut off by poverty and by their own recalcitrance from the good influence of real Drouais like themselves.

Until the vacuum-cleaner salesmen arrived, it had never occurred to most of the old Drouais that more than half the flats on the Plateaux had French families in them, that Dreux's Third World was also its Fourth World—its world of native poverty, of peasants who had happened to pass through Dreux on their way from Brittany or Normandy to Paris and had simply stayed on, hoping for jobs, and of beggars and street thieves who had come out from Paris because they were *interdits de séjour*, banished from the capital and forbidden to settle anyplace closer to the Paris gates. But the fact is that Dreux was always on a *route de passage* that poor people followed toward the Loire and their dreams of an easy and bountiful landscape. Long before the signs went up in Saharan villages and Portuguese churches and customs sheds along the Marseilles docks—signs advertising work in Dreux for foreigners—those Frenchmen were camped on the Plateaux. There were vagabonds and squatters. Even a colony of gangsters came to Dreux, between the wars, when the government was trying to clean up Paris and was using the old banishment laws to send pimps and runners and drug dealers out of the protected circle of the Paris Milieu, which is what the French call their Mafia. Neither the Brittany peasants nor the Paris crooks ever made it down from the Plateaux and into the life of the city. But they and, in time, their sons gave Dreux a terrible reputation—which everybody but the old Drouais acknowledged. People in Châteaudun, and even in Chartres, twenty miles away, knew about the gangs from Dreux. They were notorious. They would prowl the Île-de-France on Saturday nights—ten or twelve of Dreux's worst children speeding down the Route Nationale on battered motorbikes, looking for an open café or a farmers' dance to terrorize—and whenever they stopped, the children of Chartres or Châteaudun would scatter, crying "*Les bandes de Dreux arrivent!*" The old Drouais did not really believe in these *bandes de Dreux*—that is, not until the immigrants arrived. After that, they simply accepted that the gangs were full of small, dark

PERSONAL SHOPPING

"Something for someone who's been a real plus for thirty years."

boys named Muhammad or Mustafa. In fact, when Françoise Gaspard took over the Mairie—it was in 1977—the undisputed leader of the Dreux gangs was a French punk, who specialized in knives, and who commuted, so to speak, between town and prison until he found an honest wife and Mme. Gaspard put him to work gardening for the city.

There were never many jobs in Dreux for people like that, and when the price of oil went up in the seventies, and the price of the franc went down in the eighties, most of the ones who did have jobs lost them. The Turks and the Arabs here were losing their jobs, too, but no one seemed to care about that very much once the vacuum-cleaner salesmen got busy. The salesmen would cover the housing projects—the French call their public housing H.L.M., for Habitation à Loyer Modéré—block by block, floor by floor, knocking at every door with a French name on it and producing catalogues of the most beguiling vacuum cleaners anyone living on the Plateaux was likely ever to have seen. It didn't matter that by then most of the housing blocks were slums, or that the decorations ran more to graffiti and garbage heaps than to carpets. The housewives of the Plateaux wanted vacuum cleaners. A housewife would tell the salesman at the door her problems: how there was no work for her husband, no money coming in except a government check that barely paid the grocer, no way to buy *anything*, let alone the beautiful vacuum cleaner that would change her life, the vacuum cleaner that would transform her into a languid *femme d'intérieur*, like the women she saw in the catalogues—slim, beautiful women gliding across pale carpeted spaces with vacuum cleaners that matched their gowns. And the vacuum-cleaner salesman would look at the housewife, astonished. He would look at her and say, "What, no work? No money? That's funny, because, you know, the Arab family below you? *They* just bought a vacuum cleaner from me. They had plenty of money." And then the woman would call her husband to the door, and the salesman would repeat his story, and the husband would begin to bluster and swear and shout, and in no time at all the word around the projects was that foreigners were buying vacuum cleaners while honest Frenchmen, real Frenchmen, starved. Foreigners had the jobs that by rights belonged to Frenchmen. Foreigners were to blame if Frenchmen got fired, because there was plenty of work in France, and plenty of money, if only the foreigners went home. It was then that Françoise Gaspard decided that the Front National, the party on the far right of France's far right, must be "looking into" Dreux again. She had been the mayor for nearly six years, but there were new elections in March of 1983, only a few months off, and she says it was clear to anyone who thought about it that the leader of the Front National—a man named Jean-Marie Le Pen, who talked about "*France aux Français*" and "*les Français d'abord*" and called himself a nationalist and took you to court if you called him anything else—had looked at Dreux, with its woman mayor and its Socialist council and its eight and a half thousand immigrants and its punishing unemployment, and concluded that with the right timing and the right tactics he could get his own mayor—or one who owed the job to him—into the town hall.

IT is a fine thing to be a mayor in France. Being a mayor means respectability. It connects you to the provinces and to decent and abiding provincial values and to the reassuring authority of provincial office. Politicians who get to be mayor of a town or village—preferably their own—will try to stay mayor, and, inasmuch as until this year there were no limits on the number of jobs a French politician could have at once (now he can only have two), most of the important deputies and ministers in Paris, and even the Prime Minister, have regularly gone "home" to some small town for the pleasure and publicity of presiding over a town council that met across the street from the war memorial and the statue of Clemenceau holding his copy of the Treaty of Versailles. Georges Pompidou was a mayor, Valéry Giscard d'Estaing was a mayor, and François Mitterrand was a mayor while they were leading parties and sitting in the National Assembly, and even running for President of the Republic. Mitterrand's first Prime Minister, Pierre Mauroy, was the mayor of Lille, and his Prime Minister now, Laurent Fabius, who is thirty-nine, and young still, is the deputy mayor of a town in Normandy called Grand-Quevilly. If you are a mayor—even if it is a question of a village of fifty farmers, two days' drive from Paris—you refer to yourself first as Monsieur le Maire, and only then as Senator or Deputy or a man to be reckoned with in the Council of Europe or the European Parliament. It adds something to your reputation. It means that you are serious, and think about serious French things and, whatever the opposition says, do not spend all your time running around Paris talking too much and spending too much and eating lunch in restaurants with beautiful women who have worldly views. It means you are accountable to your neighbors, and not merely to the left or the right or whatever ideology is fashionable that moment at the Café Flore.

Dreux calls itself a city, because officially every town in France with more than thirty thousand people is a city, but for practical purposes Dreux is exactly what the French mean when they say "the provinces." No one in England or Italy talks about the provinces the way the French do. Englishmen talk about provincial English life, and Italians talk about provincial Italian life, but usually they mean nothing more complicated than a life that is a little leafier, a little less sophisticated, than life in London or Milan. When the French talk about the provinces, they are talking about everything in France that weights and balances and restrains the impulses of the capital. They are making the kind of distinction they are fond of, and describing the poles of "being French." They are saying that the provinces are the roots of the civilization, and Paris the flowering, and that France itself is really the tension between Paris (open, worldly, free, experimental, aesthetic, foreign) and what they call *la France profonde* (moral, constant, slow, native, and sustaining). The "Frenchness" of provincial France may be a myth, since a third of the country's population has at least one foreign grandparent, but it is a myth the French live by. The people who believe in it—Charles de Gaulle, who never got to be a mayor, was one of them—tend also to believe that the

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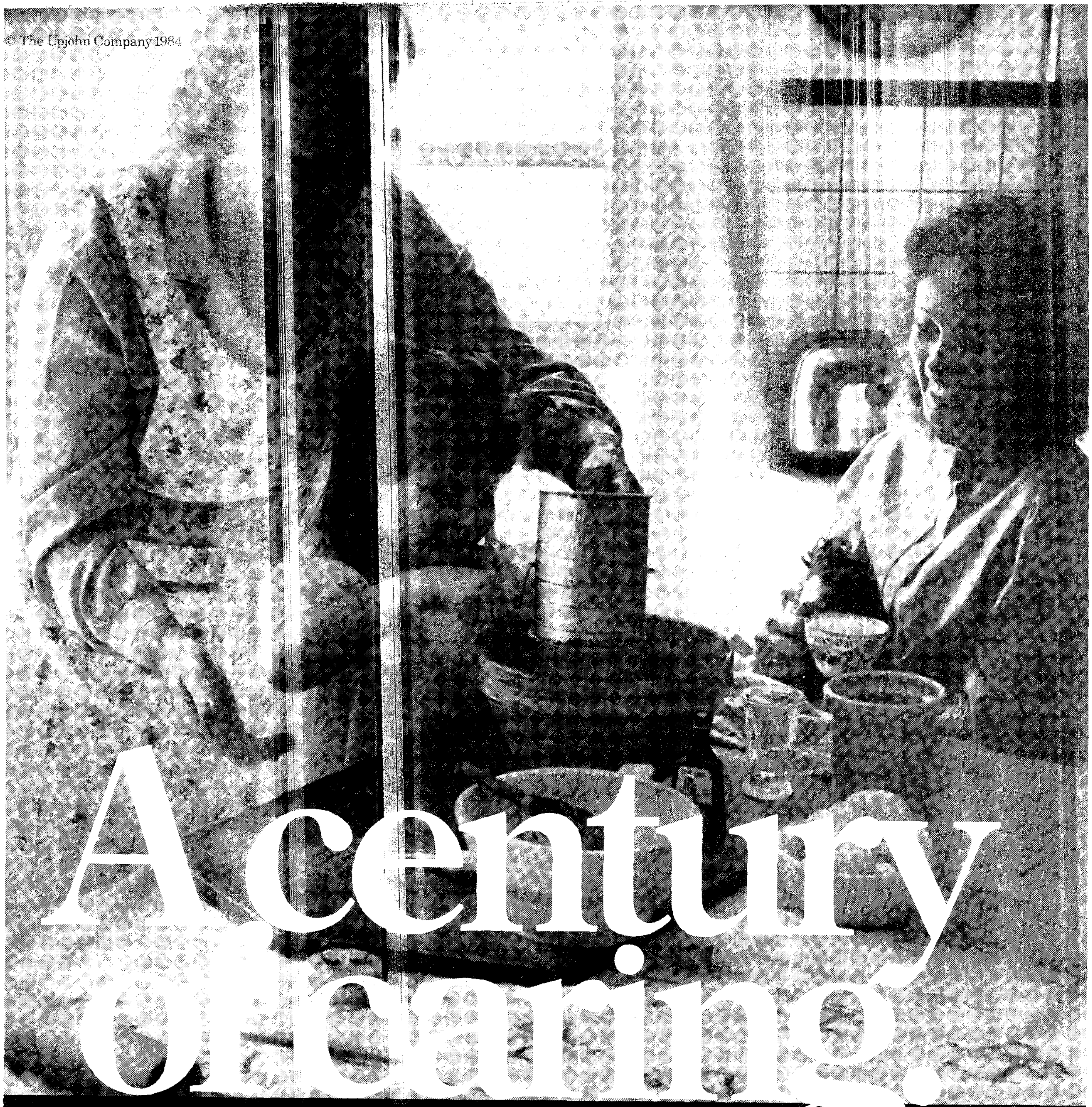

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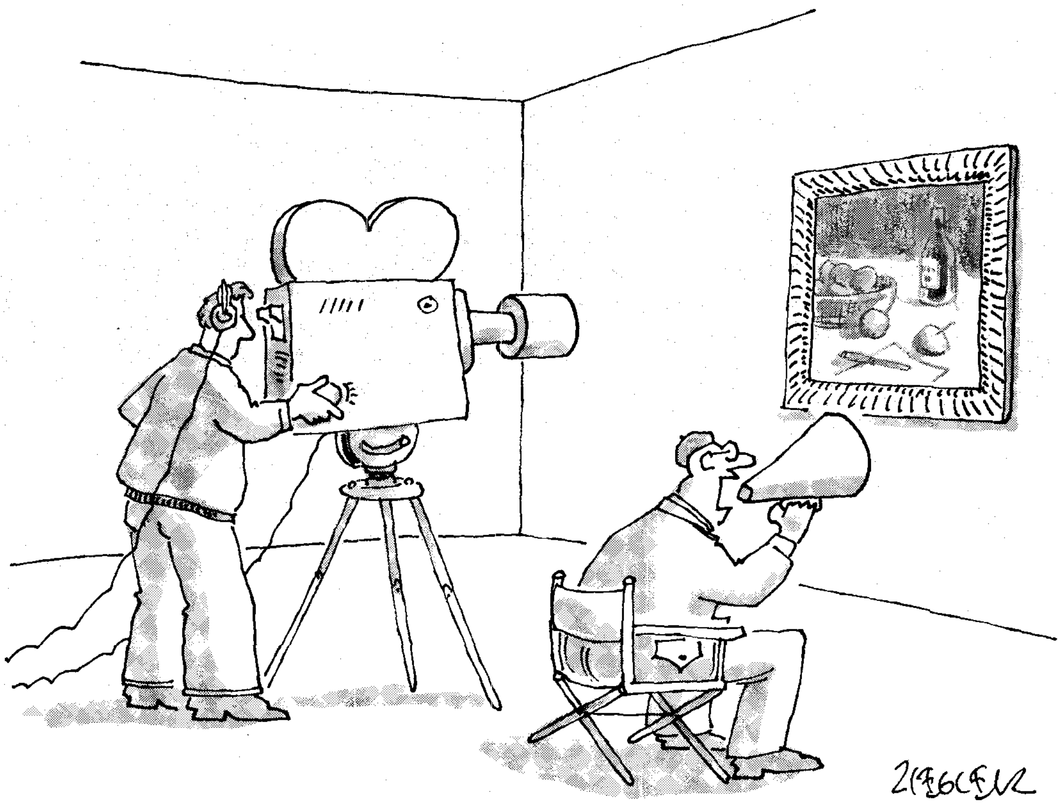


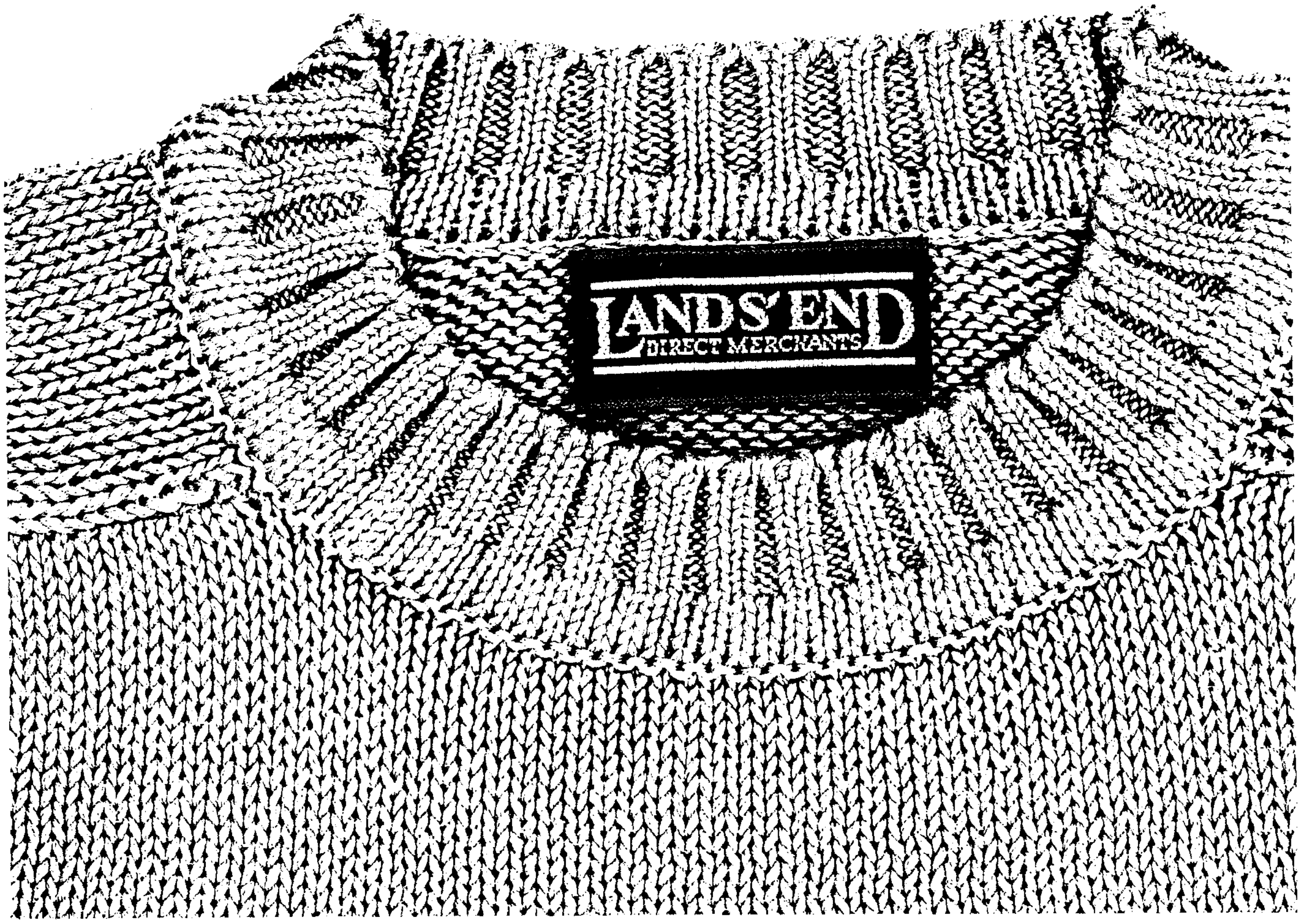
"*Action!*"

• •

relation between Paris and the provinces is fixed and fragile, and that it is absolutely essential to the well-being of the country. They believe that a town like Dreux cannot survive Parisian arrangements any more than Paris could survive under provincial scrutiny.

The most famous mayor Dreux ever had was an old republican named Maurice Violette, who died in 1960, at ninety, after fifty-two years in the big brick Mairie, on the Rue de Châteaudun. Violette had his own party—a "radical" party, in the civilizing tradition of the provincial left of the *entre-deux-guerres*—and he was much esteemed in Paris. Léon Blum, the country's first Socialist Prime Minister, liked him enough to make him a Minister of State in the Popular Front government Blum ran for two years in the nineteen-thirties. They shared an interest in the people who would eventually become "the immigrant problem" here. Violette had been governor-general of Algeria from 1925 to 1929, and it was his idea that "Muslim students, while remaining Muslim, should become so French in their education that no Frenchman, however deeply racist and religiously prejudiced he might be . . . will any longer dare to deny them French fraternity." When he joined the Popular Front, he and Blum wrote a naturalization bill together. It was called the Plan Violette-Blum, and in those last years before Vichy—those last few years of vision and tolerance—Violette did his best to persuade the French to offer citizenship to twenty-five thousand young Algerians, who would become a kind of leadership cadre at home, friendly to France and, more important, confident in the connection. After the war, when the revolution started in Algeria, he talked about welcoming Harkis—Algerians who were fighting for France and would have nowhere else to go when the revolution was over. The fact that a thousand Harkis arrived in Dreux in 1962 was, in a way, his legacy.

Françoise Gaspard, who was fifteen when Maurice Violette died, likes to think of herself as his disciple. The first time she ran for mayor, she talked a great deal about her connection with Violette—about how she had gone to Violette rallies on her father's shoulders at the age of eleven, about how she had got involved in politics listening to his speeches, about how Violette had made her an apprentice and then a kind of political trustee. She studied his papers, and took on the job of putting them in order for the Dreux archives and for a biography she had promised to write, and a "collected Violette" that she is still editing. She keeps a poster of the old mayor on the wall of her office here—for inspiration and association. It was blown up from a snapshot taken in the nineteen-forties, but there is something ageless about it, because the face is one of those emblematically French faces, like Jean Gabin's. It is a big, heavy-lidded, *pastis*-in-the-morning kind of face, with a skeptical look, and even a cigarette dangling. Françoise Gaspard does not have that kind of face at all. She has a small, intense, rabbity face. Her hair is bobbed. It is parted and cut with bangs like a boy's, and she herself is slender like a boy, and she has the anxious darting eyes of an *écolier* under the scrutiny of a decorous teacher. She was never really comfortable in Dreux, although her family was one of the old Dreux families. The Gaspards were artisans. They had been in Dreux since the fifteenth century, and by Françoise's time they were prosperous—some of them from making cheese and the rest from making tombstones. The Gaspard men were Freemasons, republicans, and, during the war, partisans. Jean Gaspard, Françoise's father, was a Socialist, and Clovis Gaspard, her uncle, was a Communist, but when Françoise was growing up there was no such thing in Dreux as a Socialist girl or a Communist girl. Girls in Dreux—even girls from the left—got married and had babies and stayed at home. Françoise says she decided that being a girl in Dreux was not very interesting. She started following her father to his meetings, because going to meetings was something girls were not supposed to do. She went to college because going to college was something girls were not supposed to do, either. She finished Sciences-Pô—the Institute d'Études Politiques de Paris. Later, she finished l'ÉNA—the École Nationale d'Administration. It took her seven years to work up the courage to apply to l'ÉNA, because l'ÉNA is the graduate school that trains people to run the country, and being an Énarque was



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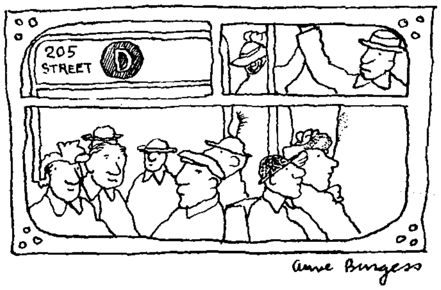
something that most girls did not even consider.

Françoise Gaspard was already a politician then. She had "made her 1968," as the French say. She had a card from the Parti Socialiste Unifié and went to meetings and listened to icy young Marxists from CERES (the Centre d'Étude de Recherche et d'Éducation Socialiste) talk about administering the future as if the future were a dose of castor oil. The Socialists kept a list of prospective candidates all over France—it was something the Party leaders and their factions negotiated and revised at every Party congress—and in 1971, when Françoise Gaspard was twenty-four, they put her name on that list. Three years later, they tried her out in a cantonal election. (A French canton is a little like a county.) She lost, and says she hated losing so much that it gave her a kind of mission as far as Dreux was concerned. When she ran for mayor, she had her degree from l'ÉNA for credentials and could wage what she calls "an American campaign"—by which she means that she knew the uses of publicity, and in the end looked indispensable. It was not really very hard for a smart young Socialist to look indispensable in 1977. The French had been talking for so long about saving France with a government of the left that by 1977 they were almost honor bound to vote for one. The fashionable issues then—though not for long—were Françoise Gaspard's issues. She talked about women's rights and abortion and a "new socialism." But she also talked about the fact that thousands of foreigners were living in squalor up on the Plateaux. She said there would be terrible trouble in Dreux unless people at least admitted that the foreigners were there, and that the town didn't like their being there. She said that Dreux had a "race problem" it had not begun to solve. Fifty-five per cent of Dreux voted for her. She was the youngest woman mayor of a French "city." Two years later, she was also a deputy in the European Parliament. In another two years, she had a seat in the National Assembly.

There are people who think that Françoise Gaspard never did get comfortable in Dreux. She had what the French call a *style technocrate*—efficient and distant and uncompromising and a little superior. She was shy, and it made her proud, and sometimes people took her pride for scorn. She was interested in Dreux but not so much in the Drouais. Jean Cauchon, who was the mayor for twelve years before her, says that the women of Dreux would see Mme. Gaspard at the big Monday market, walking fast with her head down, because she wanted to get her shopping done and not waste time talking, and then complain to him that she had hurt their feelings. Cauchon had a keen interest in the smart young Énarque who had run against him—and beaten him—after all those contented years in the Mairie. It was a paternal interest, he says. He went to Mme. Gaspard and said to her, "Listen, Françoise, don't look down on these people. You have to *love* them. You have to *love* Dreux."

It is obvious that Jean Cauchon loves Dreux. He never leaves unless he has to. Even now, when the Senate is in session and Cauchon, who is a senator for the Eure-et-Loir, is due in Paris at the Palais du Luxembourg at nine-thirty in the morning, he gets up early and takes the train rather than spend the night away from home. He is seventy-two years old, and still commuting. He lives in the house where he was raised and where he and Mme. Cauchon raised seven children (five of them settled down in Dreux), and he likes to receive people in the big law office on the Place Anatole France where his fourth son, Yves, practices. On Sundays, he walks through Dreux the way he walks through the Senate's gilt and mirrored halls—a rosy and benign old gentleman beaming at everyone, shaking hands, asking after ailing parents and precocious babies, listening to problems, offering advice. He is the kind of paterfamilias the Drouais liked in their Mairie. He was soothing. He was never sectarian. He would go to meetings of the Cercle Laïque, where Socialists and Freemasons and freethinkers argued loudly about things like state education and independence for New Caledonia, as enthusiastically as he went to the Patronage Saint-Jean, across town, where Catholics like himself raised money for church schools and African missions. When a Portuguese couple from the Radiotéchnique factory got married, he would talk as proudly about "another Dreux wedding" as he did when one of the Orléans pretenders came to Dreux to get married in the Orléans family chapel, the Chapelle Royale. He liked to say that all of Dreux were his children—which may be why he left a lot of the dull daily business of running Dreux to his deputy mayors and saved the family pleasures for himself. Some people think that he left too much business to his deputies—that if he had been paying attention to what was happening here in those twelve years from 1965 to 1977 he might have tried to stop the developers and the recruiters from moving in, he might have tried to control the immigration that was choking Dreux. As it was, loving Dreux, he listened to the town councillors and the deputy mayors who told him Dreux was booming. He believed that he had simply got himself a bigger, more exotic family. He calmed a lot of the tensions just by refusing to believe that any tensions were there.



Françoise Gaspard says that she won in 1977 because of "the problem of race"—that people in Dreux do not admit it but that by 1977 everybody blamed the immigrants on Jean Cauchon. Cauchon says no, that she won because "the left was like a strong wind in France, blowing everything old away." The truth is probably that Dreux did not expect the left when it first voted for Françoise Gaspard. The town expected a kind of female Maurice Violette, someone in the tradition of the old provincial *radicaux*, who were not radicals at all in any Parisian sense but were, rather, republicans—anti-clerical and progressive. Certainly it did not expect a Paris intellectual who thought about ideology and class and the redistribution of resources more than she thought about her neighbors. Provincial radicals were people who believed in progress, not in the proletariat. They were a French version of the great Victorians who read Darwin and the Huxleys and believed in eugenics and the Social Good and the Betterment of the Working Class, and preached that misery was ignorance—that happiness would cover England like a soft blanket as soon as an enlightened and righteous bourgeoisie applied itself to the problem. The French idea of progress was drawn not from dramas of class but from the dramas of the Revolution. For old radicals like Violette, 1789 was the moment when history began and French identity was established. This is what separated them from Catholics like Jean Cauchon, who would have said that history began with the birth of Christ. In Dreux, those radicals—real or sentimental—voted for Françoise Gaspard. They voted for her because they considered her one of them. They expected "progress." She had the proper credentials for enlightenment, and so they expected her to make Dreux happy, too. Like most people who voted for the left then, they did not really expect Socialism—and Mme. Gaspard was a passionate Socialist. She thought that Jean Cauchon, with his cheerful benevolence, had let Dreux go. He had done nothing about the immigration into Dreux, nothing to temper the shock to Dreux of that immigration, or the shock of Dreux to the immigrants—nothing to prepare for the trouble that was bound to come.

People who watched Françoise Gaspard running Dreux for the next six years say that there was a scrupulous purity to her attentions. She was a Jacobin. She did not court anyone. She may not have smiled and chatted her way through the Monday market, but she kept her office hours every week, and anybody with a complaint or a proposition to make or a problem to solve could come to her and know he would be heard. She was never indulgent, like Jean Cauchon—either with the immigrants or with the French. She was fair by instinct and education and because she believed that not being fair was inefficient, irrational, and unworthy. She was never willing to *s'arranger*—to make her arrangements. The old Drouais, including the Socialists among them, found her fairness severe, but the immigrants admired her for it. Even the North Africans and the Turks, who were not well disposed toward women to begin with, and certainly not toward women with power, got used to having Françoise Gaspard in the Mairie, and there were forty-five hundred North Africans in Dreux then, and more than a thousand Turks. There were so many Muslims up on the Plateaux, in fact, that old Dreux had taken to calling the projects Mecca. The graffiti there were in Arabic. The hallways smelled of sweat and the defective dyes in the flowered acetate dresses the Turkish women wore. At the project called Les Chamards, on the southernmost plateau, someone had built a mosque and a hammam and painted them blue and white, like the mosques and baths of a Tunisian town.

Françoise Gaspard approved of color. She was determined to make the projects a little brighter, a little more cheerful, and so she built a grammar school and painted it crayon colors and invited Dreux's astonished Arabs to the dedication of the École Jacques Prévert. She built another school, painted *it* pink and purple, and called it the Maternelle Louise Michel. She painted the apartment blocks at the project called Lièvre d'Or. She added big windows at Le Faucher, to break the sad gray cinder-block façades and let the light in, and some of the sun's heat. Until the money ran out, she was an enthusiast of what was called "the new Socialist experiment." It was as if she believed that a coat of paint and a cultural center and a couple of earnest young *animateurs* organizing volleyball games and readings from Boris Vian could turn a housing project on Dreux's Plateaux into a neighborhood.

THE year Françoise Gaspard was elected, a young Algerian I will call Hamid Benamid, who worked in one of the factories here and lived in a workers' barracks with a few hundred other immigrants, decided to bring his wife, Aicha, from Algeria. He found a flat for them in an H.L.M. on the Plateaux, and looked in on the Dreux chess club and on the local theatre club—Théâtre en Dreux. He wanted to introduce his wife to Dreux society, he says—to the class of ladies she would meet at home in Tebessa, where her father was an important man in the bazaar and had a big house in the center of town—and so he read the bulletin boards at all the community centers and tried to decide if Aicha would be better served by the ceramics workshop or the women's choir or the Wednesday-afternoon macramé group. There was a lot to consider, from night classes in French to ski weekends in the Jura—though Benamid was hard put to it to think of any Algerians of his acquaintance who went on ski weekends, or, for that matter, let their wives go on ski weekends. Benamid thought for a long time and came to the conclusion that Aicha would meet a better class of ladies if she stayed home in their apartment and he did the socializing. He started night classes himself, and even thought about auditioning for a part in one of the Théâtre en Dreux productions. He introduced himself to Carlos Guerreiro, who came from Portugal

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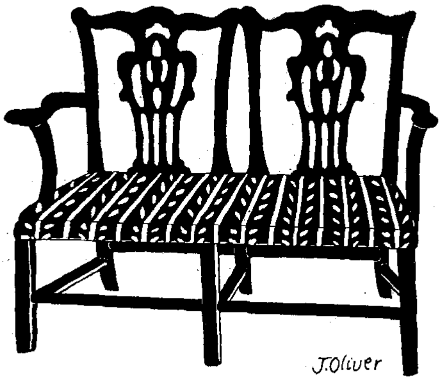
and was the elected head of an association of all the foreigners in Dreux, and then to Jean-Pierre Dubreuil, who taught English at the lycée and was president of the Cercle Laïque and vice-president of Théâtre en Dreux and, Benamid had heard, a man of influence in half the clubs and circles and associations a provincial city like Dreux produces. He was especially proud to have met the professor, who could walk across the Place du Marché and greet as many people as old Senator Cauchon—even though it was known that the professor allowed his daughter to go to the movies with a boy from Africa. Benamid did not approve of Muslim boys and Christian girls going to the movies together. He did not approve of boys and girls going to the movies together at all. When Aicha had twin daughters, and then another girl, Benamid took out a loan from a Tebessa bank at four per cent and started to build a house there, next to his father-in-law's house. He told Aicha that when the girls were older they would all be going back to Algeria, where women stayed at home and were properly guarded from European thoughts and European longings and European scandal.

Tebessa is a desert town, about a hundred miles into the Sahara from the Algerian coast, and not many Europeans stopped there once Algeria was independent. But on a March day nineteen years ago (for reasons nobody in Tebessa ever discovered) a Frenchman showed up in town and told the sheepherders and the phosphate miners and the merchants at the souk that he was "chief of personnel" for a lot of big new factories in a city called Dreux, near Paris, and that anyone who could sign his name in French was welcome to take a test and come to Dreux and have a fine career. By the time Benamid took the test and got his trial contract, nearly half the factory workers in Dreux were foreign, and many of them were still living without their families in the sort of barracks where Benamid had found a bed. Radiotéchnique, a Philips subsidiary with two plants here for assembling television screens, eventually owned five of these barracks; that is, the company owned the walls and leased the maintenance contracts and the canteen contracts to local entrepreneurs, whose only real problem was how to provide the least service for the biggest rent and get away with it. Most workers tried to leave the barracks as soon as their trial year at a factory was over and they had a proper residence card and permission to bring their families, but when Benamid arrived, early in 1971, there were still more immigrants in Dreux than there was housing for them. Dreux was advertised in the North African papers as a *ville ouverte*—a town that by policy welcomed foreigners. People getting off the boats from Algiers and Casablanca saw signs that either Radiotéchnique or Renault or Actim, Dreux's new turbine company, was hiring. They heard that in Dreux you could bring your prayer rug to the assembly line. They heard that during Ramadan you had twenty extra minutes of free time every day for resting, or, if you were working late, twenty extra minutes at night to break your fast. They heard that trucks arrived in Dreux on Sundays filled with Arab food, that on Sundays the Place du Marché in Dreux was getting to look like the Tebessa souk.

What Benamid liked about Dreux was the immigrants' Sunday market and the muezzin's calls to prayer on the factory loudspeaker and anything else that reminded him of home. He liked having Algerian neighbors and he liked the fact that there was an old patriarch like Jean Cauchon in the Mairie—someone on the order of a local sheikh. He was horrified when Françoise Gaspard took over. He was not used to having a woman tell him what to do, but, then, he was not used to being an "immigrant problem," either. When Benamid talks about the immigrant problem, he puts it this way: "One day, there was work in Dreux. Everybody loved the foreigners, because it was dirty work, work that Frenchmen considered beneath them, work for foreigners to do. The next day, there was an oil crisis. The factories started letting workers go, and then everybody hated the foreigners. They talked about sending the foreigners home. They told me how lucky I was and what a fine job I had. They said that any Frenchman would be proud to have a job like mine."



Hamid Benamid is not a man with a long view. He has a blunt, literal sort of understanding and does not know what to do when life contradicts itself. His father worked in the Tebessa phosphate mines. He died when Benamid was still a schoolboy trying to memorize the Koran, and Benamid would have had to go into the mines, too, to support his mother, if a butcher in the neighborhood hadn't offered to take him on, providing his meals in return for a day's work that began at five in the morning. Being a butcher gave Benamid prospects. He wanted to distinguish himself. He wanted a specialty to offer—something to take the place of the sheep and fields and jewelry he didn't have—when he went looking for a wife among the Tebessa bourgeoisie. He was a good-looking boy, slim and very tall, with shiny hair and the beginnings of a mustache, which he rubbed with oil and tried to coax into a fine, curved line, like a line of script or an arabesque. He reminded his mother of the handsome young men in the movies that one of the colonial administrators in Tebessa used to show at the high school every month—first for the women, then for the men, and finally for the French, who came together. Once, when Benamid was ten, the administrator decided that Tebessa ought to have a theatre—a classical French theatre, a little Comédie Française at the edge of the desert, with a repertoire of Racine and Molière and Feydeau. Benamid's mother sent him to join the group, and he could still recite from "Phèdre" and "Le Misanthrope" when he went to the medina ten years later to present himself to Aicha's father.

At first, Benamid did not know what to do with a delicate medina wife —a soft, plump, perfumy girl who spoke a chirping French and moved about the house in little high-heeled steps instead of speaking Arabic and walking barefoot, like the women in his own family. He worried that she was laughing at him with her friends, that she took him lightly, that she would forget her respect for him and her duty to him, and even the obedience the Koran demanded. His father-in-law had set him up in his own butcher shop. It was when the shop failed that he left for France. He was determined to stay in France until he was somebody. He tried a course for

French butchers. Then he enrolled in a weekend course for mechanics. The course met at an "institute" near Chartres, and there were thirty other immigrants in Benamid's class. After they had paid for their weekends in advance, the teacher disappeared, and all that was left of the institute was a *bail à céder* notice on the door and a landlord screaming for his rent. Benamid wanted to impress Aicha, but it was clear that she was not impressed by two dark rooms in a housing project—even a French housing project. Aicha looked around the flat and out across the empty concrete "park" that separated their building from five identical buildings, and remarked that now that she was finally free, like a Frenchwoman, there was nowhere to go. She was isolated in Dreux. The Portuguese women across the hall did not return her visits, and she herself would never have visited the Turkish women in the flat next door. She avoided the Turks. She thought that the Turks were ignorant and coarse and noisy, and from the point of view of a well-bred Tebessa lady she was right. She had wanted to live in France, but the France of her imagination was really a French Tebessa—a place where ladies like herself drank sweet mint tea and had amusing conversations with other ladies from good families, and where there were no "immigrants" to annoy them. The fact that she shared a cinder-block H.L.M. with workers from fifteen or twenty countries was not as moving or exotic to Aicha as it was to the politicians who came through Dreux and talked about "the immigrant experience" and the French melting pot. Diversity did not impress Aicha. The most diversity she could tolerate was the Fête de l'Amitié, when all the foreigners in Dreux got dressed up in their native clothes and sang and danced to their native music and being an immigrant became a kind of folklore, worn for the day, like those clothes, and put away in a suitcase under the bed for the rest of the year.

Françoise Gaspard probably did not enjoy the Fête de l'Amitié much more than Aicha Benamid enjoyed it. It is hard to imagine Mme. Gaspard spending a long day with the immigrants, talking sign language with Turkish housewives who hadn't been out-of-doors since the fête the year before, or making conversation with the parish priests, or giving little toasts with supermarket port to Franco-Portuguese friendship. But she saw to it that the town council voted a proper sum of money for the festival, the way she saw to it that people who needed a hall for a play or a meeting had their hall—and Socialist Dreux would pay the rent and the electric bill, and even post the announcements at the Mairie. She did not pretend that Dreux was a big, various, happy family—a UNICEF poster of a town. She accepted the fact that there were things bothering immigrants about other immigrants—things like race and class and culture. She accepted that immigrants were just as prejudiced against each other as the French were prejudiced against them. It was simply a problem for French Socialism to solve. Jean Cauchon had liked the immigrants well enough, but he had *loved* them indiscriminately—and when the immigrants thought about this they were insulted. They came to prefer a mayor like Françoise Gaspard, who could tell them apart. Mme. Gaspard talked about Socialism and equality, but she was cool and a little snobbish herself, and she seemed to understand that a lady from Tebessa like Aicha Benamid could not really be expected to embrace the life on the Plateaux. Aicha wanted to move to a respectable flat, with respectable neighbors. She wrote an application to the Mairie, and a year later someone called to say there was a place for the Benamids at an H.L.M. down where there were not so many Turks and not so many Africans and not so many of those noisy Brittany clans—quarrelsome all day, drunk all night—to frighten her.

DREUX is a sleepy town. The Drouais complain about its always being described in the papers as a "sleepy Beauceron town," but in fact it is sleepy. Everything in Dreux except a couple of restaurants closes up by eight, and the lights in most of the houses are out by ten. It may be, as Carlos Guerreiro once said, that the city slept through its immigration, and then woke up one day to discover that it had forty public-housing projects, eight and a half thousand extra people, and a new Sunday market, where the prices were bargained down in twenty or thirty different languages. Certainly the immigrants knew they were a problem long before the French did. The immigrants had been waiting for something like the Front National to come to Dreux, because they had contact with other immigrants, in the south of France, where there had al-

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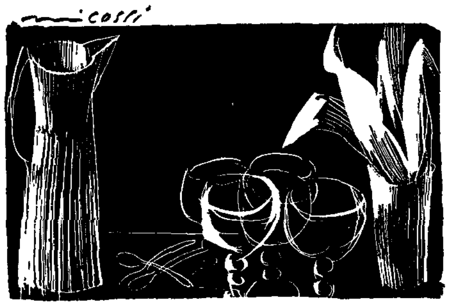
ways been foreigners, and tension about foreigners, and so they knew that trouble was inevitable. In places like Marseilles and Nice and Toulon, people had been hating each other and sometimes murdering each other with every wave of immigration. The "latest" trouble in the south of France had been going on since 1962, when the last of the *pieds noirs*—which is what everyone called the French settlers in Algeria—came home to find that more than half a million of the Algerians they had just spent eight years fighting were already there, working and earning money and getting as much of a welcome in de Gaulle's Fifth Republic as the *pieds noirs* themselves. The fact that people in the Midi who put Le Pen's "*France aux Français*" bumper stickers on their cars are often, from the point of view of purity, more Spanish or Italian than French does not in the least affect their fervent xenophobia or the prejudice at the heart of their political attitudes.

Mediterranean France is polyglot. Marseilles (where more than a quarter of the people voted Front National in the last cantonal elections) has been a port of migration and immigration for thousands of years, and there is virtually no one around but some Provençal peasants who was not at one time or another a foreigner. For a Marseillais, the vocabulary of racism is a way of marking territory in the ethnic bazaar, a way of being "French" by saying that someone else is not—a kind of legitimacy by proclamation. Racism in the north is rarely so overt, and never so noisy. The north does not indulge in the sort of three-way Saturday-night fights among French, Harki, and Arab-immigrant kids which are so habitual in southern towns that the other kids turn up to watch them instead of going to the movies or a discothèque. In the north, people fight alone in alleys. There is less bravado. The racism has to do with more furtive sorts of protectionism: with newsdealers who put the papers that support Le Pen on display and hide *Le Monde* behind the counter to see who asks for it; with doctors who leave foreigners in the waiting room until all the French patients have been seen, and then close early. It has to do with more obsessive notions of purity, with a France so narrowly defined that it rarely extends to the next commune. Jean-Marie Le Pen is a northerner. He comes from a village called La Trinité-sur-Mer, on the Brittany coast, and when he is out campaigning he likes to recite these lines: "I love my daughters more than my nieces, my nieces more than my cousins, my cousins more than my neighbors, my village more than your village, my province more than your province—I love France above all."

The people in Dreux love France. They never thought of themselves as the sort of people who sent vacuum-cleaner salesmen into housing projects or paraded with shaved heads and paramilitary clothes or brought German shepherds to Socialist rallies or published tracts against immigrants and Jews and all the terrible foreign influences and foreign elements and foreign practices that were contaminating the country. People in Dreux remember Vichy, which was an informer's France—a France of local grievances and petty envies. It was a France where bitterness fed on inadequacy and neighbors watched each other from behind their curtains and plotted their small revenge on fortune and dealt in intimidation and accusation—like the people the French call *corbeaux*, or crows, who paste together newsprint letters and make anonymous phone calls—and were never very far in their hearts from the collaborators who sent their letters signed in return for privileges and a measure of safety for themselves. People like that had not had any power since the nineteen-fifties, when there were wars in Indo-China and Algeria and a lot of violence and exalted xenophobia at home.

In 1956, a shopkeeper from Saint-Céré by the name of Pierre Marie Poujade founded a party that was not so different in appeal from the Front National, and managed to get fifty-two deputies into Guy Mollet's Fourth Republic parliament. They lasted two years there, and then, gradually, Poujade's party disappeared. It was a party of shopkeepers and small farmers who hated taxes at least as much as they hated foreigners, and when their taxes were cut a lot of them lost interest in politics. The constituency of the Front National is a different constituency—a much more various constituency—although Le Pen himself was one of those Poujade deputies. Le Pen left Poujade to volunteer to fight for France in Algeria. He made a reputation in Algeria interrogating revolutionaries, and used a network of informers who were mainly trying to avoid being interrogated themselves.



Twenty years ago, Dreux was a town with twenty-four thousand people, and when those people talked about who was "different" they usually meant that the dairymen who came down from Normandy for the big Monday market were different from the farmers who brought their wheat in from the Île-de-France, because the dairymen were slow-moving and liked their cider raw and strong and never said much once they started drinking, whereas the wheat farmers were lively and progressive and liked to sit in the cafés on the Place du Marché and talk about politics. There was an orderly look to Dreux twenty years ago. Most of the houses were the Thymerais houses of the northwest—squat gray limestone houses with the doors and the windows and the corners etched in dark-red brick and, sometimes, a turret or a dormer sticking out like an afterthought. Industry in those days was mainly mill-town industry. Little factories followed the Blaise River as it flowed through town, breaking into channels toward the *centre ville* and coming together again near the stadium. There were factories for making sheets and pillowcases and factories for dyeing them, and there were woollen mills for the Beauceron fleece and wheat mills for the grain from the Île-de-France.

Whatever jobs there were for the drifters camped on the Plateaux were in those little mills and factories, because Dreux took on changes slowly—which is the proper provincial way. About three hundred Spaniards came here after the civil war. (They came a few families at a time. It took them thirty years to arrive, and by then no one found it strange that a colony of Spanish Republicans had settled down in a city best known for a chapel where the princes of Orléans are buried.) The Moroccans came next, looking for the jobs that had disappeared with their French *patrons* on Moroccan Independence Day. Then the Harkis came, and the Portuguese, and then the Algerians who had fought for Algeria, and then the Tunisians and

Malians and Senegalese and Turks. But by then big new factories were opening up in Dreux, and the factories took the immigrants on—and no one seemed to notice they were there until the winter of 1973-74, when the bankruptcies, and the firings, started.

By 1974, about a thousand workers, half of them foreign, were making color television screens at Radiotéchnique. Fifteen hundred workers were making automobile wiring at the Renault factory and precision tools at a new branch plant of Perfect Circle called Floquet Monopole. Refugees and immigrants from sixty-three countries had settled on or around the Plateaux or were living in barracks in Dreux, or in the town of Vernouillet, next door, waiting to settle in. Everyone wanted housing, and there was obviously money to be made supplying it for seven or eight thousand foreigners who were not likely to complain if the materials were bad or the work was shoddy. Developers—the French call them *promoteurs*—arrived in Dreux and opened offices and looked for local businessmen who were not too scrupulous about progress and could get them contracts with the government. Every available acre of land on the Plateaux and then in Vernouillet was cleared for projects. There was so much housing in Dreux in a few years that the developers began to advertise the town as a bedroom community for Paris—a good working-class address in the suburbs.

Dreux by then had a queer, lopsided look. The old town—with its little rivers and grassy squares and its houses edged in red, like the houses in a child's drawing—no longer faded into fields of cows. Dreux spread like a mini-megalopolis. Every H.L.M. gave onto another H.L.M. that was distinguishable mainly by the number of cracks in the concrete and the state of decrepitude and the lyrical name—La Croix Tiénac, Lièvre d'Or—that some *promoteur* had invented for it in a Paris office. The projects loomed over Dreux—although Dreux, by some quirk of geography, dipped in on itself like a shallow bowl and actually blocked its own view of the projects that dwarfed it. It was a symbol of the distance between the two Dreux that people up on the Plateaux could not see down into the old town, either. When *they* talked about old Dreux, as often as not they meant the old parts of the Plateaux—the long row of little villas, out on the edge of the ridge, where the Harkis could afford to live, because the Harkis had got the first, and best, jobs in the branch factories that opened here in the sixties, when the state was offering money to companies that "decentralized" by putting some of their operations in the provinces. The Harkis never got along with the other Algerians on the Plateaux. They were enemies in Algeria, and they were still enemies in Dreux, but by the time those other Algerians arrived there was no space left in Dreux for the Harkis to be alone. Dreux was a crowded town, and then a much too crowded town. The people who had bragged in 1973 that with a few more factories and a few thousand more immigrants Dreux would come into its own as a city, the equal of Chartres or Tours, had stopped bragging ten years later, by the time the vacuum-cleaner salesmen came.

By 1983, all the foreigners in Dreux were sensitive about status. Some of them—the majority—were officially immigrants, residents of France but citizens of Morocco, say, or Portugal, with none of the political rights of Frenchmen. Some of them were "French"—Harkis who had taken French nationality after the Algerian war, or immigrants who had applied for citizenship and got it, or immigrants' children who were born in France and were therefore French if they chose. Some were here illegally. Some had six-month visas. Some had residence visas that were good for years. The decisions that could send them home had been as arbitrary as the decisions that had let them into France in the first place. Immigrants lived, as Mitterrand's Minister for Social Affairs, Georgina Dufoix, put it, "with a suitcase in the head." They were not much soothed by the statistics about staying: officially, immigration had stopped with the oil crisis; officially, only political refugees and people like Aicha, with husbands or children here, got into France at all; officially, therefore, eighty per cent of the immigrants had been here for at least ten years and were unlikely ever to have to go. In 1973, six and a half per cent of the country's population was foreign. Ten years later, it was still only about six and three-quarters—not really any change. Every year, about thirty thousand foreigners requested, and received, French citizenship. And, every year, about thirty or forty thousand foreigners requested, and were refused, per-

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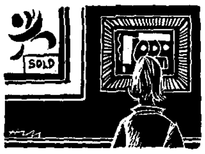
mission to come, and about twelve thousand illegal or out-of-work immigrants were expelled. The fact that the legal status of immigrants was being “regularized” (the government’s word) as a matter of Socialist Party policy did not mean that the psychology of immigrants was being regularized, or their privileges. There was still nothing to stop a worker from a Common Market country like Italy or Greece from coming to Dreux if he wanted to—except, of course, the fact that there were no jobs for him anymore. There were still special arrangements for workers from Francophone countries—in other words, old colonies—and even those arrangements varied from country to country, and sometimes from government to government. The immigrants felt vulnerable, and the old Drouais felt invaded. They felt particularly invaded by Arabs, like the Benamids, who accounted for more than half the immigrants in Dreux and as much “foreignness” as Dreux could tolerate.

Early in 1983, a group of conservative local politicians—perfectly ordinary politicians everyone in Dreux had known for years—formed a coalition with strangers from the Front National to take over the Mairie. Later that year, the town voted for the coalition. Françoise Gaspard was reëlected to the town council, but the new mayor was one of those local conservatives who had come to terms with the Front National, and three of his eleven deputy mayors had run as Front National candidates. All told, there were now nine people from the Front National, either Party members or independents who had signed on for the elections, among Dreux’s thirty-nine councillors—and only eight people from Mme. Gaspard’s old Socialist government. Dreux was the only town in France to have given the Front National any official political power, and a lot of people explained it by saying that Dreux had collapsed under pressures that more properly belonged to Paris. By Paris, they meant housing projects and overpopulation and factories opening in good times and closing in bad times—times that had nothing to do with good or bad times as a Dreux merchant understood the words. By Paris, mainly, they meant foreigners.

Jean-Marie Le Pen’s father was a fisherman. In 1942, a few years into the war, his boat was torpedoed a hundred miles from home (“*Mort pour la France*,” the Front National handouts say), and Le Pen was thus, at fourteen, a “*pupille de la Nation*”—a kind of honorary orphan, with France for his guardian. Le Pen himself was so enthusiastic about serving France that as soon as he finished school (he had gone to Paris to law school) he volunteered as an Army paratrooper in Indo-China. A few years later, he was in Algeria. In July of 1984, *Le Canard Enchaîné* printed stories to the effect that Le Pen had tortured his prisoners in Algeria, and early in 1985 *Libération* sent reporters to Algiers to find witnesses to back the stories up. Le Pen sued the two newspapers for defamation. He was so moved by memories of Algeria that at one hearing he told the judge, “I never had the authority to conduct interrogations. . . . If I had, I would certainly have conducted them.” He lost the first round of the lawsuits: the judges said that inasmuch as he had often, and publicly, condoned the use of torture in the Algerian war, he could not reasonably claim to be dishonored by accusations that *he* had tortured. But then the Cour d’Appel judges disagreed. They said, in effect, that Le Pen had been dishonored—whether or not he approved of torture, and whether or not he himself had tortured anyone. They ordered the newspapers (along with a talk-show moderator who had repeated the torture stories and a journalist who had written about them in a book of “open letters” to France’s Presidential candidates) to pay damages and, in the case of the papers, to print the verdicts against them. Now the papers have filed their own appeal with the Cour de Cassation, which judges not the facts of a case but the use of the law—whether the law was properly interpreted and applied—and is as high in the French judicial system as they can go.

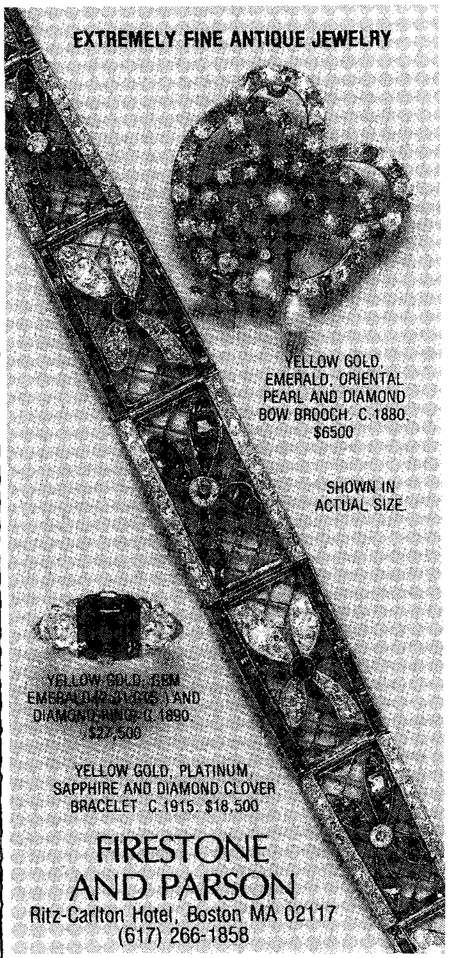
Le Pen likes to sue the people who criticize him. The Seventeenth Correctional Court at the Palais de Justice in Paris has had a full docket of Le Pen’s lawsuits for so long now that reporters call it *la chambre Le Pen.*

The judges complain to reporters about abuse if not of the law then of their own patience, but it does no good. Over the past few years, they have had to hear cases against smutty songs about Le Pen and talking Le Pen dolls with German accents (the dolls were called Cocorico Boy) along with the cases against newspapers that suggest Le Pen start answering some of the accusations against him. When reporters visit Le Pen, he likes to remind them of all the libel cases he has won. Then he begins to talk. (At one interview, Le Pen kept a big children’s globe beside him in his living room. The globe was sliced through the middle like a grapefruit, and from time to time he fiddled with it, as if he were turning on a tape recorder somewhere inside.) None of this has made for much carefree discussion of Le Pen in the French press. His own newspaper, a weekly called *National Hebdo*, deals almost entirely with his virtues. It covers his travels, for one thing, and in a memorable issue not long ago it took a couple of words between Le Pen and Pope John Paul II during one of the Pope’s Wednesday-morning public audiences and turned them into a solemn meeting, referred to as *la rencontre*, at which the Pope entrusted Jean-Marie Le Pen with the future of Europe. (Le Pen and his group had stopped the Pope to say that they were fighting hard for Christianity in Europe, and the Pope said, in effect, that that was nice, that Jean-Marie Le Pen should keep on fighting.) Some of the more sensational papers that support him—the weekly *Minute* and a right-wing Catholic daily called *Présent*—deal almost entirely in accusations against his enemies. *Minute* is known for its cartoons of thick-lipped Africans and drooling Turks and Arabs with stubbly beards and enormous noses, which strongly resemble the caricatures of Jews that were a daily feature of the French fascist press when Jean-Marie Le Pen became an honorary orphan. *Présent* is known for monitoring Justice Ministry lists of people who change their names (Mohammed to Moland, Ben Ahmed to Reinhardt, Boulalouad to de Coninck, Mahbouli to Michel), and for its chronicles of the lives of contemporary Jewish politicians—men and women like Simone Veil, who used to be president of the European Parliament, and Robert Badinter, who is the Justice Minister. “The only morality that traditionally has *droit de cité* in French politics is that Christian morality to which you, Madame, are so perfectly a stranger" is what *Présent* had to say about Mme. Veil, who lost her mother at Auschwitz and nearly died there herself. As for M. Badinter, a well-known law professor and civil-rights lawyer who has just finished revising the French criminal code, "he is the very symbol of a France open to foreigners. His father was a furrier." Most of the Jews who are attacked like this are reluctant to give the publicity of a reply, let alone a day in the courtroom, to the people who attack them. Most of the immigrants have no way to reply, no knowledge of the defamation laws, and no money for lawyers with that knowledge. Some of them are simply frightened. Le Pen's friends do not take opposition lightly. Le Pen himself broke with every one of the groups he joined before he founded the Front National, in 1972. His wife, Pierrette, who left him in the spring and divorced him in the fall, uses the word *"violent"* when she describes him to reporters. Pierrette is a good-looking platinum blonde, who likes to be photographed in tight white jeans and high white spike-heeled boots, and she seems pretty tough herself. In an interview with *L'Événement du Jeudi*, she said that by the time she left Le Pen he was getting soft—not much different, to her mind, from Jacques Chirac or Raymond Barre or Valéry Giscard d'Estaing.



Le Pen's appeal may have to do with intimations of violence. It is not the cool, heel-clicking style of the commandant but something cruder, something at the edge of control—"a shrewd, smiling fury," one woman who heard him speak in Paris called it. Le Pen makes a great deal of what he calls his peasant pedigree. In fact, he looks like a peasant—a *gros paysan*. He is big, and he is overweight, with a baby face and pale-blue eyes and pale-blond hair that is turning white. He flaunts his weight like a weapon. His shirts pop open. His holiday snapshots have him windsurfing in a tight black rubber suit. Serge July, the editor of *Libération*, calls him a French Rambo. He wrote that Le Pen fascinates the French because, unlike the dry, aseptic politicians they are used to, "Le Pen smells of life—which is to say he smells of death, shit, and deals."

According to Alain Rollat, a reporter at *Le Monde* who has written two books about Le Pen and his politics, there are police reports from Le Pen's student days that have him brawling and drinking and resisting arrest and in general making a nuisance of himself in the name of France. Le Pen's followers dismiss all this. They blame Communists and foreigners for provoking him, and say that he was never as bad as any of the people he was taking on. They say that a little violence was normal in a young man—a *pupille de la Nation*—of Le Pen's ardent and injured patriotism. And, inasmuch as they consider *themselves* the ardent, injured majority in a false France, they enjoy the trouble he made, and continues to make, and the real fear he inspires. Le Pen is France without its civilizing hypocrisies, without the famous *pudeur* that usually mediates between the things Frenchmen feel like doing and the things they do. Le Pen is shameless. He is successful because he is shameless. He knows that millions of Frenchmen are frustrated, and that their frustration has something to do with a conviction that history has betrayed them—and he exploits that conviction. Twenty years ago, they believed they were losing their colonies not because the time of colonialism was over but because history was betraying them. Now they believe they have an immigrant problem not because they invited four million immigrants to France but because of history again. They believe that "history" is aggressive and foreign, just as they believe that "civilization" is French, and the reason they vote for Jean-Marie Le Pen is that Le Pen has told them that the defense of civilization against history is a holy war that Joan of Arc began—and that he will win. In fact, Le Pen has taken Joan of Arc out of the hagiography and made her his political property. Every May, on the anniversary of her burning, he leads a parade through Paris to her statue on the Place des Pyramides, and the fact that he makes an odd acolyte to the young saint who was filled with God and so fiercely delicate is evidently not important, because very few people have questioned his authority. Le Défilé Jeanne d'Arc is now announced all over Paris with posters to the effect that Jean-Marie Le Pen is fighting in the saint's name to keep France Catholic and pure and free of foreigners. As the lawyer Jean-Denis Bredin wrote in *Le Monde*—Bredin has published a book on the Dreyfus case, and he was talking about elections a hundred years ago and about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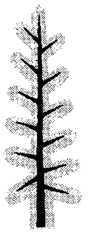

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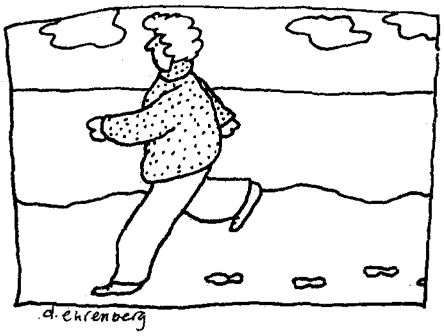
a right wing that wanted to expel Jews—the French have always suspected that if it weren't for foreigners they would be "*au travail et en famille, prospères, tranquilles, heureux dans leur vieux jardin.*"

Le Pen is rich. He got rich in 1976, when a cement millionaire named Hubert Lambert died of complications from cirrhosis and left Le Pen his fortune. Lambert was forty-two, and besides being an alcoholic and a pill addict and a patron of right-wing politicians he suffered from what was called delirium back in the days when lunatics from good families were (depending on their sex) either delirious or hysterical but never lunatic, and were kept at home in dark, hot bedrooms, looked after by their mothers, and calmed by doctors with odd degrees. In Hubert Lambert's case, it was not his mother but his friend Le Pen—who knew him from an old right-wing party called Le Front National pour l'Algérie Française—who took over his convalescence. What happened then depends on who tells the story (and many people have), but in the end Le Pen got four million dollars and Lambert's mansion in Saint-Cloud, which turned out to be called Montretout, or Show All. Montretout sits in a private park, guarded by Dobermans, and it is filled with large, gaudy objects with odd shapes and uncertain purposes, including a collection of iridescent rocks that climb the front staircase and seem to be sprinkled with golden makeup dust. It looks like the sort of place that people from the Front National describe when they talk about the houses rich Arabs like to own.

Le Pen lives and works in Montretout now, with a couple of secretaries and servants and, occasionally, one of three blond daughters for company. (One of the Le Pen girls ran for the town council in Neuilly last year, but she lost. She had trouble remembering the name of Neuilly's main street, which is Avenue Charles de Gaulle, and when a reporter from *L'Événement du Jeudi* asked about her platform she said that she would have to look it up.) Le Pen parted with some of Lambert's money when a cousin who considered himself the rightful heir sued and Le Pen settled out of court. But he still has what amounts to two million dollars of the Lambert fortune, and the house is his, and the palms in the park and the sparkly rocks and the gilded objects that are really lamps and the children's globe. Lately, it seems, he may have come into another fortune—five hundred thousand dollars from a former Rumanian diplomat by the name of Gustave Pordea who defected a few years after the war and took out French citizenship in 1983, and, in 1984, wanted a place in Le Pen's delegation to the European Parliament. According to Jon Swain, who followed the story for the London *Sunday Times*, the money came promptly, and in cash—Mme. Le Pen says that she picked it up—and Gustave Pordea just as promptly turned up as the fourth name on the Front National's parliamentary list and got himself elected. The *Sunday Times* says that Pordea is really a Rumanian "secret agent," in place in France for forty years.

Montretout today is a hilltop bunker where the world is barred and megalomania can flourish. Pierrette Le Pen says that her husband promised her the Élysée as "a Paris pied-à-terre," and in all likelihood he did. There is nothing around Le Pen for contradiction or contrast. He has thrived on what the French call a *culte du personnage*, and now he depends on it. A lot of his old friends left the Front National last year, saying there was no "democracy" in the Party. They wanted to be consulted about the Party's election lists in their own departments, and when Le Pen wouldn't consult them they quit to join new parties—some joined a party that Le Pen's (and Lambert's) old doctor has put together for the National Assembly elections next month. In any case, there was no way for them to stay in the Front National once they had complained. Whenever anyone in the Front National complains, Le Pen prefers not having him around.

ONE of the reasons the Front National chose Dreux in 1983 was the Party Secretary. His name is Jean-Pierre Stirbois, and he was looking for a respectable home base, a base in the provinces, and had a vague connection with Dreux because his wife's parents owned a house in the country a few miles from town. Stirbois himself lived in Paris. His wife was in Paris, and his children were at school in Paris, and his printing business was in Paris, but he was nearly forty and wanted to get elected to something important—the National Assembly or, at least, the European Parliament—and, inasmuch as every time he ran he lost, it was decided that Stirbois needed that reassuring association with *la France profonde* which goes along with a desk in some provincial town hall. There was clearly something about Stirbois that did not appeal to Dreux. Only about thirteen hundred people had voted for him when he ran here—first in 1978, and again three years later—for the National Assembly. He did a lot better when he ran from Dreux in cantonal elections, in 1979 and 1981, but, having lost four elections in as many years, he nearly gave up on Dreux. He went looking for his *France profonde* in Normandy, and settled on the town of Mantes-la-Jolie, thirty-seven miles out of Paris on the road to Rouen. Mantes rejected him so quickly that he came back to Dreux to try again.



By the end of 1982, Stirbois had announced that he was a candidate for mayor of Dreux. The reporters arrived then, and the television crews, because people were curious about the town the Secretary of the Front National had adopted as his *France profonde*, and their curiosity gave Françoise Gaspard a chance to talk about a "race problem" and Stirbois a chance to exploit it. The politicians from Paris came, too, because the situation called for comment, and comment meant publicity. And the gangs came, though they were definitely not the famous *bandes de Dreux*—French or Arab. Actually, the one thing everybody seems to agree on is that the strange young men who started to appear in Dreux that winter were volunteers from the Front National. Mme. Gaspard says they were paid volunteers, and even the old Drouais made jokes about the *interdits de séjour* finally having something to do. Stirbois set up an office, where he heard complaints from people who claimed to have been abused or attacked or insulted or robbed by immigrants. Housewives reënacted the crimes against them. Harkis came down from the Plateaux to talk about "the Algerian problem" as if all the revolutionaries of the F.L.N. were now in Dreux, working at Radiotéchnique. The streets were patrolled at night by strangers "keeping the peace" that nobody till then had thought was gone.

The Front National had candidates in hundreds of municipal elections that year, but Dreux was different. It was different because Stirbois was running here. It was different because so many people were paying attention. Mainly, it was different because Stirbois and those respectable conservative Dreux politicians had put together a common list of candidates. The politicians came from a local branch of the Rassemblement pour la République, which is the big neo-Gaullist party and the political property, so to speak, of the mayor of Paris, Jacques Chirac. They were used to sharing their candidates' lists with other Dreux conservatives, like Jean Cauchon, but this time, when Cauchon told them that they would have to choose between his Christian Democratic party—the Centre des Démocrates Sociaux—and the Front National, they chose the Front National. The Senator never really recovered from the shock. "The shame of it, the shame!" he still says whenever he talks about it. "Thirty-six thousand cities in France, and we are the only one that made an alliance with the Front National!" Cauchon never expected the alliance to last. He assumed that Dreux's conservative list would end up looking pretty much the way it always had—except that he thought it was time for his son Yves, who was getting into politics, to take over his place on the town council. Cauchon had been talking about Yves with one of his old deputy mayors, Jean Hieaux, who usually ran for the council as an independent on the R.P.R. ticket, and who wanted to be mayor himself. But while the two of them were negotiating their list Stirbois was negotiating his own list with another, younger R.P.R. politician, René-Jean Fontanille, and in the end Fontanille persuaded the Party that Stirbois was the profitable partner. Cauchon protested by telling Dreux exactly what he thought of Jean-Marie Le Pen and Jean-Pierre Stirbois and the Front National. Eventually, the government sent two riot policemen from the Compagnies Républicaines de Sécurité to guard the Senator's house.

The right here split over the question of the Front National. It split gradually, because local elections in France involve two rounds of voting (and have since the nineteenth century). People run from their own party or in little coalitions of parties in the first round—and there is rarely a majority. Then, after all the favors have been traded and the arrangements made, they either drop out or attach themselves to one of the parties or coalitions that came in first or second—and there is a new round of voting, which amounts to a kind of playoff, with the winning party taking over the town council and its leader taking over the Mairie. What happened in Dreux was that by March 6, 1983, the day of the first round of voting, there were two conservative lists—one with Fontanille and Stirbois at the head of it, and the other with Yves Cauchon and a Giscardian from the Union de la Démocratie Française—and by March 13th, the second round of voting, it was Fontanille and Stirbois against the Socialists. The Socialists won that day by eight votes, but the opposition asked for a recount, and in June the courts decided that, because of counting errors, nobody had won in Dreux—and scheduled new elections for September.

By then, there was so much tension in Dreux that Françoise Gaspard had given up and quit her job. She said she was quitting "to cool the climate of racist hate" that the Front National had managed to produce in Dreux with just a few months of threats and provocation and propaganda. Later, she wrote that she had been threatened herself. There were three-in-the-morning phone calls to her parents telling them to buy a coffin. There were days when her tires were slashed, nights, she said, when gunshots woke her. The night after the second round of March voting, she spotted two thugs waiting in front of her apartment. She turned her car around and fled to Paris, and that night she decided she could not go on. She said that if she ran again the left would lose in Dreux. She said she would be blamed, and maybe should be blamed, because by then even her friends—not the old Drouais who complained that in another ten years the mayor here would be called Hassan or Muhammad but people she knew and liked—were sick of foreigners and of Françoise Gaspard talking about foreigners, and wished that she would disappear. The rumors about Françoise Gaspard were punishing. It was said

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that she had let a Moroccan murderer out of prison; that she had given birth to a "dark" child and was keeping it hidden somewhere in the country; that eight hundred Turkish fanatics were coming to live in Dreux at her invitation; that she was paving Dreux's new pedestrian mall with human skin. It had got so bad, she says, that she began to hate Dreux. She took to spending whatever time she had at the house of her friend Mme. Claude Servan-Schreiber, the journalist, in a village near Dreux, just to get away. Mme. Servan-Schreiber is a famous feminist —privileged in her life and unconventional in her views. She founded the first important French feminist magazine, *F*, and she adopted a Tahitian boy once her own children were grown. She and Mme. Gaspard decided that women and immigrants had a lot in common. They began to write a book together about immigrants.

The Socialist who ran for mayor in Mme. Gaspard's place that September was a proper petit bourgeois with a little shoe factory, a family life, a repertoire of platitudes, and nothing odd or intellectual about him. He was easy to beat, and, to make sure that he was beaten, the local Giscardians forgot their scruples about Stirbois and Le Pen and added their candidates to the list with the Front National. They were not the only people to forget their scruples. That summer, Jean Cauchon's old friend Jean Hieaux negotiated his own peace with Stirbois. He replaced Fontanille at the head of what was now a decidedly right-wing list—which meant that Hieaux would be mayor of Dreux if the right won.

On September 11th, after another two rounds of voting, the Socialists here were out of power. Six thousand four hundred and four Drouais—a little more than fifty-five per cent of the voters—had voted against them. When the results were read, Françoise Gaspard said she was disgusted that in democratic France it took so little for racism to become legitimate. Jean Cauchon said that in his opinion the problem was not a Le Pen or a Stirbois but the responsible politicians, like Chirac and Giscard and the young conservative deputy François Léotard, who had convinced themselves that "Dreux is not France" and let Dreux happen. Stirbois himself said, "We are going to reduce and then eliminate, case by case, welfare for the immigrants here." And Jean Hieaux, who was the mayor of Dreux now, said, "*C'est dingue!* All this fuss over a little election." When he moved into the Mairie, he says, the concierge spat at him.

Jean Hieaux is a banker. His family opened a bank in Dreux in 1906, and now it is one of the important Dreux families—Catholic, conservative, stylish in the pleasant and predictable way of the provincial rich. The Hieaux are bankers to all the other old families here, just as Yves Cauchon is the lawyer. In 1934, Hieaux's father was at the center of an argument among those families which was not so different from the argument among them now, because he had founded a regional chapter of the Croix de Feu—a new nationalist movement that included, along with patriotic Catholics like himself, militant reactionaries who talked about purifying France, and sometimes even about the purity of Joan of Arc, burning for the country. Hieaux himself is a Gaullist. He is quite precise, and likes to say that he has been a Gaullist since November 8, 1942, when he was eighteen and the Allies landed in North Africa and not one ship in the Vichy fleet moved out from Toulon to join them. Five years later, he ran for the Dreux town council. He was one of the youngest councillors in France, and he is right, in a way, when he says he grew up in the Dreux Mairie. He has been there, off and on, as a councillor or a deputy mayor, and now as mayor, for nearly forty years. He says that there were never "politics" at the Mairie until Françoise Gaspard and the Socialists. Getting rid of politics in the Dreux Mairie is his favorite excuse for having taken up with the Front National. It may be, as Jean Cauchon likes to say, that Hieaux is an honorable man but that he wanted to be mayor so badly and for so long that "getting rid of politics" finally came to mean ignoring the politics of anybody who could help him win. In the end, he seemed to forget that the Mairie was any different from the family bank: he talked as if he had no more reason to ask his running mates about their politics than he did to ask his clients; he talked as if looking into a politician's politics were indiscreet. To a successful banker in a small town, the important thing is solvency and discretion, and Hieaux—slim and silver-haired and beautifully dressed in suits that look as if an English tailor made them for him—ran his campaign like a banker, letting the Front National spread the rumors and collect the volunteers and do the dirty work.

"Politics are always a choice," Hieaux said long after the election. "The Socialists were a disaster here. We had a conservative list that had to be voted in, and we knew it, and if we could govern—we on the right, that is —only with the Front National, well, we were going to do it. Choices are not always ideal. The people who criticize—the people like Simone Veil and Lionel Jospin, who come to Dreux from Paris and listen to the immigrants—well, those people live like me. Even Françoise Gaspard lives like me. They see immigrants for the space of a debate, and then they go home and wash and say, 'We have been to Dreux and there is no problem.' I say let them spend three weeks in an H.L.M. and try to sleep at night. Let them live with the piss in the elevators, with the noise, the smells, and then ask themselves, 'Is there a problem?' I look in the mirror and ask *myself*. Am I a racist? If saying that I don't like piss in the elevators makes me a racist, then, yes, I am a racist. Remember, the Front National had a list, and on the first round sixteen and a half per cent of the people here voted for that list. If you don't accept the fact that those people have a legitimate right to be represented, then you don't accept democracy. I accept democracy. If Charles Fiterman were still the Minister of Transportation and made an official visit to Dreux, I would greet him. I would say, 'He is a Communist, and not my type of man, but he is a legitimate minister of the President of the Republic and I accept him.' Well, I have two legitimate deputy mayors from the Front National, and if you accept democracy you have to accept them, too."

Stirbois, of course, is one of those deputy mayors. He is in charge of "civil protection," which means that the forty-five Dreux firemen report to him, and that one afternoon a month anybody with a "security problem" or a "civil-defense problem" can see him at the Mairie, if the person calls ahead for an appointment and if Stirbois keeps the appointment. Unless there are elections going on, Stirbois is not seen here very much now that he belongs to Dreux and has the roots in the provinces he tried so hard to plant. His real office is in Paris, in a dingy building on the Rue de Courcelles, and his real work is keeping the Party in line and the country convinced that immigrants are contaminating France. There is no Front National sign on the door. There is a company name on the mailbox, but nothing, really, to announce to strangers who is in that office. It may be that Stirbois is afraid of terrorists, because left-wing terrorists from Action Directe have made the Front National a target. (Last fall, Action Directe bombed three of Paris's radio and television buildings to keep Le Pen from appearing on a television talk show called "L'Heure de Vérité" and a radio program called "Face au Public.") Or it may be that because Stirbois himself is furtive he enjoys this odd approximation of clandestinity—that he likes to think of the Front National as the guerrilla army of Le Pen's holy war, or of himself as a kind of plainclothes general, directing the liberation of France from foreigners from a couple of rooms in the middle of the Seventeenth Arrondissement. Not very much is known about Stirbois, beyond the fact that his father was a tinsmith and his mother was a goldsmith. He has a degree in marketing from the École des Cadres et du Commerce, and today he is the expert who thinks up ways to market the Party. He seems to have distinguished himself as a student mainly by joining groups with names like Mouvement Solidariste Français at a time when most of the students in Paris were deciding between Mao and Trotsky. Otherwise, he is unnervingly colorless—a perfect foil for Le Pen's violent exhibitionism. Stirbois is small and dark and sort of shadowy. He insinuates where Le Pen threatens, and smirks where Le Pen shouts. He is indirect.

JEAN-PIERRE DUBREUIL, who teaches English at the Lycée Rotrou, came to Dreux from Paris twenty years ago. He had finished the Sorbonne and married the maid in the *chambre de bonne* next to his room on the Rue François Premier—"We were a sixth-floor romance," as he explains it—and when the time came for a posting the Minister of Education told him to go to Dreux. Dubreuil is forty-eight now. He has three children and a house in a pretty little development in Vernouillet, and a garden where his wife plants pansies and tulips and petunias in neat circles around a red maple and some birches. The house always used to be open. Then, a few years ago, it was robbed, and the neighbors shook their heads and said to the professor, "What did you expect, Dubreuil? With the kind of people you invite, you should be standing at the front door with a rifle." Most of Dubreuil's neighbors are French. By "the kind of people you invite" they meant foreigners and hippies and intellectuals who come from Paris to plan Nagasaki memorials and poetry readings and raise money for the Kanaks in New Caledonia. Actually, the neighbors are proud of their professor. He is the sort of teacher all Frenchmen know from the books they read as children and the movies they saw—the teacher who arrives one day in a small provincial town like Dreux, a nice young man with a new *licence* and a buoyant and infectious faith in education, and who stays to make that town his life and his passion. In twenty years, Jean-Pierre Dubreuil has made Dreux *his* life and *his* passion, and the brightest children here—the ones who stay on at the lycée for an extra year and prepare for university—have been his particular charge. It was his conviction that "*on se rencontre profondément*" in public school, that the lycée, like the Army, is one of the great democratic experiences in a Frenchman's life—a kind of liminal space in the patriotic geography, where divisions of class and wealth disappear and the children of the country get to know each other and themselves and share a clean, competitive identity that will send them out into the world on equal and companionable terms. It was a conviction he held as easily and cheerfully and unquestioningly as he helped with the gardening or drank his beer at the Tourniquet Café with the other teachers after school. It came from a republican vision. It was Dubreuil's legacy from 1789, and had survived the Terror and the Empire and the Restoration and the wars France fought and the villains France produced. Dubreuil fully expected it to survive Le Pen and the Front National. It was not a question of ideology. It had to do with a pride and an optimism about what being French meant, or should mean. Dubreuil believed that the civilization of France was civilizing, and that the

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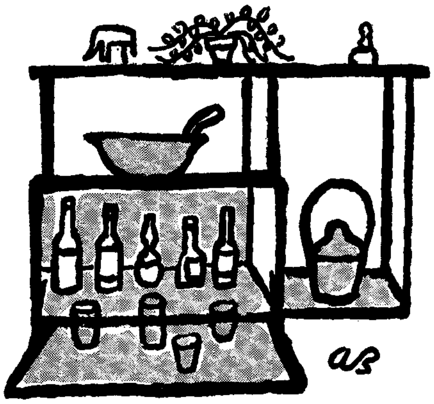
civilization of the French Republic was particularly civilizing—a trust held by its teachers and belonging, by rights, to everybody here.

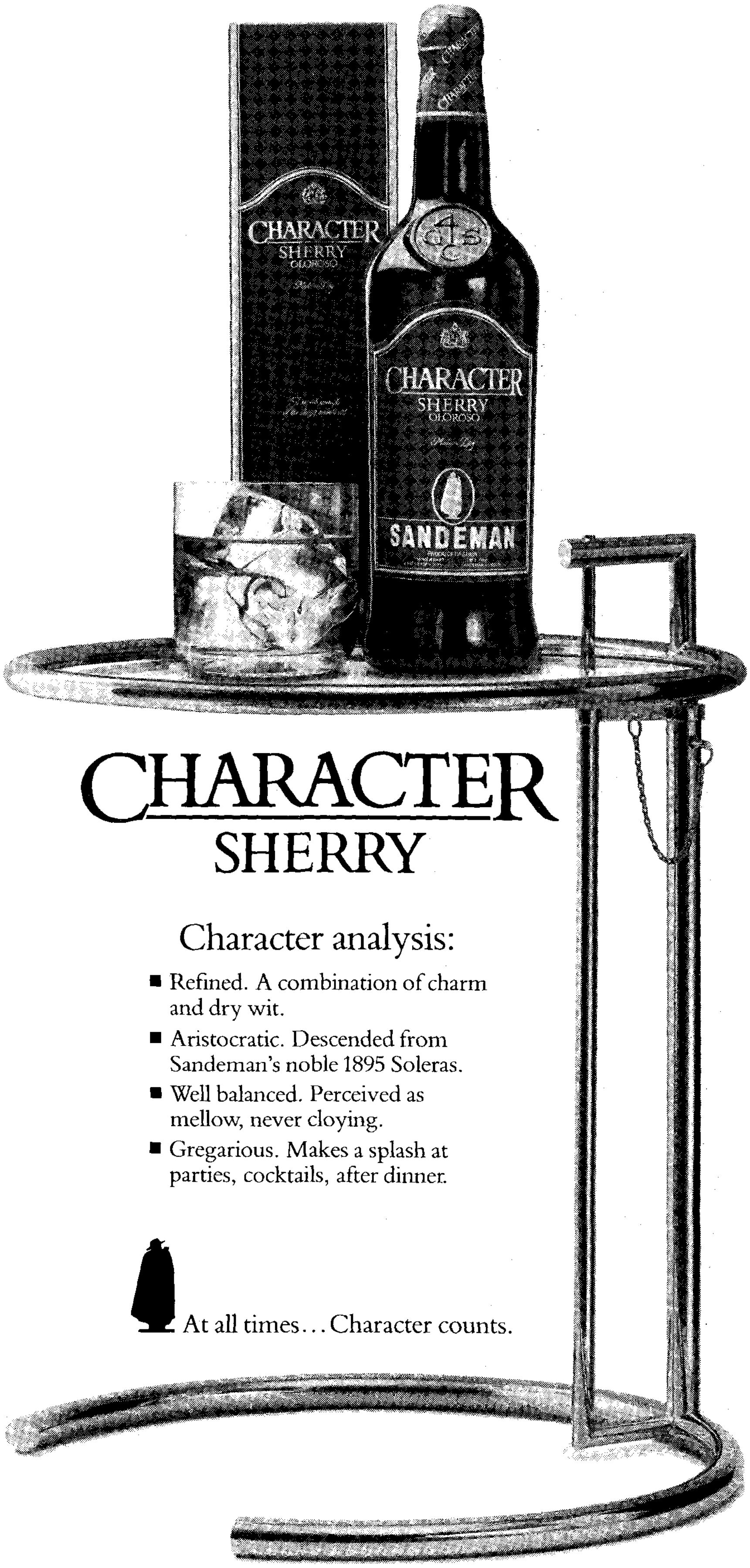
Dubreuil is a Dreux *personnage*, like Jean Cauchon or Françoise Gaspard. He is short and solid, with a trim gray beard and steel-rimmed glasses, and during the school year you can usually find him at noon at the Tourniquet, dressed in corduroy jeans, a down vest, and, if the weather is terrible outside, a navy knitted cap. Dubreuil is at ease in Dreux the way Françoise Gaspard never was at ease—despite the fact that she is the old Drouais and he is technically the stranger. His table at the Tourniquet is like the back porch of his house. People stop with their beer and sandwiches and coffee to talk to him and to each other. Something about his being there is reassuring.

The Tourniquet is a student hangout. It is an old café on a small street in the middle of Dreux, with sawdust on tile floors, and cracked marble tables, and a *patron* named Jacques Duval, who is known to be "correct"—meaning that he does not discriminate between "French" and "foreign" when kids get rough and he has to throw them out. Duval is a Socialist. He sat for six years on Françoise Gaspard's town council, and, in fact, was deputy mayor for civil protection—the job that Stirbois has now. He has made his bar a lively, tolerant place, a normal place for any other city, and it was probably inevitable that after 1983 the grownups here would start to use it more, as a kind of refuge from the tension outside. Simone Liard, the town librarian, eats lunch at the Tourniquet, and provides a commentary on life at the library now that Dreux's deputy mayor for culture is a woman from the Front National who keeps cancelling the town's subscriptions—*Le Canard Enchaîné*, *Différences*, and *Sans Frontières* were the first to go—and is talking about censoring the children's books. René Maltête eats at the Tourniquet. Maltête is a photographer, and he is Dreux's bohemian, and its most original dissenter. Last winter, when the Mairie took back the key to a city building where his club, Art en Dreux, had always had its exhibitions, Maltête put on a pair of bathing trunks and waded around in the Blaise until he found an empty house on the riverbank, and then he squatted. A young Portuguese I'll call Marcio, who volunteers at one of the community centers, eats lunch at the Tourniquet, and so does a Moroccan boy I'll call Driss, who works at another center in town. Marcio and Driss have been friends since school. They go to the movies together, and once they rode their motorbikes to Paris in a "ride against racism." (French motorbikes run on a mixture of gas and oil called gasoil, and the slogan for the ride was "*La France est comme les mobilettes; il faut du mélange.*") But Marcio has the confidence that comes from being Portuguese—not so "foreign"—and he complains that the Moroccan boys he knows are "scared of politics." Driss says that they are scared with reason. They are scared because a Moroccan boy from La Croix Tiénac was badly beaten at a rally last year by vigilantes who came at him with dogs and rubber clubs. They are scared because the police in Morocco keep track of Moroccans who get in trouble here, or get involved in politics, and have started seizing passports when those Moroccans come home on vacation. They are scared because there are Muslim fundamentalists—people the French usually call *frères Musulmans*, whether or not they are formally connected to the fundamentalists of the Muslim Brotherhood—in Dreux now, who feed on the fear and hatred on the Plateaux, and have "indoctrinations" for the men, the disappointed men like Benamid, and Koranic schools for the little boys, and lectures to tell the women to put their veils back on and, with them, the proper subservience. Driss says that by now a Muslim boy from a poor project like La Croix Tiénac or Les Chamards who heads for the Tourniquet after school with his French friends, or his Spanish or Portuguese friends, can count on trouble when he gets home. The *frères Musulmans* will come to his house and harangue him, and sometimes even threaten him. They have their holy war, just as Le Pen has his holy war, and suddenly, quickly, they have made it just as legitimate.



The principal at the Collège Pierre et Marie Curie, which is a middle school for about eight hundred children from the Plateaux, says that by now there are undoubtedly many of these little Koranic schools in the projects. Muslim boys are expected to show up for nine or ten hours of religious instruction every week. If they stay home, or their parents keep them home, the *frères Musulmans* come for them. If they still refuse to go, the *frères* beat them—and the authority of these fundamentalists is such that not many parents try to stop them. The children come to the Collège Pierre et Marie Curie exhausted, or they do not come at all. Immigrant children account for half the students at the school, and by now most of them—especially the Turkish boys and girls, whose circumstances are primitive—are at least a year behind for their ages, and the dropout rate is so high that fewer than half of them finish out their four years, and only a handful of those who do go down to Dreux and the Lycée Rotrou and Jean-Pierre Dubreuil's humane and civilizing lessons. The principal of the *collège*—his name is Jean-Paul Béguin—is exhausted himself. He came to Dreux from a cheerful school in Champagne where nearly everyone was French, never dreaming what the assignment would be. The tragedy, the teachers here told him, is that these children are becoming the foreigners of Le Pen's propaganda. They live in poverty. Often, their mothers are afraid to ask the Mairie for money for medicine or food—either because they are forbidden to go to town or because they believe that immigrants who complain will be turned out of their flats, or even sent home to Morocco or Algeria or Turkey, which are the countries most of the Muslim immigrants here come from—and so the children take drugs. The drugs of the poor in France, Béguin says, are glue and the ink in felt-tip pens. By the time the children get to school (if they get to school), they are sick and hungry and tired from their late nights *and* drugged. They begin to hang around in gangs—little *bandes de Dreux*. They steal, and they break things (the lights and switches and circuit breakers in the school are often broken), and when they fail a test, or get a detention for not doing homework, they take it as an attack on immigrants—as discrimination, which is what the *frères Musulmans* tell them it is. Then they are violent. The teachers despise them for it. And, as for the Collège Pierre et Marie Curie, French schools are supposed to be serious places, and tend to look a little like penitentiaries in the best of circumstances. The Collège Pierre et Marie Curie is grim.

There used to be a lot of resistance among immigrants to the fundamentalists. Now they are part of the life of the housing projects. And, as Françoise Gaspard said about the Front National, all it took was a few months of provocation and propaganda. They soothe the humiliation of the immigrants with a kind of fanatical obliviousness. They have the energy of their cause, and they are filled with hatred. There are graffiti in Dreux—graffiti about Jews and about Mitterrand stealing from Arabs to give to Jews—as vile as anything Le Pen's people come up with about Arabs. Dubreuil once said that the Arabs always carried their politics to Dreux with them—like prayer rugs or teapots. The problem now is that their politics are so alarming. Bright young men like Driss, who hang out at the Tourniquet and try to avoid the madness on the Plateaux, would normally be in universities studying, but the nearest university—the one you can get to cheaply and quickly on a train—is the University of Paris, and the University of Paris is not "available" to Dreux as far as the government is concerned. Dreux is at the northern limit of an education district that includes the universities of Orléans and Tours, and there is no train from Dreux to either place. The young immigrants stay home until they earn enough to move to Paris on their own, or to commute with their own money—without the allowance they would automatically get if they went to Tours, say, a hundred and eight miles away. Driss wants very much to go to a university. He is twenty years old, and full of curiosity, but for now he is an *animateur*—a kind of social and sports director at the community center—and in all likelihood he will be an *animateur* in another five years. He does not spend much time anymore in the project where his parents live and everybody knows him. He tries to organize the Moroccans there whenever there is a march or a demonstration involving immigrants, but there is no community center for him in the project—nothing, really, to occupy him. With a community center, he



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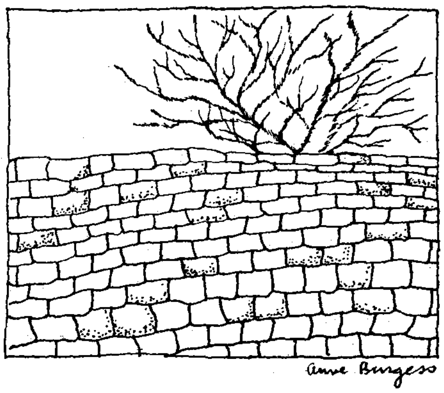
says, he could do something useful. He could offer the kids in the project an alternative to the fundamentalists and their "voluntary" schools. The kids run wild there. When someone calls a meeting—the way a friend of Driss's did when he wanted to get a group of young Moroccans together for an "association against racism and for legal rights"—the police are there to break the meeting up and to take the name of whoever organized it. A few days later, he will have to answer for himself, like Driss's friend, at the commissariat.

THE deputy mayor for culture, Mireille Brion, worked for a lawyer in Neuilly when Stirbois put her on his list for Dreux. She still lives in Neuilly, but she has an office at the Dreux Mairie, and after taking care of the library here (she subscribed to *Le Figaro's* weekend magazine with the money she saved by cancelling *Le Canard Enchaîné*) she decided to devote herself to the theatre. She opened what could be called Dreux's theatre season with a production of Henri de Montherlant's "Fils de Personne," and sent out invitations from the Mairie on Front National stationery. One of the Tourniquet regulars who works at the Mairie discovered the stationery in Mme. Brion's office and told the people at the café, and created such a scandal that even *Le Monde* sent a reporter to the opening. After that, the only plays Mme. Brion put on were comedies. Then, last spring, she announced that she was bringing an important dramatization of Victor Hugo's "Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné" to Dreux, and people at the Tourniquet were bewildered, because "Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné" is France's most eloquent argument against capital punishment, and Mme. Brion, like everybody else in the Front National, was campaigning to bring capital punishment back. Mme. Brion, it turned out, had heard about the play, but mainly what she had heard was that it was a monologue—with only one actor to pay and not much in the way of a set and no orchestra—and would therefore fit right in with her policy of keeping the culture budget to a minimum. No one knows if she ever did read it, but, then, no one knows if she read Montherlant, who is a hero to the French right, either. Still, word went around Dreux—and especially around the local theatre club—that anything Mme. Brion produced should be boycotted. On the night of the performance, most of the seats at the theatre were empty.

There is a club for everything in Dreux. Jacques Duval, from the Tourniquet, is president of something called Limonadiers à Dreux (Dreux Soda Jerks). René Maltête is the head of Art en Dreux. Dubreuil is president of the Cercle Laïque and was vice-president of the theatre club, and he belongs to the art club, the documentary-film club, the chess club, the clubs that run Dreux's Fête de l'Amitié and its Fête sans Frontières, and a couple he can never remember (there are something like two hundred clubs to keep the Drouais busy) until he gets the bills for his yearly dues. These clubs are important in Dreux, if only because they provide people with a room where there are lights and conversation and a kind of gentleman's agreement against hatred. Hamid Benamid never goes to places like the Tourniquet—places where there are hot dogs and alcohol, and girls and boys who kiss across the marble tables and leave Benamid filled with shame—but he was still thinking about joining the theatre club a year ago, which is when the *frères Musulmans* found him.

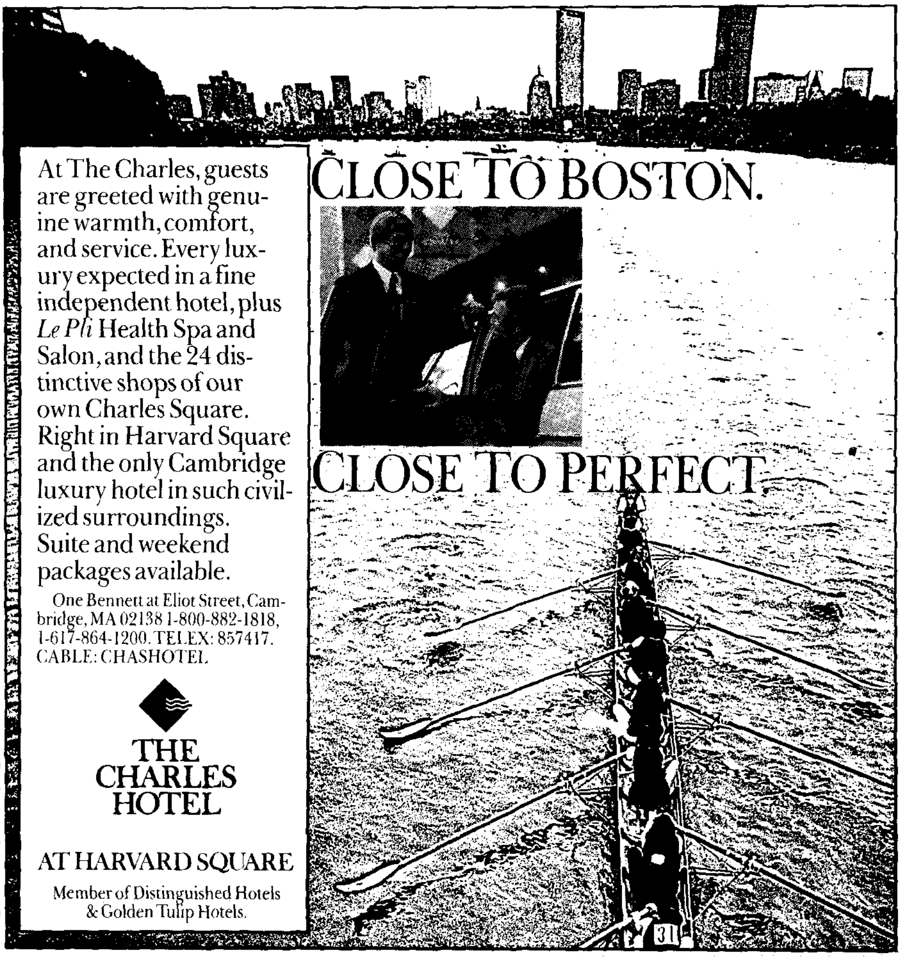
Early last year, a stranger—I will call him Sidi Omar—appeared at the gates of Benamid's factory at the end of the afternoon shift and sought him out, saying that he had been sent to Benamid with the word of God. Sidi Omar had just arrived in Dreux. He stalked the projects, bearded and glowering under a filthy white turban, on the lookout for little boys playing soccer during Koran reciting time or women in miniskirts or men with wine bottles in their coat pockets. He did not approve of plays unless they were the old ritual reënactments of the lives of Muslim saints, and he certainly did not approve of the sort of plays Professor Dubreuil put on when he was helping to run Théâtre en Dreux. Sidi Omar told Benamid that the arrival of the Front National in Dreux was a sign that the Europeans were coming out from under the cover of their treacherous "tolerance"—the tolerance with which they had weakened the faithful, using friendship and conversation and all the other soft European weapons—and were preparing to finish the faithful off. He said that this would happen unless Muslim men armed themselves with the hard weapon of rejection. He took Benamid's disappointments and froze them into a kind of furious calm.



Sidi Omar invited Benamid to talk about the Koran, and introduced him into a class for men that met on the nights Benamid would normally have been at home or playing chess with his friends. Benamid stopped playing chess, even on his lunch break. Instead, he tried to organize the men from his project to demand a special room for answering the muezzin's five daily calls to prayer. Last spring, there was a lot of discussion in Dreux about New Caledonia. The best baker in town invented a tasty cake and called it a Caldoche, after the pro-French party there. Housewives on the right bought the cake, and housewives on the left refused to buy it, and this meant that everyone in Dreux with a sweet tooth became an expert on an argument about independence in a French colony halfway around the world. People were so excited about New Caledonia that Dubreuil organized a discussion on the future of the islands at the Cercle Laïque. He invited a sociologist from Paris, a Kanak from New Caledonia, and a student from Dreux to debate before the discussion, and then he posted notices. There were notices around the Place du Marché and in front of the Cercle Laïque, on the Rue du Commandant Beaurepaire, and one at the post office, which Benamid saw. A year earlier, he might have gone to the debate, because he was interested in the world, and because the Cercle Laïque was a place that genuinely welcomed immigrants, and gave people like Benamid a chance to get involved with the intellectual life of the town and to make French friends. But on the day of the debate Benamid's twins came home from school with two slices of Caldoche, and were spanked and sent to their rooms and told not to involve themselves in France's arguments. That night, while Dreux debated, Benamid went to Sidi Omar's rooms and read the Koran and listened to Sidi Omar's lesson, which had to do with the ignorance of Europeans who accused the faithful of being primitive or brutal whenever they cut off a robber's hand, because cutting off hands was a complicated—even a scholarly—application of Koranic law, and there were many criteria to apply, many formulas to follow. Cutting off hands was a question of crimes that only a holy man could interpret.

These days, Benamid spends his time with Sidi Omar or at home, supervising his wife and daughters in their radical new Islam, and serving tea and sweet Algerian cakes to his visitors. Sometimes, when he talks, there is some of the old ease and curiosity in his voice, and some of the actor's charm, but then he shifts, suddenly, into a monologue of opinions and explanations and exhortations which is really a kind of talking to himself—and it is the voice of a fanatic. It is the voice you hear on hijacking tapes and on "Christian" radio stations in Nebraska and at Le Pen rallies where people stand and recite the litany about loving their daughters more than their nieces and their nieces more than their cousins and their cousins more than their neighbors—and France above all.

Carlos Guerreiro is a French citizen. He became a citizen in 1980, saying that he had spent the first twenty-three years of his life in Fascist Portugal and whatever debts he had to Portugal were paid. The loathing he has for Fascism is as strong today as it was on the day he fled Lisbon, after eight days of interrogation in a soundproofed room at secret-police headquarters, on the Rua Maria Cardoza. His crime was collecting food money for the families of political prisoners who had been arrested at Beja, in 1962, trying to start the revolution that took another twelve years to accomplish. Guerreiro was a special immigrant. He was not one of the million peasants who found their way to France from the Alentejo or the Trás-os-Montes looking for work—any sort of work that would keep their families alive at home—but a young Lisbon clerk who had finished the *liceu*, served in Angola, and was making good money with an American engineering company. He led, he says, *la vie nocturne* of a Lisbon bachelor. It never occurred to Guerreiro, in those days before the police took him in, that he would ever work with his hands in a factory in a French provincial town. His own plans were to emigrate to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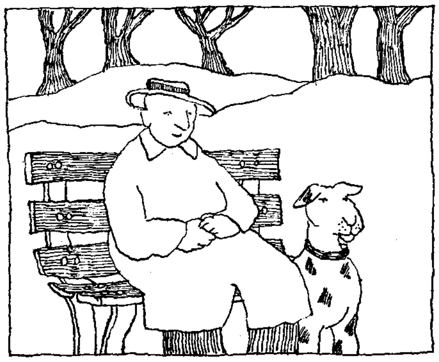
Canada and work for an engineering firm in Alberta. He had letters from his American company, and he was confident of a good job and a good life in Canada, but leaving Portugal the way he did—north and across the border into Spain and France, without his letters—meant ending up as a refugee in Paris, waiting for the papers that would let him continue. He found a room in Paris, and a job unloading trucks at the markets in Les Halles, and eventually he met a Portuguese student who sent him off to a café on the Avenue de Wagram where there was a mason with a list of *patrons* who paid in cash and were not fussy about work permits or residence cards so long as the worker was cheap and cost them nothing in social security and insurance and taxes. The first thing the mason said to Guerreiro was "Show me your hands." Guerreiro had pale, smooth, office hands, and, seeing them, the mason shrugged and told him he was useless. But *he* sent Guerreiro to Saint-François-Xavier, a church in a workers' quarter near the Boulevard Bonnes Nouvelles which had Portuguese parishioners and a Portuguese Mass on Sundays and a Portuguese curé who was a kind of employment agent for the neighborhood. The priest got Guerreiro a job in Dreux.

By the time Guerreiro had all the papers he would need for a Canadian visa, he was a janitor at Radiotéchnique, cleaning sewers, and lived in a factory barracks with a lot of other Portuguese immigrants. They were mainly Braga and Bragança peasants, and none of them could really read or write, but they were kind to Guerreiro. They took him to restaurants to eat, they took him to the movies, and whenever he had nothing left they chipped in and gave him thirty francs for a hot meal. The experience, he says, changed his life. "I was doing the lowest work, the filthiest work. I didn't have much French, but I could speak English and I could read and write and so I had a certain prestige, you might say, among the Portuguese immigrants. Those immigrants, those illiterate immigrants I looked down on—they saw that I had never worked with my hands, that I didn't have the strength for it, and so they did my work for me. What I really learned those first few years, when I was learning to work with my hands, is that no matter what a man *is* or *does* he has something to teach you, something true. I learned that the peasant cleaning sewers can be just as good as the professor. All my life, I had had this very Portuguese illusion about class. I was a good bourgeois. A monsieur. I felt superior. But in France I discovered that I was not a monsieur to the French, I was a *petit bonhomme* cleaning sewers in a factory—and, I tell you, there are centuries of difference between the man I was then and the man I am now. I began to believe in *liberté, égalité, fraternité.* I married a Frenchwoman. I made my home here. I decided to stay. I thought that if I stayed perhaps I could do something to help the Portuguese here to live better, the way they helped me."

Carlos Guerreiro has a better job now. He works for a charter-bus company, and does its marketing and accounting, and sometimes translates for it, too. He has his own desk and his own phone—in fact, his own office. Three thousand Portuguese in the Eure-et-Loir think of him as their spokesman, and so do a lot of the other immigrants here, because he has put *their* clubs together with his own Portuguese Club under an umbrella club called the Association des Associations Étrangères de Dreux—of which he is the president. He wants to see the kind of solidarity among older immigrants that he sees among the young immigrants who belong to the group called SOS-Racisme. Kids in SOS-Racisme cover for one another in the courts and in the streets and in their own high-school corridors and wear bright plastic badges—an open hand with "TOUCHE PAS À MON POTE" ("Don't touch my buddy") written on it—and talk about France as a "Melting Pote." *Their* president is the son of a Frenchwoman from Alsace and a schoolteacher from Martinique, which is a French Overseas Department. He is French, of course, although the Front National would say "second-generation immigrant." (Arab kids, if they were talking about themselves, would say *beur*, which is their argot for the same thing.) His name is Harlem Désir, and he studied philosophy at the Sorbonne and history at Paris XII. The reason he got involved in race politics had less to do at first with his own dark skin than with something that happened to a Senegalese friend of his called Diego. Diego was coming home from school on the Métro one day when a Frenchwoman in the car opened her pocketbook and thought that her wallet was gone. When she cried out, everybody in the car turned and looked at Diego. They looked at him as if it were perfectly reasonable to assume that, of all the people in a subway car at rush hour, the only black man there was the culprit—and they kept looking at him, even after the woman dug around in her pocketbook and found the wallet under a handkerchief and a compact. That night, about fifteen of Diego's friends were talking at a café in the Latin Quarter. As Harlem Désir tells the story, they listened to Diego and decided it was time to do something. Now, less than two years later, they have offices in Paris and Marseilles, three hundred chapters, seventeen lawyers, and two roving investigators, who travel around France looking into racism cases. When they need publicity, they have a rock concert. There were three hundred thousand boys and girls at the first big concert they put on—it was on the Place de la Concorde—and now they have Melting Pote concerts all the time. Their badges are so chic among the liberal bourgeoisie that the manager of a boutique in the Sixteenth called Désir's office and asked if they came in pink, because she thought it would be nice to have a basket of badges for customers to take home, and pink was her "color scheme."



There are obviously French students who agree with the American girl from Brown who went to the Concorde concert on a date and said afterward, "It was terrific, except for the Moroccans." There are problems about foreigners in SOS-Racisme itself—the Arabs argue with the Jews and the Marxists argue with the liberals over real and imagined politics in the organization. But it is still easier for students in Paris or Marseilles to find some common ground than it is for workers in Dreux, where there is inflation to worry about and unemployment to worry about, and even age to worry about, because age usually means that the prejudices and politics of your old country pull you. Children born in France usually end up thinking of themselves as French—which is why racism bewilders them. They think that way until they are rejected or abused into making a kind of psychological retreat or replying to hatred with hatred or, like Benamid's girls, getting indoctrinated with crazy simplicities. Guerreiro is sorry when Muslims like Benamid stop coming to meetings of the Association des Associations Étrangères, but there is nothing he can do about it. The message of the Front National is race. It is about the contamination of Europe by Arabs and Turks and Africans, and so the Portuguese, being European and Catholic, are really peripheral to the argument.

"I am frightened," Guerreiro says. "I am frightened that I will discover in France exactly what I left in Portugal twenty-two years ago. It is not so bad for the *real* immigrants—the ones who come for ten or fifteen years to earn some money and go home. The indifference of the French is not at the center of their lives. It is not so important. But the children—the children who are born in France and are going to stay here . . . How does a boy growing up in France feel when someone says to him 'Go home, Arab!' or 'Go home, dirty Porto!' and he knows that *this* is home, that France is where he lives?" Guerreiro has two children. They are still in school, and Guerreiro has bought a house for the family which is not much smaller than the Dubreuils' house; in fact, it sits about midway between the Dubreuils' and the Benamids'—literally between two worlds. The house is filled with carved-oak furniture and velvet armchairs, with heavy, reassuring things that cannot easily be moved away. From time to time, Guerreiro goes to the oak sideboard—a small, dark, gentle man with graying hair and a fondness for checked wool shirts that look like the shirts in an American country catalogue—and pours a glass of his best port and drinks a toast to Otelo Saraiva de Carvalho or one of the other heroes of the Portuguese revolution, but his heart and his politics are in unhappy Dreux. He thinks a lot about Françoise Gaspard lately, and sometimes has a glass for her. He is, he says, "a bad, macho Portuguese who had to learn that this *petite bonne femme* was better than any man I knew."

CARLOS GUERREIRO thinks the Socialists would be in the Mairie now if Françoise Gaspard had not col-

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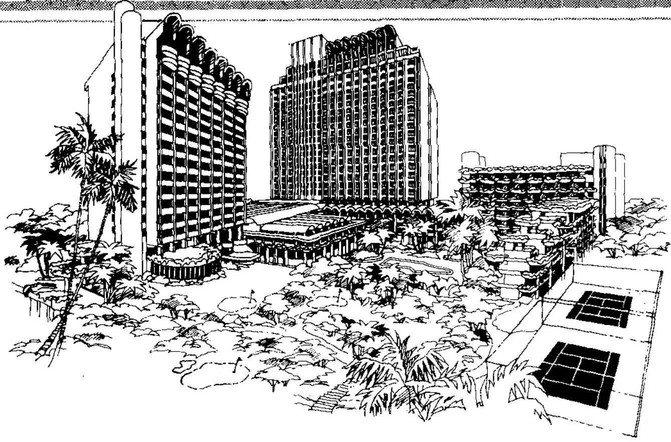

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lapsed from the attacks on her and the strain, and had run for mayor again when it was only a question of eight contested votes. He thinks that her popularity would have carried her, though other people here doubt it. In the Socialist Party, they say that Mme. Gaspard inherited too many of Robespierre's uneasy principles and not enough of Danton's easy charm. She herself says she is a "Mauroy Socialist"—meaning Pierre Mauroy, who is a bluff and homely character, a leftist fantasy of *la France profonde*. Paris bewildered Mauroy when he was Prime Minister. He was always getting into trouble, always saying what he thought (or not knowing what he thought), always covering for the President and getting the blame when things went wrong but never getting the credit when things went better. Mme. Gaspard seems much closer in character to her friends from CERES—like Jean-Pierre Chevènement, the Minister of Education—who know what is good for "the people," and rarely get confused listening for what the people want. She is still incongruous in Dreux, the way the flat she keeps in the middle of town is incongruous, with its white walls and leather couches and shiny steel and glass and plastic surfaces. The old Drouais with leftist sentiments usually live in a more confident kind of eccentricity, with shabby couches, and animals all over the house, and ancient water closets that are sometimes across a courtyard from the kitchen. They are people like Odette Husson—pleasantly distracted and the wife of the biggest insurance agent in town—who believe in the Third World and solicit "sister cities" for exchanges and are always rushing around with delegations from Todi and cooking lunch for tours from Koudougou. Or they are anxious provincial intellectuals, like Gilbert Stenfort, who teaches at the Collège Pierre et Marie Curie and talks about noble Scots ancestors who came to France during the revolution and ended up as *libres-penseurs*, involved with ornithology and Montessori schools and sculpture, but always had pious Catholic wives to choose the silver and raise the children. They are not really very different from the old Drouais with Christian sentiments, like Jean Cauchon, whose own wife goes off to Senegal on occasion to commune with the natives, and whose youngest daughter is a reporter in Cayenne.

The fact that Françoise Gaspard *is* different is the excuse the politicians used when they let Dreux down. It took two years and, in the course of those years, a round of cantonal and European Parliament elections for them to begin to understand that when Jean Cauchon said, "Dreux is broken, and I don't know how we can put it together again," he could have been talking about France, too. Now, of course, everybody in France is talking about France, and Dreux is less a scandal from 1983 than an object lesson for 1986. Since Dreux, ten people from the Front National, including Le Pen and Stirbois, have been elected to the European Parliament. (They are part of a sixteen-member bloc that includes the Italian Social Movement and the Greek National Front, and calls itself the Group of the European Right.) In all likelihood, some of them will be sitting in the French National Assembly before this spring is over. If they are, it will be because a significant number of men and women now believe that immigrants are at the heart of France's problems. Mitterrand, talking about Dreux, remarked that there were only a hundred and fifty more immigrants in town when Françoise Gaspard quit than there were in 1981, when the Socialists took over the Assembly. He said that immigration was not something the Socialists invented, and that anyway, with all the talk about French identity and about what being French meant, it would be well to remember that in France "if I go to your house, if anybody goes to your house and you let him in, especially if it is someone you invited, usually you say to him, 'Dear Friend, dear Monsieur, or dear Madame, you are here at my house—my house is yours.' This is *French* politesse. This has been the *French* way to behave for a very long time."

The French are paying less attention to politesse lately. The fact that Dreux is calm—whether from fear or resignation, or even contentment—means mainly that racism is a little more respectable here than it was three years ago. This winter, Jean Hieaux invited some Paris journalists to Dreux for a kind of progress report on life with the Front National, and the journalists reported that Dreux was boring. They said that nothing was happening. The point, of course, is that nothing *is* happening in Dreux. Whatever spirit the town once had is dying. Its arguments about race are old news. *Le Figaro's* magazine published an issue on race this winter with a veiled, Arab Marianne on the cover and a lot of fancy graphs and statistics about immigrants, and predictions—they were made by a "humanity expert" named Jean Raspail and confirmed by the head of something called the Institute for Political Demography—to the effect that in thirty years about seventeen per cent of France, or ten and a half million people, will be "non-European foreigners," and that most of those foreigners will be Arabs and Turks, producing dark little French citizens at the rate of more than two hundred and seventy-five thousand babies a year. The magazine is run by a onetime necromancer named Louis Pauwels, but *Le Figaro* itself is probably the most powerful French paper after *Le Monde*. Thousands of people who read *Le Figaro* before it changed hands, in 1975—who read it when it was a perfectly respectable conservative paper, with Raymond Aron for a columnist—still read it, as much from habit as from politics. They are much less wary of its graphs and figures than they would be if they came upon a "demographic study" in one of the more notorious right-wing papers like *Présent*. They read the statistics about immigrants draining France of its social-security reserves, and those statistics are so persuasive that the official ones—immigrants contribute about seven per cent of the welfare budget in France and take back about six per cent in benefits—go ignored or unknown or discounted. They absorb the fear about immigrants. And, quietly, racism stops being a question of a few murders in the south or of the southern cafés that have put up signs saying "North Africans Not Served." It is a question now of mild and thoughtful people, like the professor from Nanterre who was mugged on the subway platform at Châtelet by two young blacks in Rastafarian getups and now "assists," as he puts it, "at incidents of retaliation."

The fact is that today much of the crime in France does involve immigrants. There are places like the Plateaux in nearly every city, and children in them drop out of school and hang around waiting for something to happen, and when nothing happens they go downtown and get stoned and end up in the Métro harassing university professors who go home saying that maybe Jean-Marie Le Pen is not so bad after all—that he is *brute* and exaggerates but maybe there is some truth in his misguided patriotism. Not long ago in France, "race" was the obsession of a few certifiable reactionaries, like the writer André Figueras, who went to a rally one day and announced that France was "under the eye of the barbarians," and that immigrants were "reproducing like rabbits" and would continue reproducing like rabbits until there was a Muslim President of the French Republic. Today, it is everybody's obsession. Politicians like Alain Peyrefitte, who was Giscard's Minister of Justice, argue publicly against the immigrants (Peyrefitte was debating with Harlem Désir), and say that every time an immigrant gets a job a Frenchman is deprived of his livelihood. No one listening is surprised.

THERE is a lot of talk right now about "the Dreux model." People are wondering whether the big conservative parties will do what they did in Dreux and include the Front National in a coalition of the right if that is the only way they can take over the National Assembly next month and force Mitterrand to resign—or, at least, as the French now put it, to "cohabit." Mitterrand changed the Assembly election laws last year—it was the tenth time someone had changed them since the French started voting for a National Assembly, in 1791. He had talked for years about doing it, because officially the Socialist Party never accepted de Gaulle's Fifth Republic formula for French national elections—which was really a version of the old municipal system, and had two rounds of voting, with the majority candidate in each election district taking the Assembly seat. But the truth is that many Socialists preferred de Gaulle's formula to any of the old ones, which involved various complicated attempts at proportional representation and were associated with most of the chaos and collapses during the Third and Fourth Republics. Some Socialists even believed that the system

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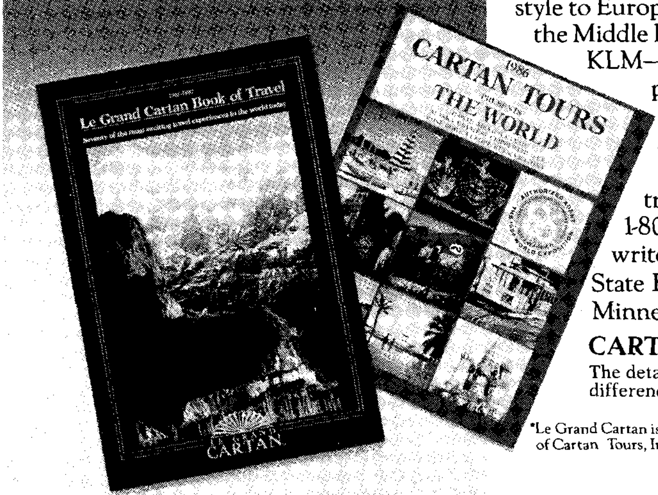

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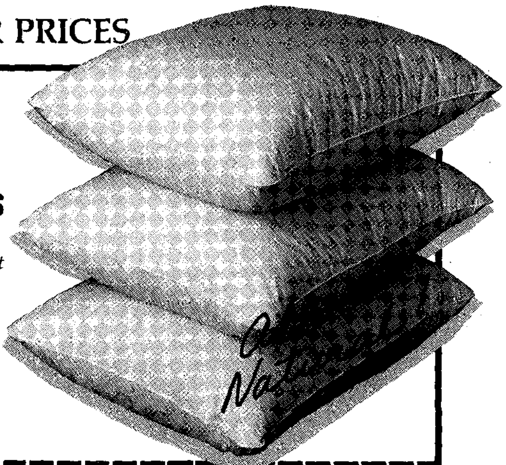

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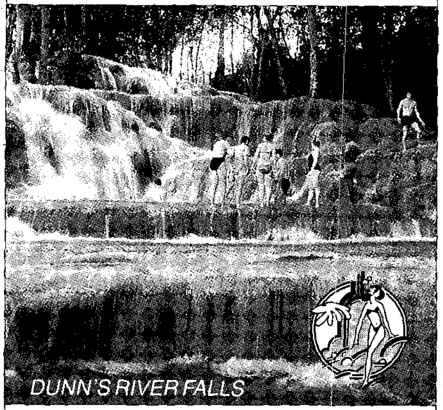

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was a stroke of genius. They said that it was typical of the General, who understood the French so well and suspected that if he gave them a chance to vote noisily from their ideologies the first time around they would vote quietly, and thoughtfully, from their common sense, when it was important—that is, when it was a question of supporting *him*. Mitterrand himself was happy enough with the old formula while he was certain of his majority. He had the same imperial ideas about the Presidency that de Gaulle had (around the Élysée, people call Mitterrand “the Emperor”), and he was in no hurry to make the kinds of changes that would leave him with a divided and disputatious legislature and a dozen parties arranging and rearranging their relations at his expense. He changed the voting laws because the country began to change and the polls he ordered told him that, while he was likely to lose the Assembly anyway, he would lose “less” under a proportional system of voting. (Mitterrand's particular proportional system created one Assembly seat for every hundred and eight thousand people in a department, and it involves party lists from which deputies will be elected according to their place on a list and their party's share of the total departmental vote.) He knew that a divided and disputatious Assembly *would have to cohabit in a government* of *his* choosing, whereas an Assembly clearly controlled by the two big parties of the right could reasonably expect to cohabit in a government *they* chose—that is, if they agreed to live with Mitterrand at all. There is no one in the Assembly now from the Front National. The old system pretty much precluded it, and then, too, the last national elections were in 1981, and no one on the right in 1981 would have dared to present a list with Front National candidates. But the European Parliament has always been a proportionally elected parliament, and the fact that there are ten Front National deputies in Strasbourg now (out of a total French delegation of eighty-one) means that more than two million Frenchmen, or eleven per cent of the country's voters, voted for Le Pen and his party less than two years ago. If eleven per cent of the voters in France vote for the Front National next month, Le Pen could have as many as forty seats in the National Assembly.

A lot of people hold François Mitterrand responsible for this. Michel Rocard, who was his Agriculture Minister, quit the government last year, saying that Mitterrand's new election laws were cynical and irresponsible, and meant, sadly, that for the sake of a few more Socialist seats a Socialist President of France was willing to give Jean-Marie Le Pen and his friends the sort of political power they had not been permitted to have for thirty years. Then Chirac and Giscard hurried to assure the country that *they* would never make a deal with the Front National—even if not making a deal cost them the government. They did what they had neglected to do in Dreux three years ago: they forbade their local party leaders to deal directly with the Front National, either. The commotion that followed gave Jean Hieaux his moment. He was shocked at Mitterrand, he said. He was scandalized by the compromise of France that Mitterrand had made. “Blame *Mitterrand,*” he *said whenever you* asked about Dreux, or about the problems in Dreux. “Mitterrand looked around and said, ‘*Voila!* I have to have this proportional vote to divide the right, because otherwise the right will win the elections.’ Mitterrand tells everyone, ‘Look at Dreux, look at what Jean Hieaux has done to Dreux.’ But I say, ‘Look at France, look at what François Mitterrand has done to France.’ There will be Front National deputies in the National Assembly, and it will be Mitterrand who has put them there—Mitterrand, who talks about Dreux and blames me.”

Hieaux is much more confident these days. He is unctuous and debonair, and he has found a theme for himself, which is that in life most people are simply not very understanding. (“Instead of dreaming, isn't it better to admit that man is not naturally tolerant, that he doesn't like things that annoy him?” the Mayor of Dreux wrote to the Catholic newspaper *La Croix*. “Noise, old people, people with long hair, people with short hair, children.”) He talks about Françoise Gaspard now as “a little woman who wanted to climb too fast too far,” and who took up immigrants because she needed what he refers to, smiling, as “political virginity.” He talks about Stirbois as if Stirbois were somebody he never saw, not even at the monthly meetings of the town council—which have actually got so heated that three hundred people come for the spectacle and talk about how the Mairie is "the only theatre in town." Stirbois has even taken Hieaux to task for something having to do with budget appropriations for immigrants; it gave Hieaux a new cachet and put him back in the good company of people like Jean Cauchon, whom Stirbois sued after the old Senator went on Radio Luxembourg and called him a racist. When *Le Monde* put out a supplement on immigration—the headline was "DREUX SYMBOLE, DREUX CALMÉE, DREUX MÉFIANTE"—Hieaux was asked to make a statement. He said, "Peace has arrived."

There are polls saying that six hundred of the seventeen hundred and fifty people who voted Front National in the first round of Dreux's elections in September of 1983 were people who had voted Socialist before, and this may explain something of how Dreux managed to survive three years with Stirbois as a deputy mayor and eight of his friends as town councillors. The town seems to have accepted its arrangement with the Front National. Stirbois is not running from the department in the Assembly elections next month (he is running from the Hauts-de-Seine, next door), but his wife, Marie-France, is running here, and the Giscardians and Chiraciens have put together a department list headed by an old Paris councillor named Michel Junot, who is best known as Caroline of Monaco's ex-father-in-law, and who belongs to a little party much closer to the Front National than to either of theirs. Françoise Gaspard is running for the Socialists, but she is second on the Socialist list for the Eure-et-Loir—after the mayor of Chartres—and this means that she will get to keep her seat in the Assembly only if the Party wins at least two of the department's four seats. A lot of the old Drouais have either forgotten what happened to Mme. Gaspard in 1983 or got used to it, or decided that it was not so terrible after all. Now that the elections are coming and the politicians are back in Dreux, there is some of the tension of 1983, but people talk about tension now as if it were a fact of life, and life goes on here. It is usually only strangers who remark on how odd it is—even for the provinces—to be in a city that shuts its doors so resolutely. Every now and then, Jean-Pierre Dubreuil tells his students to write their weekly essay on the subject of immigrants. One of them began this way: "*L'inconnu fait peur.*"

—JANE KRAMER

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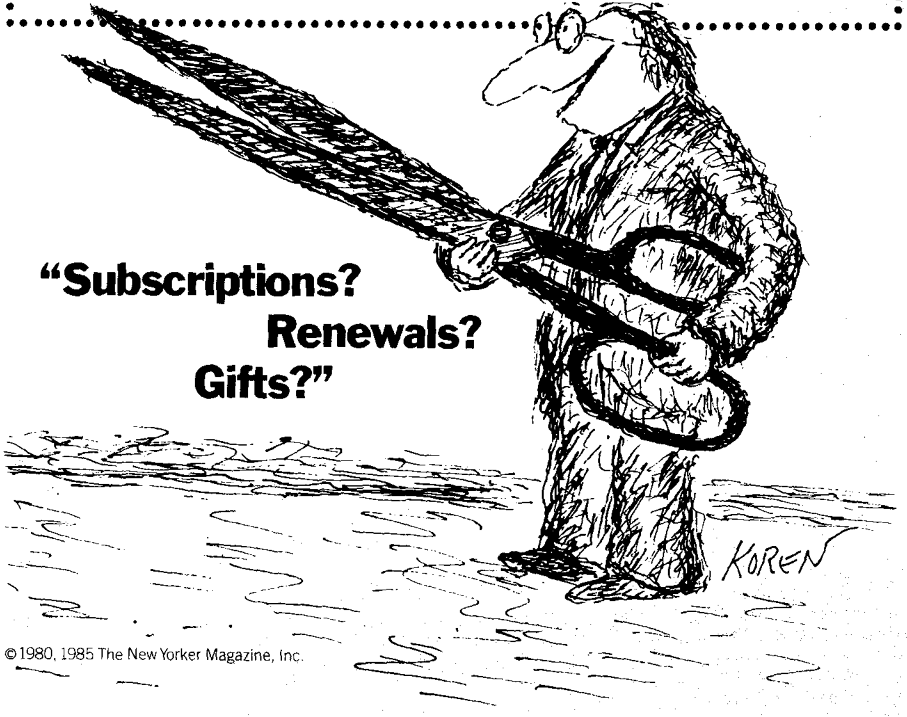
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MUSICAL EVENTS

From Highest Glory Fall'n

WHEN Covent Garden, a year ago, staged its new production of Handel's dramatic oratorio "Samson," the result was greeted with a chorus of disapproval and dismay. The show was a joint venture of Covent Garden, the Lyric Opera of Chicago, and the Metropolitan Opera. "Samson" went on to Chicago, and last week it reached the Met—a solemn, splendid tombstone laid on a year of bright Handelian adventures. Handel first performed "Samson" at Covent Garden, in 1743, and he revived it there in eight further seasons (and once at the King's). The work returned in 1958, staged by Herbert Graf in rich scenery, by Oliver Messel, that suggested Tiepolo Biblical tableaux brought to life; Jon Vickers was the hero, and Joan Sutherland sang "Let the bright Seraphims." Nearly thirty years later, Mr. Vickers is again the protagonist, and the new production has been built around his weighty, powerful, pious representation of the remorseful hero.

Handel's drama has three sources: the Book of Judges; Milton's long, noble tragedy after the manner of the Ancients, "Samson Agonistes;" and Newburgh Hamilton's reworking of the tragedy (which was intended for the study, not the stage) as a libretto, leavened by lyrics adapted from earlier Milton poems. Hamilton brought in the Philistines, with their exuberant revels. He omitted Puritan propaganda, such as passages in praise of temperance. He softened the characterization of Dalila (Milton's and his spelling). Something of Milton's bitter misogyny survives: Micah sings of women that "so much self-love does rule the sex, they nothing else love long," and the chorus adds, "To man God's universal law gave pow'r to keep the wife in awe." (But at the Met both Micah's air and the chorus are deleted.) As first composed, the oratorio ended in Miltonic vein, with "peace and consolation . . . And calm of mind all passion spent." But before the first performance both the opening scene of Philistine celebration and the close were expanded: the opening with airs and a choral refrain adapted from Milton's Psalm 81, the close with the Israelites' jubilant "Let the bright Seraphims" and a choral "endless blaze of light."

The new production is designed, by Timothy O'Brien, in black and white, varied by a ragged gray robe for Samson, a touch of blue in Dalila's bodice, and a red uniform for Harapha, the Philistine captain. The chorus costumes are eighteenth-century—black with white ruffles and white cravats. The women wear white housemaids' caps, and the Philistine women carry fans that they flutter and snap more or less in time to the music. The Jewish men wear tricornes; the Philistine men wear curled white wigs and white gloves. Elijah Moshinsky's production is in the modish manner of Luca Ronconi, with formal groupings (some of them impressive, others affected) amid big chunks of scenery that are trundled into various positions: a white arch, after Wren; two black columns; tall bookshelves; and, in the final act, a towering portal. Samson is wheeled about on a large dolly. Harapha is confined to an elevated white playpen on wheels. During the Samson-Harapha duet, the two vehicles lock and, like bumper cars, go round and round. Micah (a part that Gaetano Guadagni sang in some of Handel's revivals) is for some reason dressed as a woman, his role changed from Israelite chorus-leader to that of, apparently, Samson's housekeeper. In general, this is a serious and thoughtful—if misconceived—production spoiled by episodes of miscalculation and silliness. Handel composed "Samson" for the theatre but not for the stage. It is not easy, here or in the other dramatic oratorios, to find apt visual representation for action conceived as if for an ideal theatre—one in which elaborately decked scenes can change in the twinkling of a cadence, crowds muster or disperse in an instant, and the "focus" change with cinematic swiftness from mass tableau to intimate closeup. The mannered Augustan imagery of Mr. Moshinsky's production, the avoidance of realism, the execution in diagrammatic monochrome represent a considered approach to the difficulties, but the direct impact of Handel's drama is reduced. Handel's music seems to tell of actions more vivid, picturesque, and spontaneous. Like many other directors of the operas and oratorios, Mr. Moshinsky has decided—mistakenly, in my view—to put a distancing "frame" between the work and its modern audience. The result is, in his own words (as reported in a *Times* interview), "like a play within a play, the eighteenth century putting on a play about the Biblical Samson."

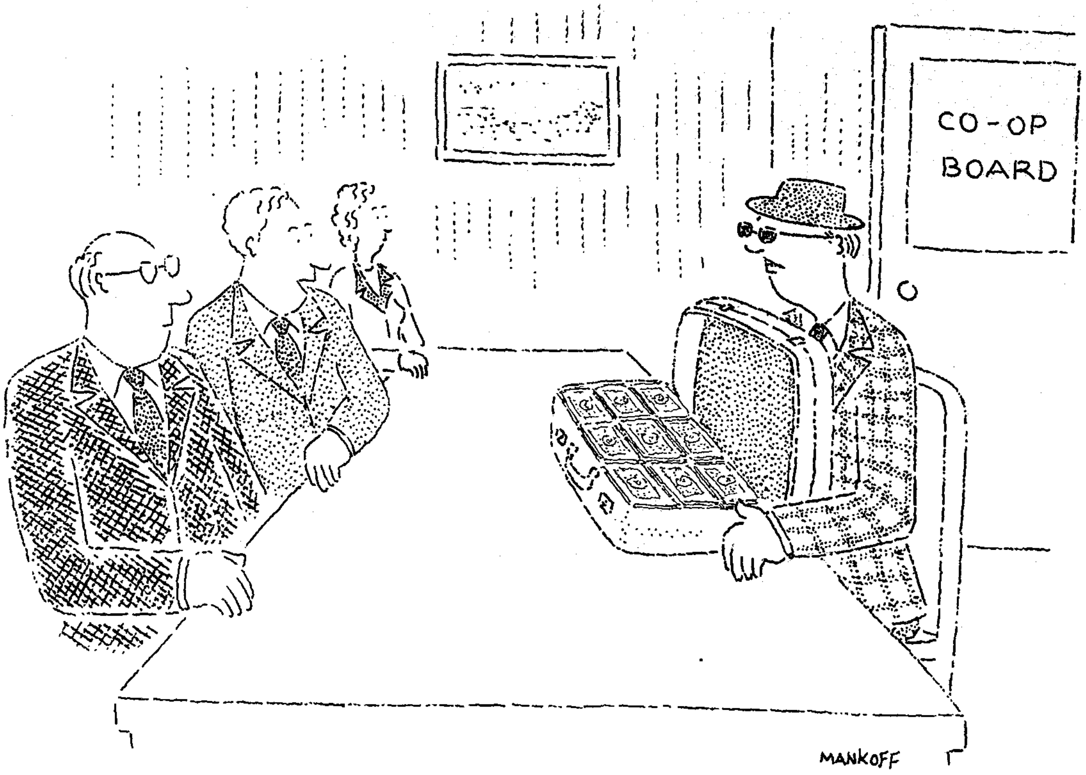
Mr. Vickers as Samson could hardly be contained by any frame, however robust. He wallows in the role. It is a self-indulgent performance, without subtlety—violent and extreme. He roars, snarls, croons, moans. He tears Handel's passions to tatters, o'erdoing Termagant. One can think it a tremendous performance or an unbearable one, or both. The recitatives are delivered very slowly, with big pauses and sledgehammer emphases. The rhythm of the airs is pulled out of shape. The powerful, unwieldy, heroic voice is forced through the notes. The singer, it is plain, is moved by fierce identification with Samson's blinded suffering, humiliation, and shame, his self-reproach for sensual weakness, and his anger at his traitress wife. Beyond that, Mr. Vickers seeks fervently to convey a sense of spiritual light beginning to shine through the blighted hero's moral and physical darkness. The image does run through the oratorio: Samson's last song, "Thus when the sun from's wat'ry bed, All curtain'd with a cloudy red," is a sunrise air. "Samson," like "Samson Agonistes," is the tragedy of a strong, proud man brought low by his own fault and rallying to compass one mighty deed before his death. Yet in none of the versions is the Samson story a conventionally edifying one. The Biblical Samson is an amorous folk hero, and cruel to animals. (He ties lighted brands to foxes' tails.) In the words of the Old Testament scholar Stanley Arthur Cook, "He is inspired by no serious religious or patriotic purpose, and becomes the enemy of the Philistines only from personal motives of revenge, the one passion which is stronger in him than the love of women." Milton gives him grandeur, but the play is veiled autobiography, moving in its lamentation of blindness, less so in its railing against Dalila, and ennobled and raised to sublimity by the poet's command of language. Handel's version, as Winton Dean remarks in his great book on the oratorios, "is little concerned with religion and philosophy." ("That does not diminish its artistic stature," he adds.) "Samson" is not "Parsifal." Like "Messiah," it was devised as a fine entertainment, albeit one on a grand and elevated level. The Met production, taking its tone from the protagonist's approach, gives it a heavier charge of solemnity, morality, and preachiness than it can decently bear, and, by a familiar paradox—the weakening effect of *underlining* all important statements—lessens the Aristotelian catharsis that more directly Handelian performances of "Samson" achieve.

Heaviness reigns. Droning organ accompaniment dulls many passages that in Handel's day would have been declaimed over fleeting harpsichord chords. The composer wrote Dalila's role for a soubrette, Kitty Clive, a famous Polly in "The Beggar's Opera," celebrated for her impersonations of country girls, hoydens and dowdies, superannuated beauties, viragos and for her parodies of Italian divas. (Dr. Johnson called her "a better romp than any I ever saw in nature.") Kathleen Battle could recreate the role in that spirit. At the Met, Leona Mitchell turned Dalila into a majestic matron. She was beautiful to look at, and her tones were voluptuous—Samson's infatuation was understandable—but she was hardly the Dalila implied by the score. The song for the Philistine Woman, which opens the drama, and the song for the Israelitish Woman, which ends it, were both composed for Christina Maria Avoglio (who at the first performance also sang the turtledove air, "With plaintive notes," that in later revivals—and in the Met production—was taken by Dalila). Avoglio must have been a light, bright soprano; the Nativity scene of "Messiah" and Iris in "Semele" were other parts she created. Carol Vaness, who in London last year was the Dalila, sang the pieces strongly but with sound that was rich rather than bright and forward, and she swallowed the words. In "Let the bright Seraphims" a scene change behind her competed for the audience's attention. Sarah Walker, as the female Micah, was gravely eloquent, although the voice seemed a little small for the Met. She used the text expressively. John Macurdy, as Manoah, Samson's father, produced deep tones of beautiful quality, but he did not sing in tune. Paul Plishka's Harapha blustered boldly. Enrico Di Giuseppe, the Philistine Man, was feeble. The chorus was sometimes weak, sometimes very strong—depending, it seemed, on where the singers were placed and which way they faced.

Julius Rudel conducted, as in London. There the critics cast him as the villain of the evening. "Julius Rudel's view of the score revives all the worst excesses of the old tradition, with sagging rhythms, romantic rubatos and rallentandos, recitatives after the manner of church responses, and a grossly unstylistic treatment of the organ" (Winton Dean in the *Times Literary Supplement*). "The articulation was heavy and airless" (Stanley Sadie in *Opera*). "Rhythmic lifelessness and rhythmic insecurity (sometimes both at once)" (Max Loppert in the *Financial Times*). I feel slightly more kindly, and anyway Mr. Rudel has since conducted both the London and the Chicago runs of the piece, and found possible ways of executing a score written for a small theatre in ever larger theatres. At the Met, the final (Samsonless) scene moved surely, I thought: the Dead March was the more moving for being restrained, almost understated; the entries of the threnody "Glorious hero" were well placed. Otherwise, it was a performance deliberately geared to the eccentricities of Mr. Vickers' craggy, intractable Samson. There is not much any conductor can do except go along with them, and reconcile the rest in a manner that will not seem stylistically quite incompatible.

The Met sells a libretto reproduced from the old Handel Society edition, with its misreadings of Handel's autograph uncorrected: Samson deplores the "gratuity" (read "garrulity") that led him impiously to "blast" (read "blab") God's counsel to his wife.

THE City Opera has announced new productions of "Don Quichotte" and "Werther" for its 1986 season, and a revival of "Cendrillon," but in general the Massenet high tides of a few years ago have receded. People curious to hear "Grisélidis," "Ariane," "Bacchus," "Cléopâtre," "Amadis" are still waiting. This month, however, Bel Canto—the company that gave us "Esclarmonde" before the Met did—put on a double bill of the one-act "Le Portrait de Manon" (1894) and the two-act "Thérèse" (1907). "Le Portrait de Manon"—which was given a concert performance at Hunter College eight years ago—is sentimental and slight: a four-character opera in which the aging Chevalier des Grieux (now a baritone) forbids his



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ward Jean (a *travesti* role) to marry the penniless Aurore but relents when struck by Aurore's resemblance to Manon. Aurore—as des Grieux's friend Tiberge reveals—is Manon's niece. The score is a potpourri of themes from "Manon."

"Thérèse"—of which a London recording appeared a few years ago—is a three-character opera, with a few minor roles and a small part for chorus. Act I is set in 1792, Act II a year later. André Thorel, a Girondin leader, son of the steward on the Clerval estate, has bought the château and secretly, like a loyal retainer, holds it in trust so that in calmer times he can restore it to his childhood friend Armand de Clerval. His wife, Thérèse, in days before the Revolution loved Armand. Armand turns up, and André hides him in the château. Thérèse is torn between love and matrimonial duty. When the Girondins fall, and from the window she sees André being led to the guillotine, she cries "Vive le Roi!" to the mob below and thus condemns herself to join her husband on the scaffold. It's not a serious political drama—less so, even, than Giordano's "Andrea Chénier," which reached Paris in 1905 and no doubt gave Massenet some ideas. Other sources of inspiration, he recounts in his memoirs, were the brave death of Lucile Desmoulins; a visit to Bagatelle, an Artois house in the Bois de Boulogne both before and after the Revolution, later bought by Richard Wallace (of the Wallace Collection); and, perhaps most of all, the singer Lucy Arbell, Massenet's muse at the time and, it seems, a Wallace herself. (One consults Grove in vain for information about this important dramatic mezzo, who created roles in six Massenet operas and after his death kept two more—"Cléopâtre" and "Amadis"—off the stage for years while she laid claim to them.) The composer and his librettist, Jules Claretie, spun an effective sequence of duets, monologues, and a trio, reaching its climax in a Bernhardt-like speech for Thérèse that is dramatically declaimed, the tempo but not the pitches indicated. (As an appendix, the score has an alternative version, with notes, for heroines who prefer to sing the scene.) "Thérèse" is a domestic drama about a wife's dilemma, lent a touch of excitement by the Revolutionary background and a touch of ancien-régime elegance as Thérèse and Armand recall days before the Revolution. Their memories of a ball at Versailles are accompanied by a harpsichord minuet, offstage; at the first performance it was played by the famous pianist Louis Diémer.

The 1954 Grove declared in its article on Massenet that "to have heard 'Manon' is to have heard the whole of him." Not so—as performances of the grand operas "Le Cid" and "Esclarmonde," the fairy-tale "Cendrillon," the ambitiously picturesque "Hérodiade" and "Thaïs," the warm-hearted "Le Jongleur" and "Don Quichotte" have now shown. One could fairly rephrase the remark, however, as "to have heard 'Manon' and 'Werther' is to have heard the *best* of him," for in those two works the level of invention is consistently high. Every number pleases. "Thérèse" belongs, rather, with "La Navarraise" and "Sapho" as a drama effectively set to music, not an opera with numbers whose music one remembers.

The Bel Canto productions, given in the Joan of Arc Junior High School Theatre, on West Ninety-third Street, straightforwardly staged by Cynthia Edwards, in simple settings by Dain Marcus, were good enough to "reveal" the works. In "Le Portrait," Debra Kitabjian was a poised young Jean. To the title role of "Thérèse" Tamara Mitchel brought admirable dramatic presence and sure musical instincts; although her voice was not purely focussed, she was a striking performer. Johannes Somary conducted rather stodgily, without much grace. The instrument used for the minuet made a tin-tack sound. The minuet returns in delicate orchestral garb as a prelude to Act II; the first oboe seemed unaware that the solo here once moved Massenet to mime, with delight, the plucking and smelling of a spring flower. The operas were essayed in French. Only Miss Kitabjian and Miss Mitchel were generally intelligible, and no one laughed at the jokes in "Le Portrait."

—ANDREW PORTER

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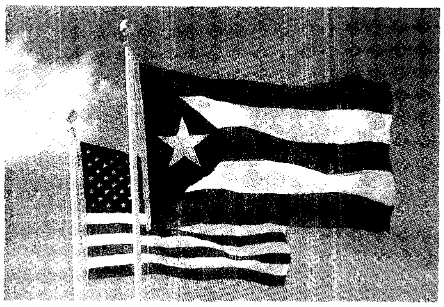

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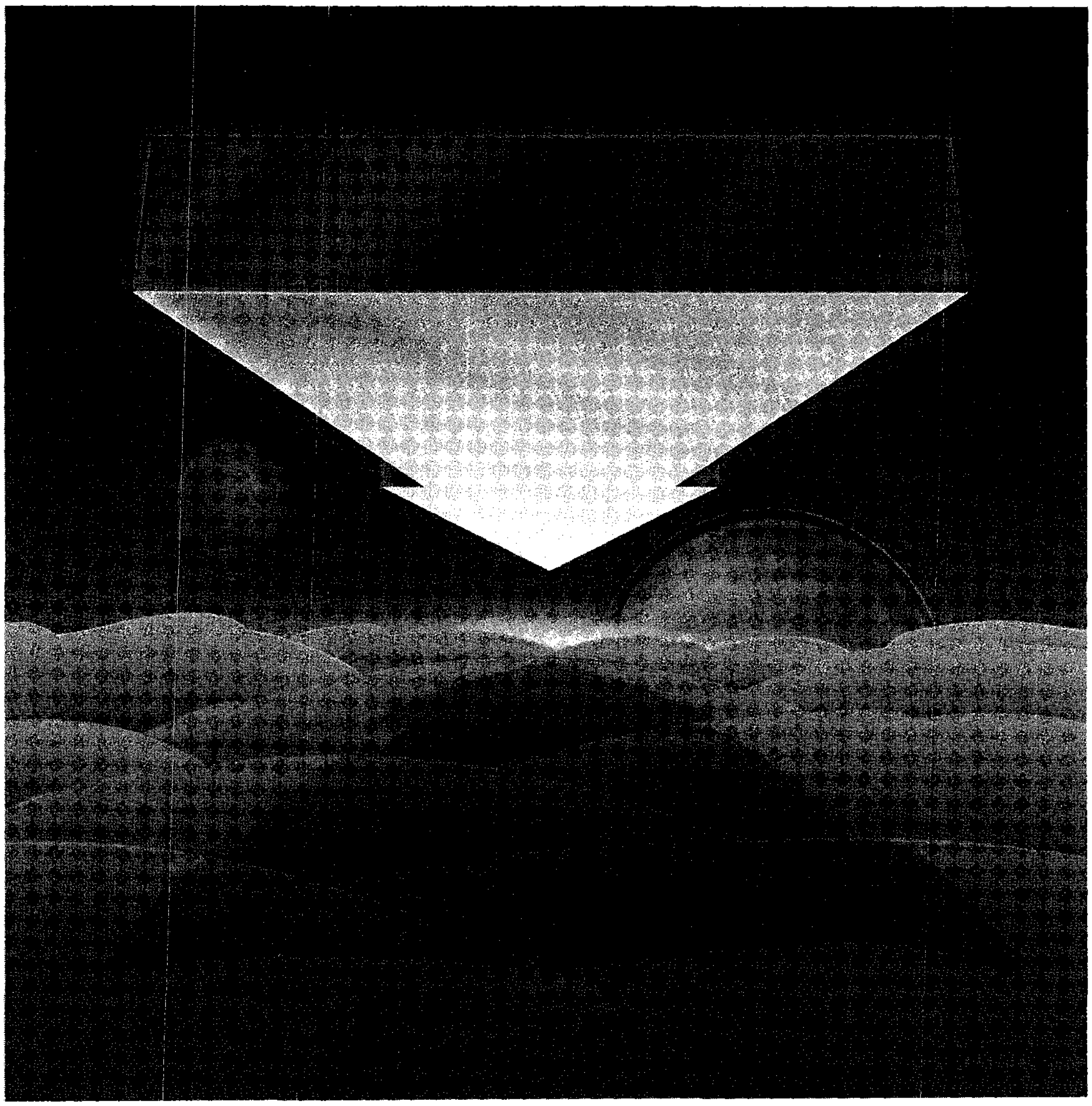

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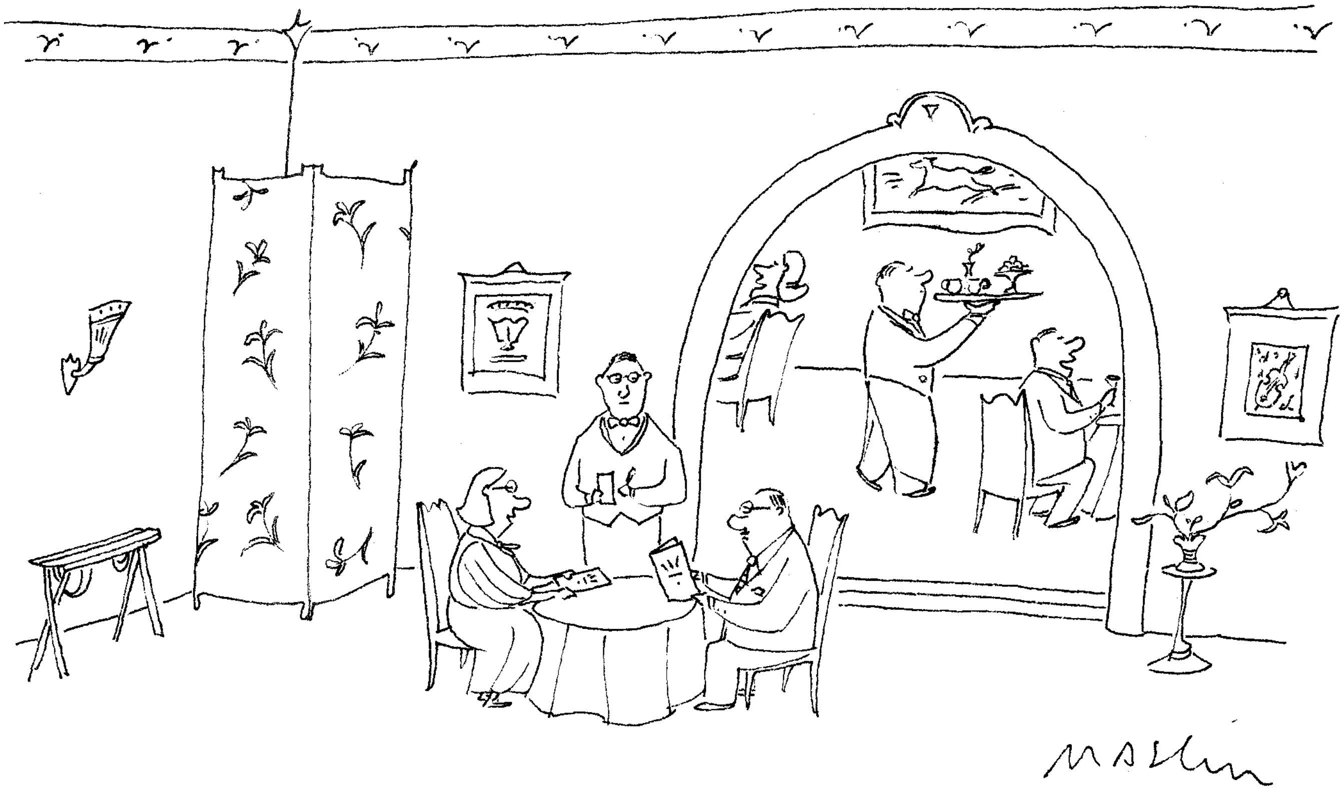
THE THEATRE

Off Broadway

CLARK STOREY, the hero of S. N. Behrman's "The Second Man," at Hudson Guild, is an amiable dilettante, with expensive tastes and little money, who writes what he describes as second-rate stories and poems. He is a humorous fellow of great charm (to take a handy shortcut, the role was originally played here, in 1927, by Alfred Lunt and in London, a year later, by Noël Coward); unable to handle emotion, he has decided to forgo it—or thinks he has—and claims to be entirely detached from himself: "There's someone else inside me—a second man—a cynical, odious person, who keeps watching me, who keeps listening to what I say, grinning and sophisticated . . ." Storey, aged thirty, plans to marry and be kept by Kendall, a rich woman some years his senior, and to avoid becoming entangled with an ardent twenty-year-old named Monica, who is as broke as he is, and who is deeply loved by a young chemist and millionaire named Austin. So much for Mr. Behrman's neat little plot.

The greatest pleasure to be found in this revival is the performance of Ivar Brogger (who was splendid in the title role of last year's revival of Booth Tarkington's "Clarence"), as the gawky, brilliant young scientist, Austin. Tongue-tied when confronted by the glib and smart, helpless in his love, he is passionate about Monica and about his work—if only he could make her see how fascinating and important it is. At one point, he reads aloud to her a marvellous passage from Bertrand Russell's "Mysticism and Logic" on the "supreme beauty" of mathematics, and it is the spellbinding moment of the play. By the force and skill of his acting, Mr. Brogger gives Austin depth and stature—perhaps more of each than the dramatist intended, yet always within the boundaries of the comedy. As for the other actors, a play like this demands a style and accomplishment that are today all but unattainable Off Broadway (maybe on Broadway, too), yet handsome, graceful Valerie von Volz brings the right poise and sophistication to the role of the older woman, and pretty Jane Fleiss does well as the younger one. Daniel Gerroll is sadly miscast as Storey: he is not powerful enough or glamorous enough to enchant us as he must. "The Second Man" is non-vintage, brimming over with limp aphorisms, but it is more than just a curiosity. It could have made a satisfactory vehicle for Lunt or Coward, and how gratifying it is that we have a chance to see it at all, as I hope we'll have a chance to see more plays from the twenties. The setting and lighting are by Paul Wonsek, the costumes are by Pamela Scofield, and the dreadful sound is by Aural Fixation—I have never heard such appalling door and phone bells, which should have been corrected by the otherwise competent director, Thomas Gruenewald.

WIN WELLS' "Gertrude Stein and a Companion," at the Lucille Lortel, may not be totally satisfying to the alumni of Al Carmines, whose "In Circles" evoked the Stein spirit as nothing else has done, but there is pleasure in it all the same. As performed by humorous Gertrude (Jan Miner) and acid Alice (Marian Seldes), the material is endlessly fascinating; the story of their lives in Paris and the anecdotes about Pablo and Ernest, among many others, are as bountiful as anyone could wish them to be. The distinguished setting of that apartment in the Rue de Fleurus—a backdrop of dark curtains in semidarkness, hung with pictures that are dominated by the great Picasso portrait—is the work of Bob Phillips. Ira Cirker directed. —EDITH OLIVER



"Will you order for me, dear? I love the way you say ratatouille."

BOOKS

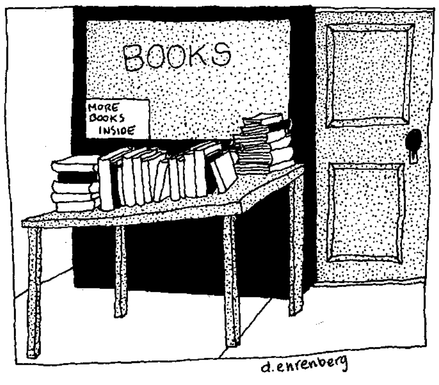
The Politicization of Terror

IN 1919, in testimony to a Senate subcommittee considering the future of the armed services, General Peyton C. March, Chief of Staff of the United States Army, observed that the fluids of chemical warfare, which could be wafted anywhere by the winds, threatened civilians as well as combatants, and he urged that, for this reason, the nations of the world should abolish chemical weapons altogether. The nations of the world required a relatively short time to travel the immense moral distance between March's sentiments and the sensibility —hardened by the Blitz and the slaughterous firebombings of Dresden, Hamburg, and Tokyo—that permitted the atomic bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, which together took at least a hundred and twenty thousand lives, most of them civilian. Technology—long-range bombers, radar, and, of course, the atomic weapons themselves—made the journey possible, but so did a willingness to enlarge the scope of warfare by striking at the civilian system behind the armed forces in the field. The logic of total war encouraged attempts to destroy the enemy's economy by bombing factories and workers' housing and to break his will to fight by terror-bombing the civilian population.

In the United States, the atomic bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki were widely—and rightly—held to have brought the war to a speedy close. Editorial applause for the nuclear assaults was close to unanimous ("So sorry," said an otherwise blank cartoon in the liberal newspaper *PM*), and the use of atomic weapons was approved by eighty-five per cent of the respondents to a Gallup poll conducted late in August, 1945. Another poll, shortly thereafter, revealed that seven out of ten people thought the advent of the atomic bomb "a good thing," but from the outset public attitudes toward nuclear energy were darkened by a profound uneasiness and foreboding. E. B. White observed in the pages of this magazine, "For the first time in our lives, we can feel the disturbing vibrations of complete human readjustment. Usually the vibrations are so faint as to go unnoticed. This time they are so strong that even the ending of a war is overshadowed." The vibrations, rippling powerfully through American culture and consciousness, stimulated an enormous outpouring of printed and broadcast commentary on the advent of the atomic age. There were dashes of black humor, bad puns, and shameless linguistic borrowings (e.g., "bikini" for the new two-piece bathing suit, named by a French fashion designer after the Pacific atoll where in 1946 a nuclear device was first test-exploded at sea). There were tinsel warnings—that people might abandon themselves to hedonism to cope with the coming Armageddon or that sinners must repent to forestall its arrival. But the talk was concerned for the most part with digesting the bomb's existence and resolving upon a course for dealing with it.

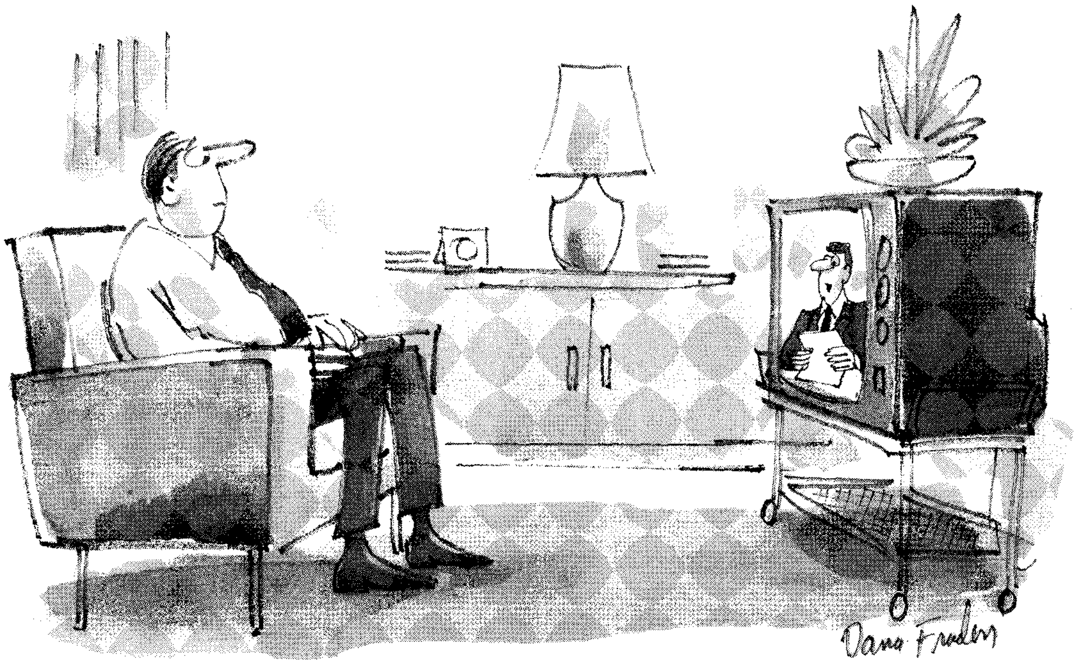
Paul Boyer, a professor of history at the University of Wisconsin, supplies the first examination of this "national town meeting," as he calls it, in "By the Bomb's Early Light: American Thought and Culture at the Dawn of the Atomic Age" (Pantheon; $22.50), a study mainly concerned with the period from 1945 to 1950—up to the year that, in the wake of the Soviet Union's first nuclear explosion, President Truman moved the arms race into high gear by ordering an all-out effort to build a hydrogen bomb. It was in that era, Professor Boyer writes, "that the fundamental perceptions which continue to influence our response to the nuclear menace were first articulated, discussed, and absorbed into the living tissue of the culture." Tracing that absorption took him through a vast array of material —books, periodicals, opinion polls, broadcast transcripts, and private correspondence—and from social-science tracts to the popular and the high arts. Professor Boyer, a longtime religious pacifist, was, one suspects, sustained in his task by a passionate opposition to the arms race. Although his book often slips into a dogged compilation o material, it is a rich and valuable aggregation of information and reference, and where the subject directl engages his anti-militarist conviction it flashes with arrestingly suggestiv analysis.

Among the minority who oppose the atomic attacks on Japan, the devastation of Hiroshima and Nagasak provoked outrage. Letters appeared i newspapers all over the country protesting the bombings as sheer terrorism, mass murder, a stain upon th nation's moral character. During th war, following the lead of Pope Piu XII, prominent Catholic journals ha denounced terror bombing as "indefensible morally, no matter how efficacious militarily," to use the words c *Commonweal*, and afterward the condemned Hiroshima and Nagasak John Foster Dulles, then chairman c the Federal Council of Churche Commission on a Just and Durabl Peace, co-signed a protest against an further use of atomic bombs, predicting, "If we, a professedly Christia nation, feel morally free to use atomi energy in that way, men elsewher will accept that verdict. Atomic weapons will be looked upon as a norma part of the arsenal of war and the stag will be set for the sudden and fina destruction of mankind." What dominated the debate on nuclear weapon however, was not ethical or religiou considerations but fear. Although th United States monopolized the world existing nuclear arsenal, many peopl expected that the monopoly would b short-lived. Nuclear weapons mounte on guided missiles might well inflic the fate of Japan upon the Unite States, it was said. The graphic meaning of an atomic attack was portraye in John Hersey's "Hiroshima"—agair published in this magazine—and i macabre imaginings like a drawing i *Life* that showed the stone lions of th New York Public Library gazing ove a sea of rubble as technicians crunche along testing radioactivity levels. I Professor Boyer's view, many soci and political activists deliberately manipulated fear—orchestrated it, an made "the politicization of terror" decisive in shaping the cultural climat after Hiroshima. Particularly prominent in this effort were atomic scientists, who, having ushered the worl into a perilous new era, hoped th



fear would accomplish what morality had never managed—a radical transformation of the international order so as to insure human survival.

Indeed, in the aftermath of the nuclear visitation upon Japan hard-headed commentators—Max Lerner, Dorothy Thompson, and Anne O'Hare McCormick among them—declared that the bomb at Hiroshima had rung out a clear message: in Lerner's phrase, "world state or world doom." Some atomic scientists followed Albert Einstein in insisting that world government had become necessary for survival. Many others focussed on establishing international control of all nuclear knowledge, materials, and technology, including weapons. Both approaches were evangelically advanced by the newly formed Federation of American Scientists as imperative for the avoidance of a nuclear holocaust—notably in "One World or None," which sold a hundred thousand copies after its publication, in March, 1946. *Time* commented, "Americans who would like to die a natural death can read it with profit."



"Today, in all aspects of life losses outnumbered gains."

Support for world government proved to be about as flimsy as newsprint, but there were widespread expressions of enthusiasm for the Baruch Plan—the proposal for international control of nuclear energy which the United States submitted to the United Nations in 1946. However, the enthusiasm did not extend to any arrangement that would weaken the American nuclear advantage—particularly since the political reality of the Soviet Union loomed over the entire issue of the atomic bomb. The Soviets killed the Baruch Plan by insisting that sanctions against violators of any international nuclear-control agreement must be subject to the prerogative of the veto in the Security Council, and in 1947 any further hopes for international control began to fall victim to the onset of the Cold War. In Professor Boyer's bitter judgment, the Truman Administration, along with influential figures outside the government, made "not vaporization but communization . . . the great menace confronting mankind."

From 1947 to the end of the decade, there was a sharp decline in general discussion of nuclear weapons, and a sharp rise in public support for strengthening—and, if necessary, using—the American nuclear arsenal. A solid majority of the Federation of American Scientists declared itself in favor of proceeding with the production of atomic bombs, while the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* took up the discussion of civil defense, schemes for which included the dispersal of urban settlements in configurations ranging from the rod to the doughnut. The promotion of positive attitudes toward nuclear energy became the order of the day. In June, 1947, CBS broadcast an hour-long documentary entitled "The Sunny Side of the Atom," and popularizations appeared recounting what the atom could give to you (instead of do to you), including atomic-powered ships and airplanes, cheap electricity from nuclear power plants, and radioactive isotopes to help cure disease and increase food production.

Civil defense in the nuclear age meant protection not only from blast and fire but also from radiation. Professor Boyer adds to the growing body of evidence that from Hiroshima onward the government sought to suppress or defuse information concerning the serious radiation hazards associated with nuclear weapons. A disquieting airing of those hazards occurred in 1948 with the publication of the best-selling "No Place to Hide," by David Bradley, a physician who had been with the Radiological Safety Unit at the Bikini tests. An important response came from Richard Gerstell, a radiologist and consultant to the Pentagon, who in 1950 published "How to Survive an Atomic Bomb" (an article by Gerstell on the same theme appeared in *The Saturday Evening Post*), which included a posthumous endorsement by Secretary of Defense James Forrestal. Gerstell, insisting that there "most definitely is some place to hide," pronounced rumors that radioactive fallout could cause cancer "*absolutely false*" and declared that "much of the danger of radioactivity is mental." He told his readers how to dress in the event of a nuclear emergency—"A person should always wear long trousers or slacks and loose-fitting light-colored blouses with full-length sleeves buttoned at the wrist. . . . During evacuation . . . wear a hat and, if possible, rubbers"—and added, to help prepare people for post-attack life, "Things are probably going to look different when you get outside. If the bomb hit within a mile and a half of the place where you are, things are going to look very different."

Fear had utterly failed to prevent the flight from nuclear sanity. The Reverend Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, pastor of the Riverside Church in

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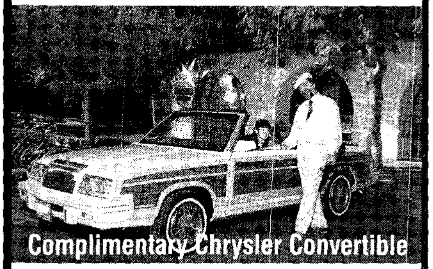

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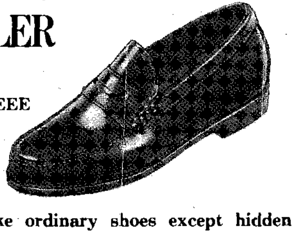

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New York, had early noted in a sermon that "no man or nation was ever yet frightened into real brotherhood and peace." Indeed, Professor Boyer suggests that in the thickening anti-Communist climate of the late forties the rhetoric of nuclear fear may have helped to establish the conditions for an ideology of American nuclear superiority. As fear of the bomb was overpowered by fear of Soviet Russia, opinion shifted away from the abolition of nuclear weapons and toward a reliance on them—at first to counter conventional Soviet military forces, particularly in Europe, and then to offset the Soviet Union's own nuclear capability. Fear of the Soviets also overrode much of the lingering dissent from the concept of total war—from holding civilian populations hostage to purposes of state. A few religious moralists anathematized any dependence on nuclear weapons. Many Christian theologians, however, now granted moral legitimacy to their existence and, though opposed to nuclear terror bombing, were willing to countenance their use under certain restricted conditions. They thus helped to establish, in Professor Boyer's words, "the ethical foundation of the nation's nuclear policies for the next generation"—policies, one might add, that included the doctrine of massive retaliation by nuclear means if necessary which was promulgated in the nineteen-fifties by Secretary of State John Foster Dulles.

—DANIEL J. KEVLES

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

WRAP IT IN FLAGS, by Robert Terrall (Penguin; $6.95 paper). This black and bitter satire stars a short-fused Colombian student-soldier, Iluminado Castillo, Jr., enrolled in the Pentagon's counter-coup school and mistaken by various members of the military-industrial complex for the bribable Iluminado Castillo, Sr. About thirty-six hours after his arrival at Dulles, and still smarting from a swallow of a cup of what his hosts call coffee, he is at the controls of an enormous bulldozer, on a mockup of an electronic battlefield destined for a site near the Panama Canal, with the Joint Chiefs of Staff in the bulldozer's bucket. The story ends, the next day, with a funeral. In the meantime, Mr. Terrall, who has written some of his fifty-one previous novels under pseudonyms, has conjured up a menagerie of

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high-tech hardware, from a high-flying Piranha to a tank called the Tarantula. He also describes minor species of catastrophe: what happens when federal budget-cutters substitute Rabbits for stretch limos (helicopter traffic jams) and when a Contract Abrogator (high-tech for "hit man") nicknamed the Cat tangles with a giant squid.

The Parable of the Blind, by Gert Hofmann, translated from the German by Christopher Middleton (Fromm; $14.95). Six blind beggars pose for Brueghel's painting—or, at least, one of them dreams that they do—in this little first-person-plural puzzle, which often has the sing-song circularity of a Beckett monologue, and which stumbles when it gets into italicized speculation about "*terror*" and "the *scream.*" Gert Hofmann is good, though, at imagining the beggars' days—one long night of hunger and humiliation—and at depicting the sight that Brueghel will preserve: "The smocks with the frayed hems, the bonnets, the sticks, the legs wrapped up and lifted, the faces turning up to the sky, as we're always being told, with a slightly transfigured look."

No Man's Land, by Reginald Hill (St. Martin's; $15.95). This, as its title announces, is a novel of the First World War, and Mr. Hill tells his story in a manner strongly reminiscent of that period: "Five minutes later, the ill-assorted trio had slipped away into the night if Tomkins's reluctant stumble could be called slipping." The story he tells is also reminiscent: its theme is the disenchantment, the horrified sense of the meaninglessness of the war, that led thousands of soldiers on both sides to desert. The deserters who are the heroes here are British (with, eventually, a German aristocrat) and gather together in the all but uninhabitable "Desolation" left by the battles of the Somme in 1916. It is a powerful novel in many respects, and Mr. Hill most effectively instructs us, without any preaching, in the obscenity of war. More is the pity, then, that he has chosen to wind it up in a burst of melodrama and sentimentality.

GENERAL

With the Contras: A Reporter in the Wilds of Nicaragua, by Christopher Dickey (Simon & Schuster; $18.95). Mr. Dickey, a correspondent for the Washington

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Post, mixes general political information about Nicaragua with his own experience of an expedition with the Contras. He tells us that in 1979, when the United States shifted its support from the dictator Somoza to the revolutionary Sandinistas, our understanding was that Nicaragua's armed forces would remain intact under new leadership. Instead, the dictator fled and so did the high commanders, taking as much loot as they could and leaving the enlisted men to the mercies of the victors. Several small units escaped, and—unlike their leaders, who retired to live in luxury and idleness—longed *to fight the men* who had dispossessed them. Mr. Dickey suggests that the United States gave up too soon on its attempts to deal with the Sandinistas; he fears that by withdrawing our aid in 1981 we lost leverage and left ourselves no alternative but force. The breaking point came, by the way, not over the increasingly arbitrary rule of the Sandinistas but over their aid to left-wing guerrillas in El Salvador. After the break, American money flowed to the Contras, and the remnants of Somoza's infantry (in part, armed and trained by the Argentine military that was to lose the Falklands War) went to work. The result was new levels of atrocity.

WISEGUY: LIFE IN A MAFIA FAMILY, by Nicholas Pileggi (Simon & Schuster; $17.95). This biography—or autobiography, for most of it *is narrated in the central figure's* words—tells the story of the coming of age of Henry Hill, a Brooklyn gangster, and amounts to an anatomy of criminality in modern America. It is a frightening document, not so much for what it tells us of the activities of the hoods who prey on the public (and on each other) as for its revelation of a man totally without conscience or moral scruple. The author, a crime reporter for *New York*, met Henry Hill after Hill had joined the Federal Witness Protection Program to act as an informer. (His alternative option was a virtual lifetime in prison.) Hill recounts, glibly and without emotion, his career in crime, which he began as an errand boy for Paul Vario, a powerful under-boss of the Lucchese mobster family. Before he was through, Hill had become a skilled "mechanic" in organized crime—a "wiseguy"—

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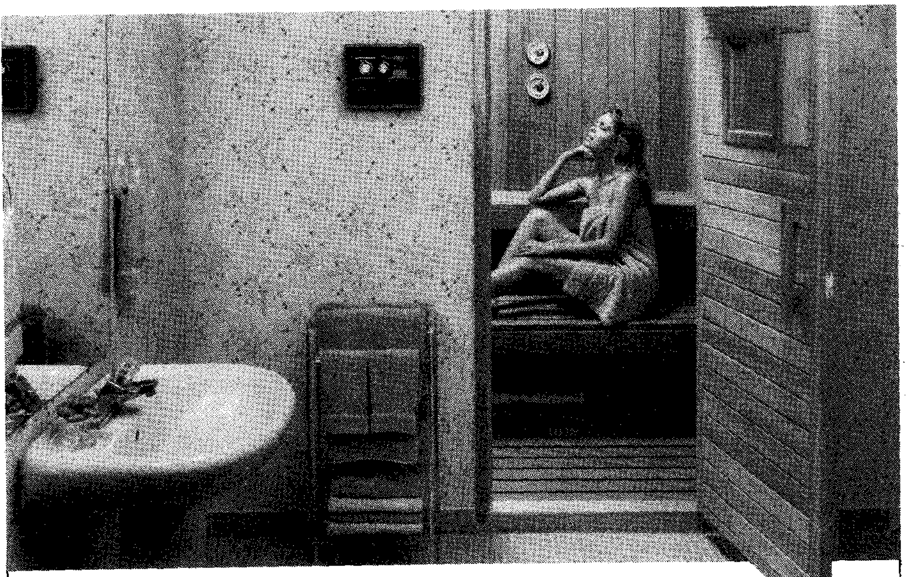
and had racked up an impressive number of exploits, capped by the Lufthansa robbery at Kennedy Airport. His tale is at once gripping and revolting; it is a bitter antidote to "The Godfather."

MORE LETTERS OF OSCAR WILDE, edited by Rupert Hart-Davis (Vanguard; $14.95). This collection of a hundred and sixty-four letters that have only recently come to light is a sequel to the editor's voluminous and memorable "Letters of Oscar Wilde," published in 1962. The book also includes a few letters to Wilde, and two interviews with him (one of which it is suspected he wrote himself) that have been long out of print. These letters of Wilde's—to friends, poets and novelists, actors and managers, publishers, critics, titled ladies—are a running commentary on his life, from his days as an undergraduate at Oxford, through his years as London's reigning wit, to his downfall and his miserable death, in Paris, at forty-six. In nearly every one, there is some glint of his personal attractiveness; there is also plenty of evidence that when he was goaded he could bite.

ORIGINS, by Robert Shapiro (Summit; $17.95). The "origins" of the title are nothing less than the origins of life on Earth. Professor Shapiro, of New York University, is a chemist and, to judge from this splendid book, a natural writer. He sifts through the various hypotheses about the origins of life and demonstrates that most are scientifically implausible or are simply forms of creation myth, sometimes in the guise of science. Like many other scientists, he has come to believe that the first self-replicating form was not one that contained any "genetic molecule" such as DNA but a much simpler mechanism, probably involving proteins. Yet to prove this—let alone demonstrate how life evolved—has so far eluded everyone.

DREAM TRACKS: THE RAILROAD AND THE AMERICAN INDIAN, 1890-1930, by T. C. McLuhan (Abrams; $37.50). When the Santa Fe Railway set out, at the beginning of the century, to inveigle tourists into the then little-known American Southwest, its advertising and publicity men commissioned dozens of painters and photographers to make pictures of the territory, which were widely circulated, and were almost



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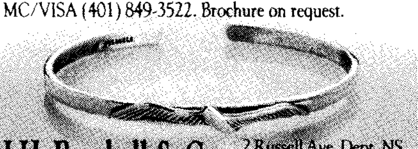

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immediately successful in drumming up a lucrative trade for the railroad. This album is composed of a representative selection of these images, and one looks at them with mixed feelings. The paintings, mostly by fairly well-known artists who flourished in Santa Fe and Taos in the early nineteen-hundreds, are unabashedly prettified—proto-Hallmark Cards visions of the American Indian. The photographs, which were taken before the advent of color film and were colored by hand, show the Indians in studied poses—weaving, grinding corn, dancing—and are just as idealized and phony. The author, a filmmaker and historian, calls her book a study of the "corporate image-making machinery" that contributed to the romanticizing of the Indian and of the West.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE CROCUS LIST, by Gavin Lyall (Viking; $15.95). Major Harry Maxim is Mr. Lyall's contribution to current British espionage, and he is at least the peer of John le Carré's Smiley and Len Deighton's Bernard Samson; he is, as well, better-born than Samson and far more aggressive than Smiley. The problem that engages him here stems from what appears at first to be an attempt to assassinate the President of the United States on a formal visit to Westminster Abbey. His solution involves keeping a step or two ahead of officialdom, and making a trip to a small town in Illinois and a visit to East Berlin. There is, of course, a sufficiency of bloodshed in this adventure, much good writing ("It was very still, with the landscape painted in shades of smoke"), and, as usual in most of the genre, some interesting information. In British Intelligence circles, the C.I.A. is known as Charlie's Indians, and the British call *their* Department of Defense the Department of Waste and War-mongering.

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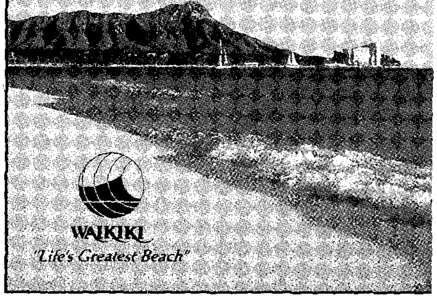

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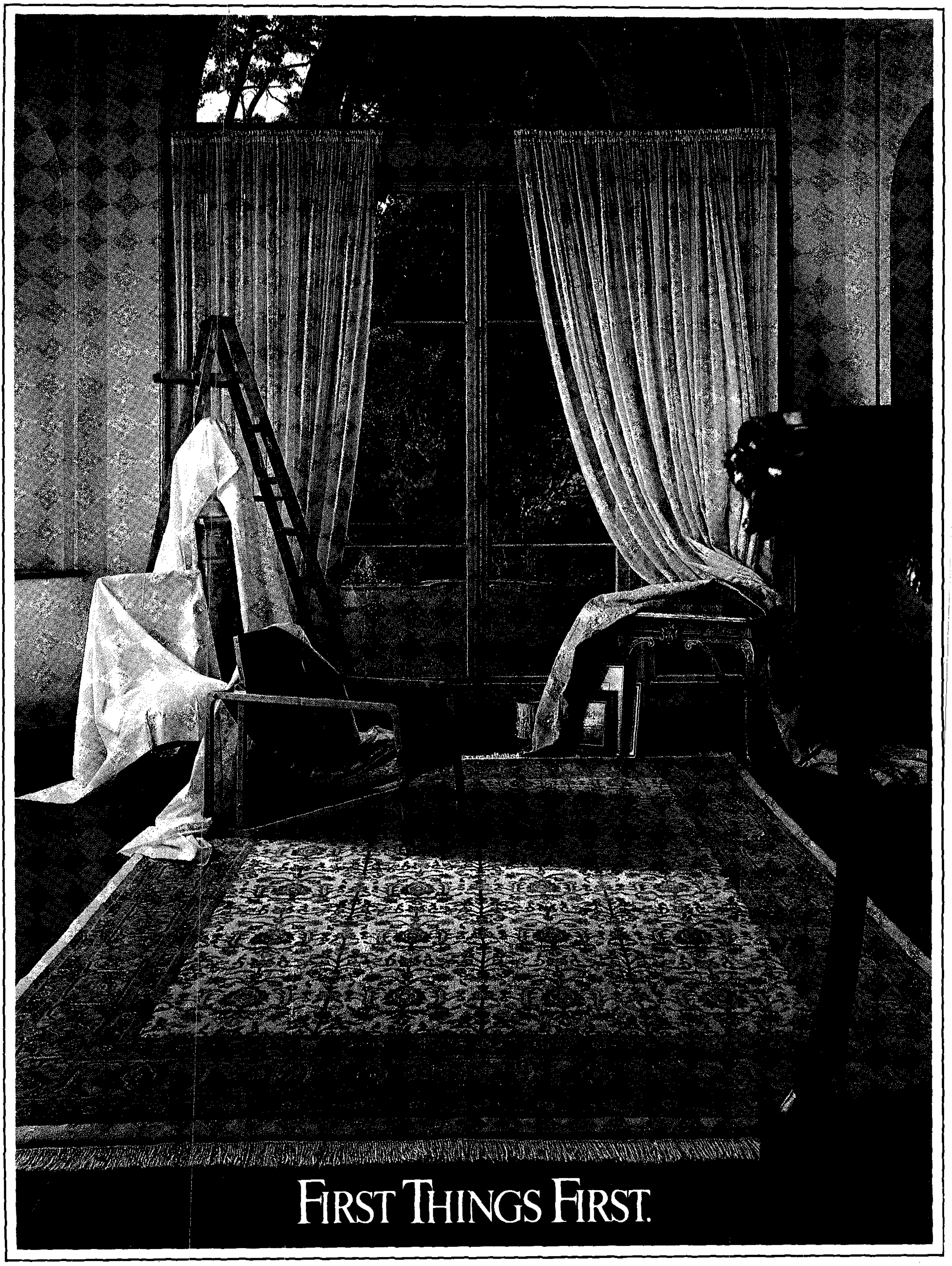

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